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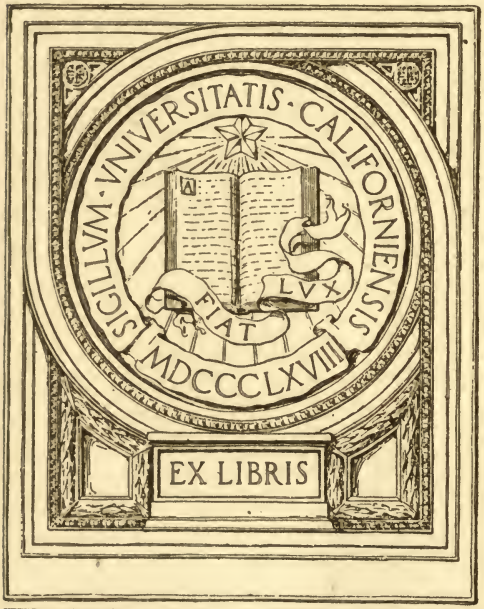

Anna Tibbitts

MARGARET:

A TALE OF THE

REAL AND THE IDEAL, BLIGHT AND BLOOM;

INCLUDING

SKETCHES OF A PLACE NOT BEFORE DESCRIBED,

CALLED

MONS CHRISTI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

REVISED EDITION.

"It is the vernal season; for the heart is every moment longing to walk in the garden, and every bird of the grove is melodious in its carols as the nightingale; thou wilt fancy it a dawning zephyr of early spring, or new year's day morning; but it is the breath of Jesus, for in that fresh breath and verdure the dead earth is reviving." — SAADI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILO," AND "RICHARD EDNEY AND THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY."

VOLUME II.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.
1857.

English Alumnus

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CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIANITY.

ANOTHER day Mr. Evelyn came to the Pond. Margaret watched his approach with composure, and returned his greeting without confusion. "You have been on the Head," said she, "and I must take you to other places to-day. First the Maples."

"This is a fine mineralogical region," said he, as they entered the spot. "I wish I had a hammer."

"I will get one," said she.

"Let me go for it."

"You are not in health, you told me, and you do not look very strong. I must go, by all means. I will be back in a trice. You will have quite as much walking as you can master before the day is through."

"I fear I shall be more tired wondering than in going."

"See this," said he, exposing a hollow stone filled with rare crystals, which he found and broke during her absence.

"I thank you, I thank you," she replied. "The Master has given me an inkling of geology, but I never imagined such beauty was hidden here."

"With definite forms and brilliant texture these gems vegetate in the centre of this rough, rusty stone."

"Incomparable mystery! New Anagogics! I begin to be in love with what I understand not."

"Humanity is like that."

"What is Humanity?"

"It is only another name for the World that you asked me about."

"I am perplexed by the duplicity of words. He is humane who helps the needy."

"That is one form of Humanity. I use the term as expressing all men collectively viewed in their better light. Much depends upon this light, phase, or aspect, what subjectively to us is by the Germans called stand-point. Indian's Head, in one position, resembles a human face, in another quite as much a fish's tail. Man, like this stone, is geodic—such stones, you know, are called geodes—"

"Have you the skill to discover them?"

"It is more difficult to break than find them. Yet if I could crack any man as I do this stone, I should open to crystals."

"*Any* man?"

"All men."

"Passing wonderful! I would run a thousand miles for the hammer! I have been straining after the stars, how much there is in the stones! Most divine Earth, henceforth I will worship thee! Geodic Androids! What will the Master say?"

"I see traces of more gems in these large rocks. Let me rap here, and lo! a beryl; there is agate, yonder is a growth of garnets."

"Let me cease to be astonished, and only learn to love."

"An important lesson, and one not too well learned."

"Under this tree I will erect a Temple to the God of Rocks. Was there any such? Certes, I remember none."

"The God of Rocks is God."

"You sport enigmas. Let us to Diana's Walk."

They perambulated the forest touching upon various spots of interest to Margaret. She had given name and popula-

tion to many a solitary place, and for a long while had been deepening her worship and extending her supremacy, such as it was, over the region. Tired at last, they sat down under the trees.

"You will not relish such a walk and so many gods, I fear," said she.

"I could pursue the woods forever," was his reply. "The trees give me more than my acquaintances."

"They are my home," remarked Margaret, "I was born in them, have been sheltered under them, and educated by them, and do sometimes believe myself of them. The Master rightly says I have a fibrous disposition. I used to think I came of an acorn, and many a one have I opened to find a baby brother or sister. Am I not an automative vegetable, a witch-hazle in moccasons? The Master says I am of the order Bipeds, and species Simulacrens; distinguished by thirty-two teeth, and having the superior extremities terminated by a hand which is susceptible of a greater variety of motions than that of any other animal, and is remarkably prehensile; that it inhabits all parts of the earth; is omnivorous; and disputes for territory, uniting together for the express purpose of destroying its own kind; that I am of the variety Caucasiana, differing from the Americana in this, that my feet are a little broader just above the toes, and from the Simia in the configuration of the thumb. For my own part, I incline to the Sylvian analogy, only my clothes are not half so durable as this bark, nor my hair so becoming as the leaves, and I must undress myself at night and take to my bed, while the trees sleep standing and unhooded. Then what a pother we make about eating, while the tree lives on its own breath, and easier than a duck, muddles for nourishment with its roots."

"You will not overlook the mind, the spirit, the fabled Psyche; the inner voluntary life, the diversifier of action, the possibility of achievement, the gubernator of matter, the annotator of the Universe, the thinking, willing, loving, aspiration and submission, retrospection and prospection, smiling and weeping, speech and silence, right and wrong, art, poetry, music, heroism and self-renunciation, the self-consciousness of infinite affinities—all, all demonstrate the separateness and superiority of man."

"I *know* what you say is true, and when I hear it said, I shall *feel* it to be so. Talk some more."

"The tree has no sense of happiness, like you and me, nor does it possess the capability of wretchedness. It exists for our pleasure. He, the Soul of all, the supreme Intelligence, the uncreated Creator, the invisible Seer, has caused it to grow for our use. Even now I feel Him, called in our tongue God, in the Greek Theos, in the Hebrew Jehovah, in the Indian Manitou. His life inflames my life, his spirit inspires my spirit. All that is now about us is his, and he in it; the beauty of the forest is the tincture of his beneficence, the breeze is the fanning of his mercy, the box-berries and mosses are his, the rocks and roots, the dancing shadows, the green breaks into the blue sky are his creation, the fair whole of color, perfume and form, the indescribable sweet sensation that swells in our breasts, are his gift and his presence in the gift; they are the figures woven into the tapestry that robes the Universe, the fragrance that fills the vinaigrette of Creation. Through all and in all pierces his Spirit, that blows upon us like the wind."

"But what becomes of my pretty Pantheon, Apollo and Bacchus, Diana and Egeria, before this all-deluging One?"

"That belongs to what is termed Mythology, a mixture of imagination, religion and philosophy. Apollo, for instance, as Tooke will tell you, denotes the sun; and of the arts ascribed to him, prophesying, healing, shooting, music, we discover a lively prototype in that luminary. In Hindoo Mythology is Brahma, an uncouth image, coarsely done in stone, which Christians affect to despise, having the form of an infant with its toe in its mouth, floating on a flower over a watery abyss. It signifies that in some of the renovations which the world is supposed to have undergone, the wisdom and designs of God will appear as in their infant state; Brahma, that is God the Creator, floating on a leaf, shows the instability of things at that period; the toe sucked in the mouth implies that Infinite wisdom subsists of itself; and the position of the body, bent into the form of a ring, is an emblem of the circle of eternity. It is a mere hint at the highest ideas, and by its very rudeness effectually anticipates the error of diverting attention from the substance to the shadow, and if worship be performed before it, it is none otherwise than what is done in our Churches, which are styled, preëminently, houses of God, sanctuaries or sacred places. The Northern nations, inheriting the germs of spirituality from the East, superadded Beauty, and elaborated the Symbol in the fairest forms of Art. Their Statues also were an embodied Allegory, a sort of Encyclopædia of truth. Now-a-days we have lost the ancient idea, and so split up our systems of knowledge, that a statue is no more than a handsomely wrought stone; and sometimes we vituperate the attention paid to it, as Idolatry. It furnished to the eye what a written treatise does to the understanding; or in brief the chisel did the work of the pen. To the Greeks, a statue was at once a Church and a Book, it was Beauty and Inspiration, Truth

and Illustration, Philosophy and Religion. The human form is more expressive than any other, and genius seized upon that as the most fitting instrument for conveying ideality, and ennobled man while it symbolized his frame."

"So Apollo is a creation of God?"

"The original on which that is founded is a creation of God; or I should say, Apollo, representing certain facts in the creation of God, or certain attributes of God, his culture was observed by different nations under different names, till at last some artist, fusing as it were the popular idea in his own, wrought the whole in marble, and so gave us the Belvidere."

"What are we? What am I?"

"In the words of the biblical Job, whom I fear you know less about than you do about the Widow Luce's Job, 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given them understanding.' God himself breathes into us the breath of spiritual life. This divine affiatus animates the embryon existence. The spirit assumes a material framework which it must quit at last. Our souls coming from God return to him. We are ever-living as the Divinity himself. The bosom of the Infinite, while it nourishes us here, is our ultimate home. God creates us in his own image, and we like him go on to create. He weaves, and we are his warp and filling."

"Who winds the spools?"

"You are more at home in the detail, Miss Hart, than I am, and I leave you to answer that question yourself.—But, we the woof, are also weavers. God weaves and we weave; 'He dwells in us and we in him,' St. John says. 'He clothes the grass of the field,' Christ says. 'He works in us,' St. Paul says."

"Did God work in the artist that made the Apollo?"

"Yes; all beautiful works of man are an inspiration of the Almighty. We read in the Old Testament that God put wisdom and understanding into men's hearts to know how to work all manner of work, for a fabric the Jews were building. It is the energy of that action wherewith he endows man."

"Then I may keep my Apollo, and all my Divinities."

"I would not deprive you of any thing that shall make you beautiful and strong, happy and chaste, devout and simple, that shall give companionship to your solitude, ministry to your susceptibilities, exercise to your imagination."

"You are taking the pegs out of the bars, but I will not run wild—I am impatient to know about Christ; what will you say of him? I have read some in the New Testament you gave me. It is the strangest book I ever saw. It transported me with an unspeakable delight; and then I was overwhelmed by a painful complexity of sensations. I came to where he died, and I laid down the book and wept with a suffocating anguish. Then there were those sanctiloquent words!"

"That which I gave you is a version made two hundred years since, when our language was imperfect, scholarship deficient, biblical knowledge limited, and the popular belief replete with errors; and moreover done by men of a particular sect under the dictation of a King. Of course the translation suffers somewhat; but the general truth of the Gospels can no more be hindered by this circumstance, than the effect of day by an accumulation of clouds. But of the subject itself, Christ, what can I say? It is almost too great for our comprehension, as it certainly rises above all petty disputes. How can I describe what I know not? How can I embrace a nature that so exceeds my

own? How can I tell of a love I never felt, or recount attainments I never reached? Can I give out what I have not, and I sometimes fear I am not completely possessed of Christ. Can I, the Imperfect, appreciate the Perfect one; can I, the sinful, reveal the sinless soul? I have not Christ's spirit, his truth, his joy, so integrally and plenarily, that I can set him forth in due proportion and entireness. His experience and character, his spiritual strength and moral greatness are so transcendent, I truly hesitate at the task you impose upon me. That we may portray the Poet or the Artist, or any high excellence, we must square with it; who, alas! is equal to Christ?"

"Yet," said Margaret, "all that is lies secretly coiled within our own breasts! All Beauty, I am persuaded, is within us; whatever comes to me I feel has had a pre-existence. I sometimes indeed doubt whether I give or receive. A flower takes color from the sun and gives off color. Air makes the fire burn, and the fire makes the air blow; and the colder the weather the brisker the fire. A watermelon seed can say, 'In me are ten watermelons, rind, pulp and seeds, so many yards of vine, so many pounds of leaves.' In myself seems sometimes to reside an infant Universe. My soul is certainly pistillate, and the pollen of all things is borne to me. The spider builds his house from his own bowels. I have sometimes seen a wood-spider let off a thread which the winds drew out for him and raised above the trees, and when it was sufficiently high and strong, he would climb up it, and sail off in the clear atmosphere. I think if you only begin, it will all come to you. As you drain off it will flow in. The sinful may give out the sinless. I long to hear what you have to say."

"What you observe is too true, and I thank you for

making me recollect myself. Even the Almighty creates us, and then suffers himself to be revealed in us. We, motes, carry an immensity of susceptible, responsive existence. But for this we should never love or know Christ. In his boyhood, we are told, Christ waxed strong in spirit, was filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. His earliest developments must have been of a peculiarly beautiful and striking kind. When he was twelve years old, being in company of some learned people, his questions and replies were of such a nature as to excite astonishment at the extent of his understanding. We have no authentic account of him from this until his thirtieth year; excepting that he resided with his father and pursued the family avocation, that of a carpenter."

"What, do you know nothing about him when he was as old as I am, or as you are, when he was fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five? In the dream I remember he said I must be like him, I must grow up with him. Had he no youth? Had he no inward sorrowful feelings as I have had?"

"There is one of the books of the New Testament of a peculiar character, and it contains some intimations respecting Christ, not found in the others. I will read a passage. 'In the days of his flesh he offered up or poured forth prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, to him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared,' or, as it stands in the original, for his piety. This, as I believe, points to a period of his life not recorded in the other histories, and should be assigned to that which you have mentioned, his youth."

"I have no doubt of it," said Margaret. "It describes exactly what I have been through. Did he suffer all we do?"

"Yes, his life and sufferings were archetypal of those of

all his followers. 'He suffered for us,' says St. Peter, 'leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps.' 'Rejoice,' he says, 'inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.' "

"How near this brings Christ to me! It seems as if I had him now in my heart. He too suffered! How much there is in that word! and in this earnest, soul-deep-way! I understand his sad tender look. Apollo killed Hyacinth by accident, and was very sorry. But there was no deep capable soul in Apollo, was there? I shall not think so much of him,—I interrupt you, Sir, go on."

"He suffered all that any being can suffer; he was alone, unbefriended, unsympathized with, unaided; books gave him no satisfaction, teachers afforded him no light. The current, swift and broad, of popular error and prejudice, he had to stem and turn, single-handed. He grew in knowledge, we read; the problems of Man, God and the Universe were given him to resolve. But he was heard for his piety, for his goodness. He became perfect through suffering. Supernatural, divine assistance was afforded him, and he conquered at last.

"At the age of thirty, when he entered what is called his public ministry, which is the chief subject of history, he encountered a severe temptation, such as all are liable to, and was enabled to vanquish it; he was tempted as we are. He was ever without sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; he was holy, harmless, undefiled. At times he was made indignant at the conduct of men, he was grieved at the hardness of their hearts, he groaned in sympathy with human distress and wept over the follies of the race; he was persecuted by the great, and despised by his own kindred; his nearest friends deserted him, and one of his chosen disciples betrayed him; the greatness of his views

met only with bigotry, and the generosity of his heart was repelled by meanness; he carried the heavy wood on which he was crucified, and when brought as a malefactor to the place of execution, he was scourged and spit upon; once prostrated by weight of anguish, even from very heat of internal agony, he entreated that the bitter cup might be removed; and add to all, in the extreme stage of dissolving life, for a moment his spiritual vision seemed to be dimmed, and he cried out, 'O my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' Such is a brief notice of his sufferings. Let me turn to other points——"

"O, Mr. Evelyn!" exclaimed Margaret, "how can you go on so! How cold you are! I cannot hear any more;" and from the posture she had maintained with her eyes fixed on the ground, she fell with her face into her hands, and followed the act with an audible profusion of tears.

"Do forgive me, Miss Hart," said Mr. Evelyn. "I have been so long familiar with this most affecting history, that I know it does not move me as it should."

"I only know," said Margaret, looking up with a tender smile in her tears, "that I feel it all through me, my heart swells like a gourd, and I ache in a strange way. My memory and my sensatons seem to be alike agitated."

"That must be sympathy!" replied Mr. Evelyn.

"What is that sympathy? asked Margaret. "I never heard, methinks, the word before."

"It is of Greek origin, and means feeling or suffering with another. It denotes mutual sensation, fellow feeling; it implies also compassion, commiseration. It is defined a conformity in feeling, suffering or passion with another; also a participation in the condition or state of another; and also, if you are not tired of superenumeration, the

quality or susceptibility of being effected by the affection of another, with feelings correspondent in kind."

"Sympathy, sympathy!" said Margaret, "That is it. You understand me now!"

"Yes you sympathize with Christ. I can but deplore my own insensibility."

"I will remember that word; I like to get a good word; it is a brooding hen over my ideas, it keeps them warm, and ready to hatch. While you were speaking, I felt myself drawn out by some strange affinities to what you said, and when you came to the extreme sufferings of Christ, my sensations were something such as I had when you spoke about him the other day, and when I read that part of the Book, only so many things being brought together, I felt more. All the sadness I ever had was revived, and burst within me anew."

"I was going to tell you," continued Mr. Evelyn, "that in addition to, and despite all, Christ was very happy, and that in manner and matter beyond what most men can conceive of, which is another secret in his character. On the last day of his life, with the horrors of crucifixion impending, he said to his sorrowing friends, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' He desired, he says, that 'joy might remain with them." He prays that 'his joy may be fulfilled in themselves!' This I think will please you."

"I believe I understand something of that too," said Margaret.

"There are still other points," pursued Mr. Evelyn, "I must speak of the object of Christ's coming into the world, or what is known as the plan of Redemption by him. Man had fallen, if you know what that means."

"I know what Pa says when he is so intoxicated he can't stand. 'In Adam's fall, we sinned all.'"

"I do not refer to that. Eve, of whom you will read in the Old Testament, ate an apple from an interdicted tree, which is commonly known as the Fall of Man. There is no authority for such a belief. Men fall, each man for himself, when they sin, that is, do wrong. At the time Christ appeared, St. Paul tells us, unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, lasciviousness, envyings, backbitings, murders, wrath, strife, seditions prevailed; men were inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without natural affection, without understanding, unholy, and so forth—"

"I shall laugh now," said Margaret, "to hear all that sanctiloquence. I must have hit upon some of those words, which nearly disgusted me with the book. I have heard Deacon Hadlock called a very holy man, and Pa laughed, and the Master blew his nose."

"Those are words," replied Mr. Evelyn, "in common and proper use when the translation was made to which I referred. Having disappeared from the popular tongue, and being retained only in ecclesiastical terminology, it is not surprising that they sound strange to you. Rendered in modern English, holiness and righteousness mean goodness, virtue, rectitude, or any high moral and religious excellence. As respects the other vices mentioned, we have now-a-days, as you well know, war, intemperance, slavery, unkindness; and then what go by the name of bigotry, irreligion, pious frauds, persecution, simony, burglary, peculation, treason, perjury, kidnapping, piracy, scandal, ingratitude, intrigue, bribery, meanness, social inequality, governmental misrule, spirit of caste, oppression of labor, superciliousness, are abundant These and

similar things are what the Gospel denominates the works of the flesh, and renders unto tribulation and anguish, as evil doing. These are that whereby men break the Divine Law, and separate themselves from God. But the primary idea in this matter, the fundamental law of sin, the very essence of the Fall, consists in this, that men ceased to love. Love is the fulfilling of the law, it is the first and great command; it unites man with God and with himself. In the subsidency and departure of love, the moral system is revolutionized and human nature disordered. The instinct of self-preservation is tortured into selfishness, the desire of excellence flames into ambition, the sense of right becomes the author of innumerable wrong. The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint. Nature commences a burdensome contention with abuse, misdirection, absurdity, folly. It is ever Nature *versus* the Unnatural. The institutions and organizations of men, founded upon the new basis, partake of the general corruption, and only foster evils it is their design to prevent. Love casts out fear; in the absence of love, fear supersedes; hence aggression and violence, superstition and the doctrine of devils."

"I never feared," said Margaret; "was that because I loved?"

"Fortitude," replied Mr. Evelyn, "springs as much from superiority to our enmities, as from superiority to our enemies. And this reminds me, that the first voluntary wrong act any man ever did was done through the absence of love. But here arises a new element. We were never created to do or to suffer voluntary wrong, and there is generated in consequence of such acts the sense of injury. Hence come all retaliations. A most mournful fact in this matter is that dissonance and disorder are themselves sym-

pathetic and reciprocal. Aversion reproduces aversion, and selfishness is answered by selfishness."

"I have felt that towards Solomon Smith sometimes," said Margaret. "I know he dislikes me, and I have been moved to dislike him, and I suppose I should if I did not feel what a ridiculous piece of business it is for one most anagogical puppet to be mad with another. And since you would also convince me he is geodic, what can I do, but abide, like the ants, whose hills though trodden upon are patiently renewed every morning."

"When man ceases to love, he is not only enstranged from God, but the image of God within him is lost, the heavenly purity of his character is sullied, and the divine harmonies of his nature discomposed. But what is worst of all, we are educated to regard every man with suspicion and enmity. We are taught in our earliest years that men are by nature totally depraved, and since total depravity covers every form of sin and vice, we are in effect instructed to believe every man a villain, a thief, a murderer, at heart; as mean, selfish, and malicious, in his secret conscious purpose. This is the cardinal doctrine of what passes under the name of Christianity. It is annually enforced by hundreds of thousands of discourses from Bishops and Clergy in every part of Christendom. This consummates the Fall! Every youth under the operation of that sympathetic and reciprocal law, to which I adverted, enters life in the spirit of hostility. To receive injury he expects, and accounts it not harmful to do an injury to the injurious. The evil which he is made to believe all others saturated with is reflected in his own bosom, and so, in spite of himself, he becomes depraved. There is something denominated love in the religious circles; I should call it Ecclesiastical love, because it is a figment of the Church,

to distinguish it from Christian love, which has its origin in Christ, or Evangelical love founded on the Gospels. After making you believe all men totally depraved, our teachers endeavor to create in the breasts of the elect so termed, a pity for this depravity, and to inspire them with a desire to remove it, and this they call love, which is no love at all, since an important element in love is that it thinketh no evil, judges not. In what I have now said, you see not only the Fall of man generally, but also that second greater catastrophe, the Fall of the Church."

"Here I must beg of you some more explanations; what do you mean by the Church?"

"I mean that great body of men, in all countries, of all denominations and sects, who profess Christianity, in their associate capacity, with their clergy, or leaders, and creeds, or articles of establishment."

"Have the Church members in the Village and those who groaned so at the Camp Meeting fallen?"

"Yes, all. The effect of a corrupt Christianity, or as I should say of a fallen religion, is to perpetuate and augment itself; and now, with very few exceptions, all share in the common calamity. In the progress of decline, it became a matter of course, that the Church should change its standards of faith, or as we say in politics, adopt a new constitution. The Gospels or Evangelicons, by which are intended the personal biographies of Jesus, a book of Acts, and certain documents known as Epistles, are indeed accredited by all. But there arose certain things which have practically superseded the Gospels. These are known as Articles of the Council of Trent, of the Church of England, of the Episcopal Church, of the Methodist Church; or as Creeds in our various Churches. And now a man may believe the Gospels, and aim to conform to

Christ, but he is not reckoned a Christian by the Romanists unless he assent to their Articles, or by the Protestants unless he subscribe to their several Creeds. And they have carried this matter so far, as to condemn a man to everlasting perdition if he depart from these Gospel substitutes. You may examine these devices and canvass their qualities, you will find no more Christianity in any one of them than apple-juice in that stone. But we must bear in mind that the world had fallen before the Church fell; and it was to repair the effects of this first Fall, that Christ appeared on the Earth; let us return to him. He came to renew love, and reinstate men in a pure and happy condition."

"But how could men love if they were as you describe them?"

"Man never wholly loses his capacity for loving. The natural susceptibility to goodness and truth can never be extinguished. Our powers are perverted, not destroyed. In fact, there have been holy, loving people in the world, true Christians, in all times, all countries, all Churches, among all religions and in every nation. Such have sometimes been kings, and occupied thrones, they have been outcasts from society, and buried in dungeons. Among princes and peasants, the affluent and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, aristocrats and plebeians, have appeared from time to time sincere and earnest lovers of God and man. Some sympathy with Christ exists in all minds, either latent or active.

"Christ came on his high embassage with credentials of an authoritative and remarkable character. He was the brightness of the glory of God, and the express image of his person. Indeed, He and the Father were one. He received, he tells us, all power from God. He was baptized of the Holy Spirit. He was proclaimed the beloved and

well-pleasing Son of God. He had gone through the experience of life, he had studied the human mind in its every phase, he understood the condition of men and was prepared for the exigencies of his lot. The thirty years of his life had not been spent in idleness. The effect of his address was electrical. Cities poured forth their population to him and the country was deserted of its inhabitants gone in pursuit of him. The multitudes that thronged to hear him, were so great no house could contain them, and he was obliged to resort to the open air and spoke sometimes from a hillside, sometimes from a boat moored by the shore. But, as I have intimated, his course was not without trial and obstacle. His success it was in part that contributed to his unhappiness, and precipitated his death. The common people heard him gladly, a circumstance that aroused the jealousies of the higher orders, who became his unrelenting antagonists. With covert insinuation and open assault they pursued him, and by intrigue at last brought him to the cross.

"Let me speak of what he did, of the spirit of his action and the secret of his effect. Fresh and glowing he came from the bosom of Heaven. His heart yearned for man as for a brother. His sympathies were ardent, profuse and forth-putting. His hopes were high and bright. He spared himself neither privations, self-denials, inconveniences, disrepute or toil. He gave himself for our ransom, his whole self, body and mind, his thought, his sagacity, his activity, his health, his time, his knowledge, his popularity, his example, in fact all he had or was, even to life itself; he consented that by his stripes we should be healed, by his death we should live, and shed his blood to wash away our sins. He was gentle and tender, the bruised reed he would not break, or the smoking flax quench. Wherever

arose one feeblest aspiration to God he was prepared to foment and cherish it. He made an open door of his compassionate feelings, and invited to himself all who labored and were heavy laden with sin and evil. He did not join in the common execrations of men, or approve their punitive severities; he saw something excellent in the vilest, he would win by love the most ruffianish, and the profligate he bade 'Go, and sin no more.' When he was reviled he reviled not again, and when he suffered, he threatened not. If he received an injury he did not retaliate, but committed himself, Peter says, 'to him that judgeth righteously,' that is, to God.

"And here we see the high moral perfection of Christ; he had so disciplined his spirit, he was so preoccupied with love, and so magnanimously considerate, that enmity and aversion, which in most breasts give rise to corresponding qualities, in his excited only kindness and favor. Here also discovers itself his sublime Heroism, that he stood unshaken before all moral assaults, and faced undaunted every moral danger. Yet he was one of the strongest sensibilities; he wept like a child in pure sympathy with the distresses of his friends. He 'took upon himself our infirmities,' and if sensitiveness be an infirmity, he possessed it equally with the rest of us. The insane, those who were chained, imprisoned and under keepers, and who in their paroxysms were ungovernable and dangerous, he approached freely, became very familiar with in love, and expelled the delusion that possessed them. The miraculous power with which he was endowed he employed in ways most instructive and beneficial. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, strength to the weak, and health to the sick. He did not consult what was expedient, but pursued what was right, and broke the popular Sabbath, an

exceedingly bold act, and one that nearly cost him his life. Yet he was not harsh and sweeping in his movement; he was sparing of those feelings which are deep because they belong to our childhood, of convictions that are honest because they are all we possess, and of forms of public life to which along antiquity imparts an air of reverence; and he would not see the Temple of the Jews mercenarily profaned. The spirit of the Goth and Vandal was most remote from Jesus. God he called his Heavenly Father, and sought to create a near and filial relation with the Divinity. Man he called his brother, and in all he would find fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters. Little children, what is unparalleled in all religions, he took in his arms and blessed. National, local, and geographical antipathies he sought to correct, and strove to unite all men on a common footing of brotherhood; and the Samaritans, who were regarded by his own people, the Jews, as the offscouring of all things, he demonstrated both by precept and example to be deserving a common friendship and love."

"That is what Mr. Lovers said about the Freemasons," interposed Margaret, "and Isabel and I were so smitten we determined to join them right off, and went to the Master, but he said they did not admit women."

"Freemasonry," replied Mr. Evelyn, "is a partial good. It recognizes every man as a brother who is a Mason, but Christ recognized every one as a brother who was a man. Women shared equally in his sympathies, and was embraced by his love. The motto of Masonry, Faith, Hope and Charity, is a fragment borrowed from the Gospels. Freemasonry in some of our States excludes the black; Jew and Gentile, Barbarian and Scythian, male and female, bond and free, are one in Christ. He was invidiously styled the Friend of Sinners, because he maintained a

kindly intercourse with those whom the world despised ; he dined with Pharisees, the chief men of the nation, that he might understand their position, and be better able to meet their wants. Certain leaders of the people were the only ones whom he seems ever to have addressed with severity, and that not from any hostility, but because they appeared to him wholly dissolute and abandoned ; yet his language, in the original, savors more of a lament than a proscription. I cannot tell you all he did. In the expressive words of one of his disciples 'he went about doing good.'"

"I thank you for what you have told me," said Margaret. "Christ certainly seems to me the most wonderful being of whom I have ever heard. I have read about Plato, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Epaminondas, Diogenes, Seneca, Cicero, Cato, Numa, Confucius, Budha, Manco Capac, and others, who interested me a great deal, but nothing seemed like this."

"I have not told you half," replied Mr. Evelyn. "I have only spoken of what he *did*. How can I describe the greatest, most excelling part of him, what he *was !* It is a small thing to say that he was affable, honorable, brave, warm-hearted, truthful, discreet, wise, talented, disinterested, self-denying, patient, exemplary, temperate, charitable, industrious, frugal, hospitable, compassionate, and such like. He was meek and lowly in heart, and that with more incentives to arrogance and pride than ever fell to the lot of one individual ; he was forbearing when a precept of his religion demanded an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth ; his affection was universal, while the sentiment and practice of his people condemned intercourse with other nations ; he was self-relying in a community ruled by tradition and resting on prescription ; he was pacific where

war was sanctioned and encouraged; he was free in a world of bondage, spiritual in a world of forms, great in a world of littleness, a God in a world of men. His intrinsic nobility rose above meanness and subterfuge, and if he ever withheld all he thought, it was because he would not cast his pearls before swine. He was frank without bluntness, courteous without guile, familiar without vulgarity, liberal without licentiousness. He combined tenderness of feeling with rigor of principle, harmlessness with wisdom, simplicity with greatness, faith with works. He fellowshipped man without countenancing sin, he mingled in all classes of society without losing his singleness of character. In him were harmonized the opposite extremes of trust and independence, forethought and impulse, plain common sense and the highest spirituality, theory and practice, intuition and reflection, cheerfulness and piety, toil and refinement, candor and enthusiasm; he was Lord of lords and King of kings, and the companion of peasants and confidant of the obscure. He was eloquent and persuasive, yet his voice was not heard in the streets; he had no boisterous tones, or demagogical manner; he discoursed of the highest truths, yet his language was so simple, the people were astonished at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth; God-possessed as he was, all-engrossing as was the object he had in view, and preoccupied as we must suppose his attention to have been, he was ever alive and fresh to the beauty and suggestiveness of nature; and the falling rain, a flying sparrow, the bursting wheat; the luxuriant mustard, the blooming vine, the evening twilight, the clouds of heaven, wells of water in the deserts of the East, oxen and sheep, a hen brooding over her chickens, all things about him left their impression in his heart and became the illustrators of his doctrine. Considering the fervid Oriental

imagination, the perspicuous chasteness and emphatic directness of his style, adapted to all climates and people, is not a little remarkable. Made in all things like his brethren, he was still one whom the offer of empire did not flatter or a houseless night dishearten. His miraculous power he used unostentatiously and sparingly; and with no other intent than the good of man and the glory of God. You have asked if he was not Beautiful; he was superlatively so. In the translation it reads the Good Shepherd; but here and elsewhere in the original Gospels a term is employed by which the Greeks denoted the highest description of Beauty, and if the public mind were not debased, we should understand what is meant when it is said he is the Beautiful Shepherd. Yet it is not mere beauty of color or features, but something from within that expresses itself in the face."

"I remember," said Margaret, "that look; his eyes were fair, his hair and countenance; but there was something behind, deeper, like music in the night, like the shining of a fish in the water, like a nasturation flowering under its green leaves."

"Something like that; it glowed in his look and illuminated his manner. The hidden source of his Beauty was Love; and once, as his Love increased, as he became more and more perfect through his sufferings, when his spirit had completely passed through the veil of his flesh, this inward Beauty shone out in a most wonderful way; and in connection with the splendor of God which answered to it at the moment, constitutes a striking scene known as the Transfiguration, which you will read. That same look melted one wicked man to tears, and felled brutal soldiers to the earth."

"Do explain to me one thing; in one of my dreams were

three girls, whom I knew to be Faith, Hope and Charity, because I had seen pictures of them. They created a fourth whom I called Beauty, because it could be nothing else but that. Yet you say Beauty comes from Love."

"That Charity," replied Mr. Evelyn, "is none other than Love. It is an evangelical term, and there again our translators committed a blunder when they rendered it Charity, who is none other than an alms-giver. But Love, as Christ would have it, is something entirely different, greater than Faith or Hope, the greatest of all things, and from it comes true Beauty. As David desired to behold the Beauty of the Lord, so that of Christ was not without its effect in the rapid spread of his doctrine; he was altogether lovely. The grace of your Venus, the symmetry of your Apollo, the colors of flowers, the brilliancy of gems, pass with me as nothing compared with the Moral Beauty of Christ. Apollo is a perfect material form; Christ a perfect moral soul. What Apollo is in the galleries of Art, Christ is in the galleries of Spirit. The Apollo comprises all the bodily excellences of men, Christ all their moral excellences. There is some worth, some virtue in every human being; in Christ these all united and made a harmonious whole. The Apollo, as I told you, represented the higher operations of Nature; Christ represented the higher operations of God; or as I might say, the Apollo represented the natural attributes of God, Christ his moral attributes. By as much as the statue of Apollo differs from the image of Brahma, by so much does Christ differ from Plato."

"I have thought sometimes," said Margaret, "of Regulus going back to the Carthaginians,—wasn't that an unexampled act? of Codrus and Eubule sacrificing themselves for their country, of Epaminonda's magnanimity, Arrius's

integrity, Evephenus's truthfulness; and O, how I have wished to get away from Christians, sit down on a stump in the groves of the Academy and hear Plato preach, or squat with Diogenes in his tub and listen to his railings! When the Master laughs about people, and I ask him who is good, he says, 'The Seven Wise Men of Greece.' I am sure there was some virtue in those days—yet—I know not what to say."

"If you intend a comparison," replied Mr. Evelyn, "it were easy to prove, being put up to it, that Christ differs from those to whom you have referred, toto cœlo, by the greatest possible distance. True, they possessed many virtues, but what you would glean from a whole antiquity seems to me aggregated in Christ. There may be some analogy between Christ and them, but no similitude. How this matter stands you will see when I have said all I shall say about him. Besides, as to Regulus for instance, there seems to be no basis of comparison, they do not stand upon any common footing. Among fallen men there exist certain notions of rectitude, which go by the name of honor. It is a familiar saying, there is honor among thieves. The Romans and Carthaginians were fallen men, they made war upon each other, they were mutual pillagers, incendiaries, liars, assassins. Yet they retained this sentiment of honor. Regulus indeed, true to his word, went back, even when he knew it would cost him his life, a noble act; yet he was put to death by those whom he had just before been trying to kill, and possibly by the friends of those whom his own sword had pierced. Then, in retaliation, the Carthaginians in Rome were by the public authority barbarously tortured."

"I see, I see," rejoined Margaret. "I did not think of comparison. Only those noble deeds detached from every

thing else have lain in my mind, as things very beautiful. And while you were speaking they rose up vividly."

"Christ's was no dependent, distorted, or relative excellence," continued Mr. Evelyn; "he was not conspicuous because he stood a head taller than his countrymen. He was excellent from the sole of his foot upwards. He was absolutely and rudimentally great, and would have appeared so equally alone or with a million. He was un-fallen; he did not stand upon a platform of depravity, and exhibit how much excellence was compatible therewith. He stood upon a platform of pure goodness, and shows how beautiful it is. Regulus aided in carrying on the wicked purposes of the world, Christ contemplated regenerating the whole world. Epaminondas was made great by the vices of his countrymen, Christ from his own inherit life. Plato maintained that fire is a pyramid tied to the earth by numbers; Christ is guilty of no philosophical absurdity, and what is not a little noticeable is this, that while he pursued the track of high, transcendent truth, he does not exhibit the slightest tinge of those metaphysical speculations that prevailed in his time. Plato travelled into Egypt in pursuit of knowledge, Christ into the region of himself. Plato borrows from the Brahmins. What absence of that anagogical, all-prevalent, all-winsome Brahminism in Christ! Socrates, the wise, beneficent and pious, lifted a bloody arm against his fellow men. Thales thanked God he was born a man, not a woman; a Greek, not a barbarian. Solon ordered robbery to be punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he was old and poor, wrapped himself in his cloak, and resolved to die of hunger. These were all stars in the night time, worthy of admiration, and pleasant to go to sleep under. Christ seems to me a Morning Sun."

"Keep to Christ, I can afford to forget all others, a while at least."

"It is after all by approximations we know Christ, not by any comprehension. We must rest content to paddle about in the inlets of this great ocean. Consider his intellectual character—'he knew what was in man,' his biographer declares. He had not books or teachers; he worked at his father's bench; he had never, as I believe, travelled farther than from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and his doctrine savors as little of Jewish hagiography as it does of the lore of the Rabbins; and well was it asked, 'How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?' He studied his own mysterious nature, his own manifold necessities, his own disposition; and by thus first knowing himself, he knew all men. Through himself he read the race. That love, which is the secret sap of the soul, by which our being enlarges itself, the faculties grow apace like the arms of an oak, the knots of thought are loosened, and a clear shining intellectual vision is attained, he possessed in unbounded measure. He did God's will, and therefore knew of the doctrine. He grew in wisdom, and love added to his insight and fortified his reason. He was pure in heart, and thus saw God. Christ is perfectly adapted to man, as a well-adjusted piece of carpentry to its several parts, as light to the eye, as air to the lungs, as musical notes to a musical ear. He, the prototypal Diapason of the race, studying himself, and man in himself, so strikes a chord that vibrates to every heart.

"Christ was a genius, one without compeer or parallel, a spiritual genius; not of the Homeric, Phydian, or Praxitelean order, but of his own most singular, most exalted kind. A sculptor, from the several beauties found in a collection of human bodies, gives you a beautiful material statute;

Christ gives you a beautiful spirit. A sculptor from his own Ideal produces a beautiful Form; Christ from his Ideal produces beautiful men. A sculptor sometimes succeeds in throwing passion, action, a soul into marble; Christ threw a soul into man. Art explains nature to man; Christ explained God to man, and man to himself. His power was strictly creative, as it was rare and benign. A spiritual landscape painted he, that no Claude could equal. Indeed, such an impression had his disciples of his productive energy, that by him they say 'the worlds were made.' A new Heaven and a new Earth were things on which he wrought. Christ was, if we are willing to apply to him modern terms, both Art and an Artist. He was in himself the fairest, self-wrought, divine creation. Then patiently, studiously, lovingly, he went on to form new creations. In Love lies all Artistic Energy; from the highest love proceeds the highest work. Praxiteles, in the composition of his Venus, is said to have been inspired by the presence of a beautiful female. Christ needed no other inspiration than what his own beautiful heart could furnish. But I must delay on this till I have said some other things.

"Having all too meagrely spoken of him in himself, I will speak of him in his relation to God. The Soul of the Universe entered into his soul, and was cherished there. The Spirit of God, as a dove, descended and rested upon him. In him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He is called the only begotten Son of God. With a nature harmonious in all things with God, God himself sympathized, and he dwelt in God, and God in him. The Word became flesh. He was the Bread of God, he was a Vine of the Father's planting; he was Immanuel, God with us. But of what chiefly interests us, his relation to man, I will tell you. In this respect we learn much of

Christ from his immediate successors, called Apostles, in whom is seen the Ideal of Christ as it were projected, and who manifest in effect what he held in purpose. 'As he was, so are we in this world,' they declare. This expresses the gist of the matter. Whatever he himself was he designed man to become. God sent him into the world, through Him to restore His own fallen image. He was made perfect, that through his perfection we might become perfect. He would restore us by the infusion of himself, by reuniting man with his spirit, his holiness, his love. His wish and prayer were that we together with him might become one with God. He announced *himself* the Way, the Truth, the Life. He did not *teach*, he *was* the Resurrection and the Life, and those who were dead in trespasses and sins heard his voice, came forth from their graves and lived. 'Take up your Cross and follow me,' were his words; 'eat me,' 'live on me.' As he laid down his life for us, so are we directed to lay down our lives for the brethren. 'I travail,' says one, 'till Christ be formed in you.' 'Christ in us' is the Mystery of Revelation. 'We die daily;' 'we live, yet not we, but Christ lives in us.' As he forgave, so are we to forgive. The same mind that was in him is to be in us. As he suffered without the gate, so are we to go forth, bearing his reproach. We are crucified together with him. As he died to sin, so do we. As he was a sacrifice, so are we to offer our bodies living sacrifices. He suffered, leaving us an example. If we imitate his Passion, we shall reign with him. The glory which God gave him, he says, he gives his disciples. Greater works than he did he declares they shall do. So perfect was this contemplated identity that he says, He who receives you receives me; and it was even declared, that he who sinned against a brother sinned against Christ. This inner, received Christ,

Paul declared, worked in him mightily. Through him, thus received, we escape the pollutions of the world. His blood, his doctrine, his spirit, his death, his whole self, washes away our sins. As he is holy, so we become holy. We are partakers of the divine nature. He is to us a Moral Revelation of God; as there is a Natural Revelation in the material creation. He embodies, and sets forth the Moral attributes of God.

"So he came into the world, as it were, suffused with the effulgence of God, raying out with love, benignity, paternal affection. He addressed himself to human sympathies, I mean to that power of which we were speaking, of reciprocating the feelings and passions of another; to that susceptibility of truth and goodness which exists in all minds. This was the medium whereby he would communicate himself to man. He relied upon the Spirit of God to second and bless his labors. He would uncurb the well-spring of love that is found in every soul, and let its waters flow out over the earth.

"He begins with saying, 'Repent,' or in the original Change your minds, Reflect upon yourselves. In the only discourse of any length which remains to us, he pronounces the Beatitudes, which I hope you will soon read. His object is the salvation of man; he is called the Savior, because he shall save his people from their sins. In the revival, development, and extension of love, he would bring men to holiness; in becoming holy, sin is expelled and forgiven; in the expulsion of sin, Hell both as an experience and a destiny ceases, and Heaven is secured. On the deep, eternal foundations of Nature he would erect the superstructure of Grace. He came mature in preparation, flushing with hope, dexterous for attempt. He looked with loving eyes to behold loving eyes in return, he speaking

kindness to be greeted with kindness, his warm heart would be met by warm hearts, his lofty purposes would kindle lofty purposes, his holy life shall stimulate a holy life, his gentle rebuke react in penitence, and his pity invigorate despair. As by a conjuror's touch he would awaken the dead soul of the world. His Divine Spirit propagating itself, the image of God would reappear in the face of man. He, the Heavenly Sculptor, works on rocky souls, and with his chisel fashions a form of immortal beauty. Thousands upon thousands heard his voice and lived. The stately Pharisee, the unknown rustic, and the despised foreigner became his converts. To his resurrection from sin and sense, fashion and fortune, multitudes strove to attain; many vied in his crucifixion; by the new and living way through the veil, that is, the flesh, the carnal and self-indulgent denied themselves to enter. A living sympathetic response to Christ arose in John and Peter, Martha and Mary, and hosts.

"A splendid Ideal had he, which he called the Kingdom of Heaven; the reproduction of himself among men he spoke of as his coming again; the reappearance of Virtue and Peace, Truth and Righteousness, he described as the clouds of Heaven and Angels of God. Such was his Ideal of Truth, that while he says he himself judged no one, he expected *that* would judge the world, condemn sin, and extirpate it forever; and those who possessed this truth he speaks of as standing upon thrones. The ordinary magistracy of man would be supplanted, and all iniquity flee away before the brightness of his Advent. Such is the scheme of Redemption, so called; a scheme or plan, originating with God, executed by Christ, fostered by the Holy Spirit, energetic through human sympathies and affections; a method, as we are graphically told, 'of redeeming unto Christ a peculiar people, zealous of good

works,' of instituting a 'Church without spot or blemish.'

"Let me now explain some of your troublesome 'anagogics.' The Atonement is the union of man with God through Christ by the reproduction of Christ in us; the Trinity is this trifold union, God, Christ and Man: Faith, a Saving or Evangelical Faith, or Believing in Christ, is taking Christ to yourself in this living and warm way, receiving his spirit into your spirit, imbosoming his feelings in your feelings, impressing his character on your character, whereby his whole self becomes grafted upon and fused into yourself. Sanctification or Holiness is the subsidence and departure of sin in proportion as you thus receive Christ. Justification is God's approval of you; Adoption is becoming a member of the great Divine family. THIS IS CHRISTIANITY!

"The regeneration of the world went on well for a while; the spirit and power of Christ reached many nations; Christism survived a few years after his death, when, alas! the dog returned to his vomit, and the swine that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. The Church began its fall in the second century; Christians became degraded into the ways of the world, the forms of Judaism were revived, a false philosophy was introduced, and sacerdotal and imperial ambition finished the work. With Constantine in the fourth century, the union of the Cross and the Sword was complete, and in the name of Christ, Christian nations have gullied the earth with the blood they have spilt, and curdled the skies in horror of their mutual massacres."

"I must ask you one thing," said Margaret. "How came the first man to fall?"

"That question belongs to a subject of the most subtle nature, the prime origin of Evil, which I must take some other time to discuss."

"I know you are tired, but let me ask you how these wicked things could be done in the name of Christ?"

"That name has been perpetuated, although so great was its abuse that in the seventh century a new sect arose who are now called Mohammedans. The solitary divine virtue immanent in Christ has ever found a response in the heart of humanity; and such was the original majestic effect of his name, that it has served as a convenient basis for delusion, error and sin, craft, avarice and pride, to raise their fabrics upon. Besides, the Gospels, handed down from age to age, have been held in nominal reverence."

"You mentioned the name of Mary."

"Yes, there were two Marys, one of whom was so affected by Christ, that she washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

"You have said the last word; I have no more questions. Sweet sister Mary! my name, too' is Mary. O, Tony, Tony! Your profession is done in a way you little wotted of. Toupee, tyetop, pomatum, powder—my hair goes for a towel to wipe Christ's feet with. My hankerchief cannot hold my tears, they go to do Mary's service too! I have not understood, Sir, all you have said, but it is enough, enough; I am filled to distention, I can bear no more. Apollo, Diana, Orpheus, are you scared? Have you hid under the bushes? Dear little gods and goddesses all, don't be frightened,—Christ won't hurt us. They have been beautiful and true to me, he will love them for that, won't he, Mr. Evelyn? Christ shall preside over us, I will worship him. It is late; I thank you, I bless you, Mr. Evelyn, I must go, I would be alone.' But the names must be changed. Bacchus Hill shall be Christ's Hill, Orpheus's Pond, his Pond. He shall be supreme; Head, Pond, and all, shall henceforth be called Mons Christi.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDRY MATTERS.

ANOTHER day found Mr. Evelyn at the Pond, and with Margaret on the eminence now called Mons Christi.

"The name which this hill has commonly borne," said Mr. Evelyn, "together with the broad forest about, bring strongly, I may say, mournfully to recollection, the original population, the Indians, I mean."

"What do you know about them?" asked Margaret.

"If we may rely on accounts written when they and the whites first met as friends, befroe a mutual hostility exasperated the judgment of the historian, and disordered the conduct of the natives, we shall form a pleasing picture of their character and condition. 'These people,' the New England Indians, say the first discoverers, 'are exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition, and well-conditioned; for shape of body and lovely favor they excel all the people of America; of stature much higher than we. They are quick-eyed and steadfast in their looks, fearless of others' harms, as intending none themselves; some of the meaner sort given to filching. Their women are fat and well-favored, and the men are very dutiful towards them. The wholesomeness and temperature of the climate doth argue them to be of a perfect constitution of body, active, strong, healthful and very witty, as sundry toys of theirs, very cunningly wrought, may easily witness.' A friendly intercourse was had with them in those days, 'and,' say the whites, 'in great love we parted.' They are universally

represented as kind-hearted, hospitable, grateful, truthful, simple, chaste. Property was never more secure than with them, bolts and bars they had none on their doors, and one vice that gangrenes Christian nations was unknown amongst them, they never offered indignity to woman; they were also, in respect of drinks, a very temperate people. They possessed more virtues and fewer vices than Christians.

But terrible wrongs were inflicted on them;—their young men were pirated into slavery, their population was thinned by the introduction of new, immedicable diseases, intemperance shed its baneful influence, inflaming their passions and corrupting their morals, the mercenariness of border intercourse alternately cajoled and defrauded them, their several sovereignties were forced into destructive collision, and their entire strength became the game of a foreign and unknown intrigue; moreover the disposition of the settlers began to develop itself, the encroachment of a foreign and malign jurisdiction alarmed them, and they awoke to a sense of the value of what they had in their simplicity surrendered; hence conflict, in which they were driven to every resort, for the defence of their rights, the recovery of empire, and the preservation of existence itself;—and now they assume a new attitude, as all men do in similar circumstances. They exhibit a melancholy instance of the reflex, reciprocal action of evil, agreeably to a law that we before talked about. And yet, if we would give to their revenge the name of reprisals, call their subtlety and cunning military manœuvres, their hatred patriotic pride, if we would render their ferocity gallant behavior, record their cruelties as vigorous measures for disarming an enemy, and if, instead of distinguishing them as savages, we should write them simply Americans, they would not appear very unlike other people of the globe."

"It is not so bad a thing for me to be called an Indian after all," said Margaret. "Yesterday I felt that I was a Christian, I don't know but I had better remain an Indian."

"I told you there was a difference between Ecclesiastical Christians and Evangelical Christians."

"I would call myself a Christoid, a Christman, or any thing. I wanted to tell you how glad I was I persuaded Nimrod, my brother, not to enlist, when they were about awhile since after soldiers to go against the Indians on the Ohio."

"Poor Indians! We have driven them from their reserves in the West, and they may at last be compelled to take refuge in the forests of the Mississippi, or even to cross its waters for defence."

"I know one Indian," said Margaret, "an old man, who comes here every year, and has come ever since I can remember. He lives in the blue yonder, on the sides of Umkidden. He looks very old, as if he had seen a hundred years. Yet he is tall and straight, has fine muscular proportions, and passes the house with a taught, Junonian step. He comes and sits up here. He makes his annual visit in Autumn, when the frosts have fallen and the leaves change and drop. He is silent almost as Jupiter himself, and I cannot get much out of him. His expression is majestically sad, a sort of Promethean look. He sometimes brings a little girl with him, whom I have more than once induced to play with me. She says he is her grandfather. Here he sits in a sort of brown study, and muses over the water and wood. His hair is tied in a knot behind, and surmounted with a coronet of white heron's feathers; he wears a robe of tambored deer-skin. I have seen him stop and listen to Chilion's music, and once the girl gave me a pair of beaded moccasons, in return, I suppose, for my bread and cider."

"He is probably a relic of the departed race, and comes to look upon the home of his ancestors. He may have lived hereabouts. A distinguished tribe of Indians formerly occupied the borders of the River. They always selected the most fertile and picturesque spots for their residences. And truly this was a goodly heritage. The Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Kennebec, the Penobscot were their noble rivers. The early voyagers whom I have quoted to you seem, in these aboriginal regions, to have found the lost Eden. 'This main,' say they, 'is the goodliest continent that we ever saw. The land is replenished with fair fields, and in them fragrant flowers, also meadows, and hedged in with stately groves, being furnished with brooks of sweet water, and large rivers.' They raised corn in their meadows, beans and melons in their gardens. They had plums, cherries and grapes. The Indian children gathered strawberries in the Spring and wortleberries in the Fall. Their maidens found violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and numerous flowers in the fields and forests just as you do. God they called by various names, Squanto, Kishton, Manito, Areouski."

"What a pity they should not be here still; and I—I would willingly be not," observed Margaret, dropping her head upon her hand.

"They were not always at peace among themselves. The Maquas, an imperious race, did much harm to the others, and threatened universal supremacy. But they are gone. For reasons which we cannot well understand, the red gives place to the white man. With their wigwams and canoes, their gods and their pawwas, their government and titles, their language and manners, they have vanished forever. No trace of them remains, except in the names of a few localities. The way is cleared for a new

population, a new religion, new society, new life. We wait to see what will be done. New England is swept and garnished; it is an unencumbered region."

"Do I live in New England."

"Yes, you are a New Englander."

"Mehercule! I thought I lived any where between the sky and this most anagogical rotundity, and have been entertaining my later years with soap-bubbling a few divinities —I *will* be serious, Mr. Evelyn, I do know the realities of things. But how the gods chase one another over the world, Manitou, Jupiter, Jehovah! Are not New Englanders like Old Englanders, and Old Englanders like the Hindoos?"

"Men are all formed of one blood; yet there are specific differences. But God is one, and if New Englanders were pure in heart, as Christ says, they would see Him, and that more truly perhaps than any other people. Yet many of them ascribe acts to their God which would disgrace a heathen deity. This results from the debased state of the public mind; or rather I should say, from the debased doctrines of a fallen church which have been transmitted to us. Still in many respects we have an advantage over all other nations, which it is worth your while to think of."

"Thoughts are coming upon me plenty as blackberries, and the more the better."

"A good part of the Old World on its passage to the New was lost overboard. Our ancestors were very considerably cleansed by the dashing waters of the Atlantic. We have no monarchical supremacy, no hereditary prerogatives, no patent nobility, no Kings, and but few Bishops, by especial Divine interposition. The gift of God is with the virtuous and truthful. 'All men are equal,' is our favorite motto; and it is one of far-piercing, greatly

humanizing, radically reforming force, though now but little understood. Many things that affect character and condition in the Old World, adulterate truth, perpetuate error, degrade society and life, sully the soul, and retard improvement, we have not. I intend to take a trip thither soon, and shall see what they are of and for."

"Are you going away?"

"My health and taste both require a sea voyage, which I shall make as soon as Bonaparte and Mr. Pitt settle their differences a little.—There are no fairies in our meadows, and no elves to spirit away our children. Our wells are drugged by no saint, and of St. Winifred we have never heard. Our rivers harbor no nereids, they run on the Sabbath, and are all sacred alike, Mill Brook as the Ganges; and there is no reason why the Pond of Mons Christi should not become as celebrated as the Lake of Zurich. In the clefts of our rocks abide the souls of no heroes, no spirits of the departed inhabit our hills, nor are our mountains the seats of any gods; Olympus, Sinai, Othus, Pico-Adam, Umkidden, Washington, Monadnock, Holyoke, Ktaadin, it is all one. The Valley of the Housatonic is beautiful as the Vale of Tempe, or of Cashmere, and as oracular. We have no resorts for pilgrims, no shrines for the devout, no summits looking into Paradise. We have no traditions, legends, fables, and scarcely a history. Our galleries are no cenotaphic burial grounds of ages past; we have no Haddon Hall or Raby Castle Kitchen; no chapels or abbeys, no broken arches or castled crags. You find these woods as inspiring as those of Etruria or Mamre. Robin-Good-Fellow is unknown, and the Devil haunts our theology, not our houses, and I see in the last edition of the Primer his tail is entirely abridged. No hideous ghosts appear at cock-crowing. Witches have quite vanished,

and omens from sneezing and itching must soon follow. At least in all these things there is a sensible change in the public mind. If the girls put wedding-cake under their pillows to dream upon, it is rather sport than magic. Astrology, Alchemy, Physiognomy and Necromancy are fast dying out, and Animal Magnetism has not ventured to cross the sea. January and May are not, as in the Old World, unlucky months, and Friday is rapidly losing its evil eye. At marriages the bride is not obliged to throw her shoe at the company; at births, we have no Ragged Shirt or Groaning Cheese; if a child die unbaptized, it is not thought to wander in woods and solitudes; at deaths our common people do not cover up the looking-glasses. Ecclesiastical Holidays have a precarious hold on New Englanders; curses are not denounced upon sinners, Ash Wednesday; we have no Whitsuntide given to bearbaiting, drunkenness and profligacy; Trinity Sunday our bachelors do not kiss our maidens three times in honor of that mystery; bread baked on Christmas eve turns mouldy as soon as any other; we are not obliged to use tansy to purge our stomachs of fish eaten in Lent. In our churchyards bodies are buried on the North as well as the South side. There is no virtue in the points of compass that our clergy repeat the Creed looking towards the East, and none in wood that we bow to the Altar.

"All these things our fathers left behind in England, or they were brushed away by contact with the thick, spiny forests of America. Our atmosphere is transparent, unoccupied, empty from the bottom of our wells to the zenith, and throughout the entire horizontal plane. It has no superstitious inhabitancy, no darkening prevalence, no vague magistracy, no Manichean bisection. As you say, Manitou is gone, and with due courtesy to your Pantheon,

the One God supervenes; there is no intermediation but Christ; and for man, the bars are let down. Our globe stands on no elephant, but swings clear in open, boundless space; it is trammelled by no Northern Snake, and circumvented by no Oriental Sea of Milk. We have no Hindoo caste, and Negro Slavery is virtually extinct in New England. Education is universally encouraged, and Freedom of Opinion tolerated."

"So you think New Englanders are the best people on the Earth?"

"I think they might become such; or rather I think they might lead the august procession of the race to Human Perfectibility; that here might be revealed the Coming of the Day of the Lord wherein the old Heavens of sin and error should be dissolved, and a New Heaven and New Earth be established wherein dwelleth righteousness. I see nothing to prevent our people reassuming the old Hyperionic type, rising head and shoulders to the clouds, crowding out Jupiter and Mars, being filled, as the Apostle says, with all the fulness of God, reaching the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus, and reimpressing upon the world the lost image of its Maker.

"NEW ENGLAND! my birthplace, my chosen pilgrimage, I love it. I love its earth and its sky, and the souls of its people. They, the Unconquerable, could alone subdue its ruggedness, and they are alone worthy to enjoy its amenities. I love the old folks and the children; I love the enterprise of its youth and honorable toil of its manhood. I love its snows and its grass, its hickory fires and its corn-bread. The seeds of infinite good, of eternal truth, are already sown in many minds; these might germinate in another generation, and in the third bear fruit. High Calculation, which is only the symbol of a higher Moral

Sense, is even now at work; and they are ripping up the earth for a Canal from Worcester to Providence; and what shall next be done, who knows? Only, if love lay at the heart of all things, thought and action, what might not be! But how stint we ourselves! Politics, society, life, the Church, love, aim, what are they all?"

"Why don't you lead off yourself in this matter! You shall be a Hero, the days of Chivalry shall be renewed."

"I! I have neither health nor spirit. I only perceive, I only deplore."

"Really, we must go to the Widow's without delay, and get some of the Nommernisstortumbug; that will cure you. Speaking of the Widow, I think of Rose, poor Rose. I asked her to come with me and see you to-day; she hesitated, and declined. I told her you would speak better to her than any body else. She shook her head mournfully, and said, 'Only you, Margaret, only you!' What can we do for her?"

"I do not know, I am sure, I have turned over the account you gave me of her. I am persuaded she has some chord that could be reached, some secret self to be disclosed."

"Can you send me for no hammer that will break her to pieces?"

"Christ might reach her, if nothing else."

"O no. She has a perfect horror of that name. She hates it worse than I did; I only laughed at it, she seems to loathe it inwardly. Said I, 'Rose, Christ loves you, he suffered for you, can't you have faith in him?'—'In the name of mercy!' she cried 'if you won't kill me, Margaret, don't speak of that,' and so shut my mouth, and I could say no more."

"I think I see how it is; I believe I understand the difficulty, so far at least as that demonstration is concerned."

"I can very well understand how a person might not like the name of Christ, how it might offend one; but that it should give a shuddering pain quite poses me."

"Be good and kind to Rose, and she may yet listen to to you."

"I have borne her deep in my heart, I have felt most strange motions towards her, I am ready to melt and flow into her, and much sorrowful feeling she gives me, and I am willing to have for her."

"Persevere, and I am confident she will yield. I might say many things of what I *think* about her, but perhaps it were of no use. I am willing to leave her with you, though if it were in my power I should be glad to see her. When shall I find you at leisure again?"

"To-morrow I must spin, next day help Chilion on his baskets. There is Sunday when we do not work, come then."

"I go to Church."

"Sakes alive! so you do. I quite forgot you belonged to the fallen race!"

"I told you all had some excellences; and if you would come and hear Parson Welles you might think so too. He is serious-minded, his prayers are earnest, his sermons have good sense, and the place itself is grateful to one's feelings. Perhaps in no one more than in him would you see the struggle that goes on between Nature and the Unnatural. Nor is it easy to overcome the effect of education so but that old erroneous influences seem to minister to one's spiritual peace, and I find going to Meeting very pleasant."

"It is not indeed," replied Margaret laughing, "and I find much pleasure in staying at home."

"Monday, I may see you?"

"After washing. Besides, you have left me enough for a three days' rumination, at least."

CHAPTER V.

MR. EVELYN UNEXPECTEDLY DETAINED.—MARGARET GOES AFTER HIM, IS ABSENT FROM HOME SOME WEEKS.—HE RETURNS WITH HER TO THE POND, IN THE FALL.—WHEN ALSO ROSE MAKES HERSELF COMPANIONABLE.

MONDAY came, but not Mr. Evelyn, nor did the whole week bring him. His absence can be accounted for. He exhibited symptoms of a disease that was the terror and scourge of the age, the Small Pox. He was from a town on the sea-board where the infection raged. The people of Livingston became alarmed, town meetings were held, a Pock House was established, Mr. Evelyn conveyed thither, and a general beating up for patients was had throughout the region. All who had been exposed were ordered to the Hospital, and candidates for the disease universally were taken thither. Margaret and Obed were sent for; Rose escaped to the woods.

The house selected for the terrible ordeal was that known as Col. Welch's, the Tory absentee, now used as a Poor House, a large building, occupying a commanding site on the west side of the village, north of Deacon Hadlock's Pasture, and detached from the highway by a deep front yard, that had been once ornamented with gravel walks and flower-beds, but of late years was abandoned to swine. In the rear was a grove and a hill covered with the ruins of a summer-house. Above the ridge of the Hospital on a long pole waved a blood-red flag, an admonition to all of the fearful malady that was at work therein. Guards patroled about the premises to prevent unlicensed ingress or departure.

Margaret was shut in a room with several other young ladies then and there awaiting the process of inoculation by Dr. Spoor. Among the number she found Isabel Weeks, who introduced her to Susan Morgridge. It being supposed that Margaret and Susan might have received the disease in the natural way, they two were for a few days consigned to a room by themselves. Margaret's first inquiries related to Mr. Evelyn, who was reported quite sick. Susan supplied her with other particulars respecting her cousin, for whom she expressed the highest esteem, and it might have been a little flattering to Margaret to know how kindly the young man had spoken of her in the Judge's family.

Susan, sobered by the recent death of her mother, serious by nature, and of a retiring disposition, was yet most excellent company for Margaret. She possessed amiability and good sense, sweetness and strength, cultivated manners and great delicacy of sentiment, nor was she one to condemn all that she could not approve. For the first time in her life Margaret had a bedfellow, if we except the dog.

No symptoms of the natural disease appearing, and the virus with which they were charged begining to develop itself, the enviable privilege of solitude these two persons enjoyed was disturbed, and they were reduced to the common lot, that of occupying a chamber where were four beds, patients and nurses to match, and a stagnant atmosphere;—ventilation being prohibited for fear of taking cold.

It boots not to describe that Middle Passage of the Pock House, or follow from day to day the progress of a dreadful disorder;—the primary dulness and lassitude, succeeded by fever and ague, the hot, blinding eruption, sharp, darting pains, the swollen face, the sore throat, tiresome sleep, haunted dreams, convulsions, delirium, blindness; a

noisome air, slow haggard midnights, inflamed, nettlesome noontides; jalap and the lancet; saffron and marigold infusions, rum and brandy applied to "throw the eruption from the heart;" the body half roasted with blisters to keep the disease from "striking in." Thanks to Lady Mary Wortley Montague and the Turks for our lives indeed, and thanks to Dr. Jenner and the cows for our comfort! The aspect of the town was suddenly transformed, the streets were deserted, citizens wore lengthened and distressful countenances, spy-like and suspicious was all intercourse, It is a wonder so many of the number returned again to their homes; in fact only two died, one a boy from the North Part of the town; the other a friend of Margaret's, and sister of Isabel's, Helen Weeks. Unshriven, unblest, she died; at midnight, without prayer or funeral or passing bell, was she buried; by the hands of the sexton, Deacon Ramsdill, and her own father and mother, were the shunned remains laid in the grave, which closed over one as pure in heart and guileless in life as this world often produces.

She, whose especial province was the health of the people, the Widow Wright, could not fail to bestir herself on an occasion like the present. In Rose's sequestration she aided, Obed's being taken to the Hospital she opposed, and however hostile to the practice of the Faculty, she still felt it incumbent upon her to do something. Accordingly, laden with sundry medicaments, she presented herself one morning at the gate of the infected grounds. Here presided Captain Eliashib Tuck, with a staff instead of a firelock—a long black pole barbed with iron, and formerly used by tythingmen for the admonition of unruly children on the Sabbath—which he carried with the precision of a soldier on guard, but raised in a manner somewhat threatening

when he observed the sedulous lady trying to open the gate.

"Marcy on us, Cappen!" exclaimed the Widow, "ye wouldn't spile a woman's gear and forsan break her head, for deuin a dight of good, would ye, bein it was Sabber day?"

"There are the General Orders," replied the Captain with sturdy brevity.

On a post the Leech read as follows:—

"1. No person is allowed to enter or leave the grounds without permission. 2. If a person cause the spread of the disease, he or she shall be fined fifty pounds. 3. If any person be inoculated in any other place than the Hospital, he shall pay forty pounds. 4. No Paper Money to be carried into the building under penalty of ten pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" snickered out the woman. "More afeerd of paper money than they are of the Doctor's knife. I cal'late Cappen, if they'd a kept paper money out of the War, there wouldn't have been quite so many broke doun."

"I was in the War," rejoined the Captain, "and I was afraid neither of paper money nor *British swords*. I consider myself honored by my losses. I am no grumbler. Where is your countersign, Ma'am? You can pass with a ticket, not without."

"Ra'aly, you look as if you Cappen Granded it over all creation, and the Hospital besides. The doctor has got'um all in his clutches, and he das'nt let one come out and have fair play. Won't ye let a woman see her boy?"

"The countersign, Ma'am."

"They'll kill him with jollup and rhubarb. They'll make a shadder of him, and wont leave enough to bury him by."

"I know," rejoined the Captain, "neither men nor women, mothers nor children, judges nor ministers. Have

you never heard, when I stood sentry before General Washington's tent, then only a raw recruit, and the Old Hero himself rode up in his carriage, I challenged him. 'Who goes there?' said I, 'General Washington,' said he, looking from the window. 'I don't know General Washington,' said I. 'What is the countersign?' and he had to give it before he could pass one inch."

"You had better a stuck teu the camp, old feller, and gone out agin the Injins, and not be here a meddlin' with the sientifikals and a killin' poor folk's children."

The Captain, who stood too much on his dignity to take an affront, replied that she might go to Mr. Adolphus Hadlock's, where perhaps her services would be timely. "They are building a smoke house there," said he, "and maybe Aunt Dolphy will let you pass without the word. The whole family is in panics."

On this cue the Widow sidled up the road; a little this side of Mr. Hadlock's house she met that gentleman himself, flurrying along the street, armed with a pikestaff, and having his ears, nostrils, and even the garters of his silk stockings, stuffed with varieties of antiseptic herbs, looking, as the children would say, like a crazy man.

"Now don't," said the Leech, with an air of mock deprecation. "You are teu frightful!"

"Do you come from the infected precincts?" cried the other. "Aristophanes, Ethelbert! Ho, here, Holdup, knave! Urania Bathsheba, my little daughter, run back, run for your life!"

"I han't been nigh the smittlish consarn," said the Leech. "Cock on a hoop! Don't be so adradd. I would't tech it sooner a cow'd eat elder blows. I've come teu help ye. What have you got in yer nose?"

"Rue and wormwood—don't come near—our lives de-

pend on it. Do, Sophronisba, my dear wife, do supply Holdup, he has fallen to the ground. Never mind if he is our servant, the safety of the whole of our darling family is at stake."

"I've got the stuff in my pocket," interposed the Widow, "the gennewine sientifikals, what 'll keep off the pest, and cure it when it comes. I am as sound as a new born baby. Let us see what you are deuing here."

"These are direful days, Mistress Wright," responded Mr. Hadlock. "Our son Socrates, and Purintha Cappadocia, our daughter dear, are already under treatment at the Hospital; and as the law allows and our duty enjoins, we are aiming to prevent the spread of the miasm. We have erected a Fumitory for the more complete cleansing of all that pass this way. Cecilia Rebecca, my dear, do go back and continue your prayers—"

"I can't find it, Papa."

"That on The Visitation of the Sick."

"Where, Papa, where is it."

"Take the first you come to, one is good as as another in such an extremity; run child. Don't approach too near the good lady, Aristophanes, lest your garments should brush. Keep the rags burning, my dear Ethelbert."

"Don't be so despit skeered, Mr. Hadlock," said the Widow. "Bein' I was steeped in their pus and pizens, I tell ye, I can keep ye clear and wholesome as ye was born."

At the edge of the woods, a rude structure had been hastily thrown up, of staddles interlaced with boughs, and within were quantities of water, soap, salt and vinegar.—Over a heap of charcoal and cobs crouched a woman in a tattered and begrimed long-short, with the collar open, exposing a dingy neck and broad shoulders, and blowing

lustily at the fire, which she was striving to kindle with her breath.

"How d'y'e?—Sibyl, for sartain," said the Leech, looking in. "Wall, if you an't here, 'pon my soul!"

"How's the Widder? I am glad you've come," reponded Sibyl Radney.

"Get the pile ignited," exclaimed Mr. Hadlock; "we can't lose any time."

"Then you must have some fire," replied Sibyl. I can't make a puss out of a sow's ear, nor light cobs with my windpipe, death or no death."

"Where is the tinderbox. I thought you had struck a light. Haste, Holdup, knave, get some fresh coals.—Havn't you been for the brimstone, yet, Ethelbert, my son?"

"You told me to keep the rags burning, Papa."

"Never mind what I told you; run to Deacon Penrose's, but don't for dear Heaven's sake go by the road, speed down across the woods."

"A tough case, I can tell you, Miss Wright," said Sibyl, rising to her feet. "But we mean to stop the plague. We are going to catch every scrag that comes this way from the Pest, and soak, smoke, salt and rub them, till there isn't a hangnail of the pock left. They wont get off so easy as the Colonel did. The law gives it and we'll do it. Here comes Miss Dunlap, and Miss Pottle and Comfort."

"We are all in a toss, in our neighborhood," said Mistress Pottle. "I got Comfort to come down with me and see how things were doing. Sylvina is there, if she ain't dead."

"We heard there was seventeen dead up to yesterday," said Mistress Dunlap, "and four to be buried to-night; we

havn't heard a word from our Myra since they took her down."

"It's cruel skeersom about there, I knows," said the Widow. "I jest come up, and I had a tight rub teu git by. I cal'late my son Obed is lying stone dead there, now."

"Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Mistress Pottle. "Comfort, you go to felling trees across the way."

"They are killin' with the lancet, and starvin' to death with milksops," said the Widow. "Here's white cohush, it 'll bring out the whelk in less than no time; brooklime will break any fever. There's lavender and horsemint, and calamus to burn when you go inteu the room. But they won't let me go nigh."

"Halloo!" shouted Comfort Pottle, who was busy cutting trees. "There's Sok., coming up the road!"

"Ah, Socrates, my dear son!" cried the father, darting forwards with his pikestaff. "How—why—what has happened.—My dear Triandaphelda Ada, don't be alarmed.—Don't come near, my son.—What shall we do! Are you well?—Holdup, knave, where is your crowbar?—Don't cry, Sophronisba, my—he is upon us—my dear son—we shall all be killed!"

"I wasn't going to stay any longer," replied the boy, who, with no other vestment than his shirt, was now rapidly approaching the party. "It didn't take. I stole off through the barn and got into the woods. I havn't had any thing but sour whey and barley-water, this week. If I could get the smell of mother's buttery, the Doctor shouldn't know me for one month."

"Bide back," said Comfort, striking forwards with his axe.

"Don't squint your eye towards me," said Holdup, clenching his crowbar.

"He 'll get well combed before he gets through this," said Sibyl Radney, shaking a thorn-bush in her brawny arms.

"Let us all retreat a little," said Mr. Hadlock, "and form, with our several instruments, a line both of offence and defence, along which, Socrates, do you proceed into the Fumitory. What an hour! What a struggle in one's nature! How the parental feelings in our bosoms, dear wife, are tortured! But the conflict will soon be over.—When you are in, my dear son, take off your shirt, and lay it in the tub of water; and so dispose yourself over the burning heap that the smoke will reach your whole body."

The boy, obedient to the paternal wishes, entered the lodge, where he was presently followed by his parents and the women. Meanwhile, being missed from the Hospital, two or three servants were despatched for him. Hastening up the road, and dispersing whatever force was opposed to them, they broke in without ceremony, upon the process the runaway at the moment was undergoing. Four women, one at each extremity, held the unfortunate youth face downwards over fumes of coal, sulphur, lavender and calmus, while the Widow rubbed his back with vinegar. Mr. Hadlock stood a suitable distance from the tub, stirring the shirt with a long pole. As the pursuers entered, this gentleman, uttering a faint scream, bolted through the sides of the hatch. At the cost of a sharp, but short altercation with the women, the fugitive was delivered up, and returned to the Hospital;—whither, as some of these good mothers are going, let us also betake ourselves.

These ladies from the smoke-house encountered other elderly women, who with slow step and solemn, air came up

the West Street; among them were Mistresses Whiston, Joy, Hoag, Ravel, and Brent, whose names have already been mentioned.

"Can't any of us be admitted?" inquired Mistress Whiston of Captain Tuck.

"Not if the Great Queen Catherine herself should apply on her knees before me," replied the trusty warden.

"Do you know how our little Joan is doing?" said the lady.

"None I believe are considered dangerous since the death of Helen Weeks," rejoined the Captain.

"Poor Miss Weeks!" ejaculated Mistress Whiston.

"Mournful times!" added Mistress Joy.

"It is most as bad as the Throat Distemper that was round when I was a gal," said one of the ladies; "there were more dead than alive."

"So it was in the Rising of the Lights," said another.

"What is that to the Camp Fever we had in the War!" echoed the Captain. "There were two shousand sick at one time, and never a quarter recovered; and we had to march, sick or well, alive or dead."

"That tells how our Luke came to his end," said Mistress Dunlap.

"And how glorious it was to die for one's country!" added the Captain.

"That was nothing to the Great Earthquake when I was a gal, and lived at the Bay," said Mistress Joy. "The spindle and vane on Funnel Hall was blown down, chimbleys were cracked, brick and tile chocked up the streets. It sounded as if God Almighty's chariot was trundling over the pavements in Old Marlboro'."

"That was the same year one of the niggers in Kidder-

minster cut his master's throat, as I have heard Ma'am tell," said Sibyl Radney.

"No, it was four year arter," explained an elderly lady; "it was the same year our Prudence was born, and that was just four year arter the Earthquake. I can remember an old Indian slave we had at our house, one of the Nipmucks, and what a time we had of it. Daddy kept him chained nights, but he broke away, and killed one of the men that was sent arter him; and he was hung the next week. I remember Dad's saying, 'There goes twenty pounds.' But he wouldn't work, and wan't worth his hide."

"The Indians and Negroes never did us much good," said Mistress Whiston; "and I am glad there are going to be no more slaves."

"I cal'late as much," said the Widow, "if you had seen the niggers burnt alive down teu York, nigh fifty of um, for bringing in the Papists. My Granther was on the spot and saw it all, and said it did his heart good teu see the fat fry out of the sa'cy dogs."

"I remember," said the Widow Brent, who was a little deaf, "milking a cow a whole winter for a half a yard of ribbin."

"I remember," said Mistresss Ravel, "the Great Hog, up in Dunwich, that hefted nigh twenty score."

"Morrow to ye, good wives. Are you not running some risk?" said a voice behind them, that of Deacon Hadlock, whose approach the ladies, diverted by memories of other days and transported to scenes of legendary horror, had not perceived.

"I don't know but we are a matter exposed," said Mistress Whiston.

"I had as lief go right inteu it arm's length," said the Leech.

"The danger is that you might carry it away in your clothes," answered the Deacon. "I have no business here, but I saw ye all, and I thought I would just ride up and give ye a friendly warning."

While these ladies disperse it is safe for the rest of us to remain; and by methods which the vigilance of Captain Tuck cannot counteract we will enter the forbidden spot.

Favored by a constitution which often in life stood her in hand, Margaret has been able to carry forward her disease more rapidly than many others, and is so far recovered as to have passed from the sick chamber through the "Cleansing Apartment," and is now almost sole occupant of the "Clean Room." Glad enough is she to exchange mint-tea and jalap for water-gruel and milk-porridge.

She goes out into the open air. The aspect of things has changed during her confinement. The verdure of nature shows in gold and crimson colors. The frosts have fallen and the flowers are drooping, Summer wilts into Autumn. The fresh air of the heavens and the free tread of the earth were an exhilaration. But when she saw a morning glory with its black, blistered leaves, and heard the feeble notes of the birds wailing a farewell to our northern latitudes, and the mournful underflowing murmurs of the crickets that so betoken a fading season; and especially when she thought of Helen Weeks, whose death occurred in the same chamber with herself, but at a time when she could be hardly conscious of what transpired, she was seized with a deep melancholy, so that in her present debilitated state she well nigh fainted, and staggering with weakness and a burdensome sense of evil she went back to the house.

Sorrow for the death of a friend she never before experienced, nor was she in a condition most apt for meeting it. She sank in a chair by the window, turned away her face, and in thought wandered confusedly, painfully, darkly, over the trees, the landscape, the sky, God and the Universe.

Susan Morgridge and Isabel Weeks were yet in the sick room, the latter at a point of dangerous reduction, so much so that her convalescence was for some months delayed. Of Mr. Evelyn she heard he had passed the hands of the cleansers, but she saw nothing of him. To the clean ones, with whom she was now associated, she might have addressed herself, but they were strangers to her, and the freedom and spirits most of them seemed to enjoy rendered the weight in her feelings more intolerable, and she was constrained to keep by herself, and spent a good part of two days in solitary reverie by the window.

On the third day she had the good fortune to see Mr. Evelyn walking in the garden, cloaked and muffled, and tears in fresh large drops rose to her eyes. Presently he sent by one of the attendants a summons to herself which she could not but obey. Clearing her eyes, throwing on shawl and bonnet, she went out. Her face, ordinarily animated with the colors of health and hope, was stricken and sorrowful, and bore evident traces of sickness and disappointment; nor was the appearance of Mr. Evelyn altogether dissimilar. He took her hand cordially, and spoke to her soothingly. "Helen," said he, "has indeed gone from us, as all must go at last. But in Christ we never die. By the Atonement are we immortal. Where he is, there shall we be. Possessed of him, death has no terror for us or power over us. The trees fade to renew themselves."

"I have felt," said she, "that I should never wish to see another summer, and all beautiful human faces seemed hidden from me forever. But I hope these feelings will not last."

"Beauty and pureness," said he, "are everlasting; they are of God, and can never die. They may for a moment be obscured, but they shall reappear in brighter lustre. Angels have charge over them that they dash not their foot against a stone. Let us turn to the pleasant face of God in what is about us."

"I wish we were at the Pond; how beautiful it is there in the Fall! You see the woods that go up there metamorphosed into great marigolds filled in here and there with a cardinal flower."

"They remind one of a flame of fire, still-burning, but not consumed, like the bush of which the Bible speaks. They bring to my recollection an army of staff-officers with crimson coats on roan steeds. Would that all blood were as innocent as that which yonder straggling trooper of a red-maple is dyed with! They call up the solemn convocations of our old-fashioned Judges in their scarlet robes."

"You confound me by such things. I should not like to look upon trees from that 'stand point;' it savors only of trainings, rum-drinking and jails. I would rather see in them the sunsetting and my dream-clouds."

"I love the beautiful wherever I see it, and perhaps sometimes see it where I should not. But we are not in strength for disquisitions of this sort. Let us enjoy without reason. How long do they keep you here, Miss Hart?"

"I am sure I don't know. I wish I could go home today, but the Committee are very exact, and they may hold on to me a month."

"Dr. Spoor thinks he can give me a clearance day after to-morrow, and I will intercede with him to let you off. I am anxious to return home, having already been delayed beyond my time, as I must sail so soon."

"I did not know as you had any home. If I had thought any thing about it, I should have imagined you dropped right out of the sky."

"I have a home indeed, with a holy mother."

"I will not laugh, because I cannot laugh.—You are so soon away! I am tired, had we not better return to our rooms?"

The extensive grounds of Col. Welch were the allotted limits of the convalescing patients. The next day Margaret and Mr. Evelyn went out together; they met others like themselves revelling in their tethered liberties and enjoying the sumptuousness of the hour and the place. Conventional distinctions and proprieties disappeared in this general invalid exuberance, and no surmises were raised or words uttered while the feeble Indian strolled arm in arm with the feeble relative of the Judge. An early frost had smitten the vegetation, but the sun was warm and the air bland. They felt the glow of returning health and invigorated frames, and were grateful for deliverances often delayed and sometimes never afforded. Red squirrels chased one another over crisp leaves on the ground and along the limpid branches of the trees, yelping and chattering like kingfishers. Fox-colored sparrows, nuthatches, and the great golden-winged woodpecker vied in their notes, and seemed resolved on merriment while the season lasted. They reached the knoll on which the old Summer house stood; by broken steps they ascended, and on a broken seat they sat down.

"Have you strength enough to sing to me?" asked Mr. Evelyn.

"I will sing you 'Mary in Heaven,'" said Margaret.

The next morning two horses were brought to the gate, one assigned to Margaret, while Mr. Evelyn mounted the other.

"Are you going up with me?" said Margaret.

"I brought you down," replied Mr. Evelyn, "and it is but fair I should see you back."

They went through the South Street, entered the Brandon road, and ascended the long steep hill Margaret had formerly climbed on her way to Mr. Wharfield's. The Indian Summer had just begun, a soft haze pervaded the atmosphere and settled like a thin gray cloud on the horizon; there was a delicious, sweet, sleep-like feeling filling the universe, both inspiring and tranquillizing. On one side the sky seemed to lean on red trees and green grass; Mill Brook dashed and tinkled below as through a bed of roses. Margaret's horse proved mettlesome, and she reached the summit-level before Mr. Evelyn.

"I should have a magnificent scene," said she, turning and waiting for him, "even if I had to see it all alone. You yourself are a live man and horse in a field of embroidery such as Mrs. Beach can't equal, and she is said to be the most skilful needle-worker in town."

"Look at your own Mons Christi," said he. "All the looms of the Gobelins could not garnish it so! There is a solitary maple like a flamingo on its nest of green cedars and laurels."

"How *hot* those yellow witch-hazels look under the tall trees, if I were cold I would go in there; and yonder the dark forest is burning with glowworms and tapers, if I were gloomy I would go in *there*. I wish, Mr. Evelyn,

you *were* going to stay a little longer in Livingston. See that hemlock so covered with gray moss, and there is a bunch of fire-red trees peeping out from green hemlocks behind it. It stands out alone, you see; its kindred have deserted it, and the mosses are taking pity on its old age. Will you find any thing as beautiful on the sea-coast, or beyond the sea; the Master says there is nothing like it in Europe."

"I do not go to the Old World for its scenery, I only wish to see Man there. There is nothing like New England, and nothing in New England like its interior districts. The sea-coast is more level and uniform; here you have the advantage of mountain, bluff, interval, to set off the view. This autumnal tapestry is hung upon windows and arches and flung over battlements. With us it is only spread on the floor. But why do you notice that old tree? You are too young to be attracted by age and decay."

"I don't know—I seem sometimes to have lived half a century, and again as if I was just born. How many years I have lived the last month! When I was very young I used to think this frost-change was owing to yellow bugs, bumble-bees and butterflies lighting on the trees; and then it was orioles and goldfinches; and afterwards it seemed to me twilight clouds snowing upon the earth—and now—now.—There is a dash for you, Mr. Evelyn, which the Master says implies a suspension of the sense. Sister Ruth is coming to meet us, let us start our fillies."

"How is sister Margaret?" said Mrs. Wharfield, advancing into the street.

"This is Mr. Charles Evelyn," said Margaret.

"Glad to see thee, friend Charles. Will ye not tarry a while? How is the malady?"

"We must hasten home," replied Margaret. They are getting better at the Hospital. Helen Weeks is dead."

"So we learned. She has found the true light now whereto the world is dark. Farewell, if you cannot rest. Anthony would rejoice to see thee. He has been much moved towards thee, Margaret."

They presently met a drove of cows driven by an old man and a boy.

"That is Kester Shield, Uncle Ket, the cowherd," said Margaret. "See he is afraid of us, he is running into the woods to escape contagion—his cows also are much moved by our horses, as the Quaker said."

"Phin! Boy," shouted the old man hiding himself among the brush. "Keep clear of the wind of the horses—there—there, head off the Parson."

"Uncle Ket, Uncle Ket, don't be scared," cried Margaret. "We havn't any of the disease. We have been smoked clean."

The old man continued to retreat, hallooing to his boy. "Keep out of the wind. We shall lose Miss Luce—the Parson 'll have them all crazed."

"We must stop this movement," said Mr. Evelyn. "I will help the boy, while you ride along by the edge of the woods and see if you can compose the old man."

"The Parson," said the cowherd, whom Margaret reached and quieted, "is the worst pair of horns I ever druv, and I have had the business now rising of sixty year, and take it by and large fifty head a season, and she is the beatomest."

"Have you, indeed," said Mr. Evelyn, "followed the business so long?"

"I was chose arter Old Increase Tapley died. I was

prenticed to Old Increase, but he got to be so old I had it pretty much all to myself."

"How old was he?" inquired Mr. Evelyn.

"He was hard on to seventy-five when he died, though he didn't do much a spell before."

"What is your age, Sir."

"I was seventy-two, eighteenth day March last; though I like to have lost one year by them heathenish Papists. Zuds! you'll begin to think I am getting old too; I never should have thought of it. I havn't seen an old man this thirty year, they used to be thick as spatter when I was a boy; only there is Old Miss Radney, Sibyl's mother, she's rising of ninety. But, as I was saying, I was chose the very next Town Meeting arter Increase died, I took oath under the Old King—Phin, boy, the Parson's hunching Miss Luce—and I have been run ever since; fair or foul, hot and cold, mud and dust, I stick it through."

"The cows must give you trouble in your advancing years," said Mr. Evelyn.

"O, it an't a circumstance to what it used to be, when the Injins skulked round and stole the kine, and run off with the horses—in them days we took all sorts—the troops in the War pressed some of the best of them, and they tried to make Uncle Ket make it good; and in Burgwine's time when the Hissians and Highlanders came through, with their check backs, long pipes and busky caps, they distarbed them so it took a whole day to bring them to; and latterly when the wagons began to come, the whole pack would up and off, capering and snorting, into the woods. I'm glad you keep to the saddle, and don't interfere with people's business. They are fencing in the commons now, and putting their cows to pastur. I had a calculated to leave a handsome run of business to my grandson, Phin. My

wife is dead, and children, and he and the cows is all there is left. The cows you see are dwindled down to less than a quarter. Great changes—Uncle Ket's trade is most done. You are a young man, and I could larn you a good many things. Molly I've known ever since she was dropt; she has brought in the strays, and many is the poundage she has saved Uncle Ket. She is brisk-eyed, full-breasted and straight-limbed, as a Devon heifer; she wants coaxing and patting a little—she don't run with the old cows enough to larn their ways.—Glad you got through with the pock so well—it takes a second time, some say—it's worse than horn-ail, hoven or core—There, Molly, let Bughorn go by, we will manage them."

"You see," said Margaret as they rode on, "there are things besides trees to remind us of age and regrets. But I had rather talk of the trees. They become individually developed by the frosts; you can distinguish them better now than in summer."

"I have known the beauties of the forest only in the aggregate," said Mr. Evelyn. "It is a fair whole of form, color and effect that interests me. What is that orange-crowned tree glowing so in the sun, over among the pines?"

"A rock-maple."

"These straw-colored trees and that dark purple clump?"

"These are oaks, and that is a grove of wild cherries. I know them in the Spring, I seem to half lose them in the Summer; in the Fall they announce themselves again. The red-maple is deep crimson, that tawny-colored grove is beeches, there is the purple woodbine trailing over the rocks. What a pretty picture is that flock of sheep and lambs feeding among the blood-red blueberries!"

"Here is a solitary maple, so soft, transparent, silken, as

if the Spirit of Color dwelt in its leaves. These are scenes which Rosa or Poussin could never have commanded."

"There is some advantage in knowing the detail."

"Yes, one could not be a Painter or Poet without it."

"More than that, ourselves are there in those trees. Distress, like the frosts, brings out all our feelings, light and dark, cheerful and sombre. The trees have a sympathy with me. I am but a mottled piece of wild wood. These last weeks have unfolded all my colors. You say you sketch sometimes; you cannot carry me away in your portfolio, I shall only allow you a leaf. I must grow green again. See those dark trees above, the yellow hobble-bush and brakes below, and on the ground the green arbutus, mosses and wintergreen. The lowest down the greenest. Let me lie low, where no frost can touch me. Shall you ever think of these things when you are away, Mr. Evelyn?"

"Yes, and I will think of you the wintergreen, unscathed by frost, unaffected by changing seasons."

"Geodic Christian Androidal Wintergreen Indian Molly Pluck, mater bovum divumque! what a string of names you put on me! What shall I call you?"

"Let us look a little farther on, and perhaps we shall find something. Here we open into a tropical grove of lemons and oranges, the golden fruit glows on the trees and crackles under the hoofs of our horses; beyond I see a warm sunny vale of tulips and carnations; truly this cannot be surpassed."

"What say you to the pool of water under that arbor of trees? I can count you crimson gooseberry, flaming maples, claret sumach, yellow birch and what not."

"Those are garnets, topazes and sapphires set in a dark rock of polished steel. Indeed, look about you, Miss Hart;

would it not seem as if the trees extracted all the colors of the earth, cobalt, umber, lapis-lazuli, iodine, litharge, chrome, and compounding them in the sap, drenched and dyed every leaf; or as if great Nature herself, making a canvas of the forests, had painted them as you say with rainbows and twilight?"

"Do you, Sir, remember what I say?"

"Most certainly I do."

"So does Job, and Isabel, and I shall have one in Europe, and two in Livingston to remember me. I never before felt there was a pleasure in being remembered, at least such a thing never was a thought to me. And all New England, that you admire so much, you will bear in your heart into Old England; I wonder what they will think of you!—Here we come to the Delectable Way."

They rode in silence up the rough ascent. "Will you wear this, Miss Hart?" said Mr. Evelyn, breaking the monotomy, and offering a ring with a small diamond stud.

"If my Bona Dea will permit."

"Who is your Bona Dea?"

"I think it must be Christ, it used to be something else. I will give you some of these leaves you think so pretty. and there are berries in the woods, the scarlet devil's ear and blue dracira."

"You must not think of it, you are too weak to dismount. A beautiful wish I shall cherish as much as beautiful fruit."

"Here in my stirrup," said Margaret, "I can reach the leaves. They will keep their color a long time; there you have pink, beet, carrot and what not. Don't lose them."

Reaching the house, Bull and Dick came out to meet Margaret, her father handed her from the saddle, Chilion undid the budget that was strapped to the crupper, and her mother offered Mr. Evelyn a cup of water. Cæsar, the

negro servant of Judge Morgridge, to whom the house belonged, had come up across to take the spare beast.

"God love you, Margaret," said Mr. Evelyn.

"Christ love you, Mr. Evelyn," said Margaret.

Mr. Evelyn, with Cæsar, rode off through the trees.

"Dat be one nice gal," said the Negro speaking to relieve the quiet of the way, "ef she no hab brack, but only Ingin blood. She steel-trap."

"What do you mean, Cæsar?"

"She catch Massa heart."

"What makes you think so? Was your heart ever caught?"

"Yes, once, Phillis Welch grabbed him in her two hands."

"Has she got it now?"

"She took him off wid de Curnel ober de sea in de War time."

"Don't you love her still?"

"Cæsar hab two lubs, Massa Pason say, when him jine de Church, de wicked nater lub, and de good God lub, and him kill de wicked nater lub. Cæsar fraid Massa no tink ob de Pond wench when him gone."

"Don't you ever think of Phillis?"

"No; him hab no tink ob Phillis now. De wicked lub tink get in Cæsar's heart sometimes, and de old lub tears in his eyes. Massa see Phillis ober de seas, gib Cæsar's lub to Phillis, but only for the lub ob God's sake. Tell Phillis, Cæsar old, soon sink in the de grabe, meet her in glory; him hab no wife, no children for Phillis's sake."

"Can't I think of that young lady the same as you do of Phillis?"

"Fear Massa not convarted, hab wicked tink, den no tink, lub oder faces."

Margaret, debilitated by illness and tired by the long ride, went immediately to her mother's bed. In a short time Rose appeared and ministered unto her. The broth of a fresh chicken was prepared; peaches Chilion had saved from her own tree she ate. The next morning she went into the woods and gathered some of the brilliant leaves, corresponding to those she had given Mr. Evelyn, and put them carefully away. She ascended Mons Christi, looked in the direction she supposed Mr. Evelyn had gone, and pressed the ring to her lips and her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why do you weep, Margaret?" was an unanticipated voice.

"Rose!"

"I followed you up," said Rose. "You were abstracted."

"Why do I weep, Rose? I know not why."

"If you do so, it shall be in my arms. I am stronger than you to-day, Margaret. Lay your head here and go to sleep."

"Nay, Rose, I am very dry, I want some water; let us go down to the cistern. I shall feel better if I can drink."

"Not all the waters of the Pond can quench your thirst, Margaret, methinks."

"Let us go, and we will try the plums Judge Morgridge sent up this morning, nice damsons. We will also make our oblations to Egeria, who has been a long time deserted."

"Did Judge Morgridge, or Mr. Evelyn, send you these plums?" asked Rose when they had gained their retreat.

"Cæsar said it was the Judge," replied Margaret, coloring.

"I thank you! I thank you! I love you, Margaret," said Rose, and by a very unexpected movement buried her face with apparent strong feeling in Margaret's lap.

"Well done, Rose," said Margaret, "you are lux inaccessa, unapproachable, inexplicable. What is the meaning of this? You are crushing my bonnet, you are staining yourself with the plums.—I have exhausted myself in vain upon you, and have failed to discover you at all, and now you flood me with yourself!"

"Margaret!" said Rose, regaining her position, "you are angry with me! I have offended you!"

"Hold, Rose!" said Margaret, laying her hand upon her arm. "No one knows what I have felt and suffered for you. I am not angry with you. In my heart I love you, and never more than now. Why did you thank me?"

"For that blush when I asked you about the plums," said Rose.

"In good sooth," replied Margaret, "*your* face is red as a beet with the plums, now; and I doubt if you would thank me for thanking you for it. Here is my handkerchief, wipe it off and we shall be even."

"Don't laugh at me, Margaret, if you do I can never speak to you again. I have stains in my soul, Margaret, that cannot be so easily effaced."

"Tell me, Rose," said Margaret, "what is this you speak of?"

"When I saw the color in your face," replied Rose, "it seemed to me as if you possessed feelings which I never supposed you to have, or you appeared in a light different from ever before."

"Surely," said Margaret, "you need not have waited for that to know I have in my keeping a pretty considerable variety of emotions, as many as there are speckled hens in our roost."

"I know," rejoined Rose, "that you have been most kind to me, a perfect angel, and the only one I ever expect to

see, but you were always happy you said, and you seemed so healthy and strong ; and a certain description of feeling I concluded you were never troubled with. And even while Mr. Evelyn was here you seemed on the whole quiet and undisturbed. But I did see you weep on the hill, and I did see a tremulous flash in your face when I spoke about the plums—"

"And you *do* suppose I have some feelings of human nature?"

"Yes, of a kind that would fit me ; I had despaired to find any, wholly such, in the world. You must needs have suffered some in your innermost soul in order to feel with me ;—what I supposed had never happened to you."

"It is sympathy you want," said Margaret.

"Yes, sympathy," replied Rose, "that is it."

"That word," said Margaret, "Mr. Evelyn taught me. But I hardly need wait for an instructor to tell me its meaning."

"I knew you pitied me," said Rose, "but I feared you did not sympathize with me."

"Well, now," said Margaret, "perhaps after all I do not. How do I know what to sympathize with?"

"If you will promise to sympathize without knowing precisely what with, I will tell you. Margaret!" continued Rose solemnly, "do not I exhibit symptoms of a decline? Can I live long? I do not wish to. But before I die you shall know all I have to say."

"I will see that you do not die, Rose, if you will only tell what you are."

"A broken-hearted girl, Margaret, that is the whole. Can you sympathize with that?"

"I knew, dear Rose, something pierced and wounded you inwardly, and by intimations of which I can give no account

I have felt it all. It has been repeated in my own breast, though I never spoke of it. Come where you need to be, into my arms, Rose, and speak or be silent, as you like. That word broken-hearted is a strange word ; I never heard it methinks before. I have heard of puppet-hearts, and wicked hearts, and hard hearts, but never till now, Rose, of a broken heart."

" A broken heart is all I boast of, and a poor thing it is, and sad its story to me, perhaps to you foolish."

" I have seen nothing foolish in you, Rose, only some things that I could not understand, and some that made *me* very sad. Do tell me all."

" I am simply one," said Rose, " who has pined for human sympathy, a disease of which I am about to die, coupled with a few other things. But let me tell you, you once asked my name. I used to be called Rose Elphiston. I had a father, a mother, and a dear sister. My native town is Windenboro', about thirty miles hence. My father was a clergyman, venerable and esteemed. We were a very happy family, none could be more so, until I ruined their happiness. O, Margaret, you have no sins to cause you to shed tears, as I have—but hear. I had companions, pretty and lively young girls, with whom I ought to have been content, but was not. No voice spake what my heart felt, no eyes saw what mine did, so I must needs be silent, and look where others did not, and then I took to making company of brooks and flowers and my own thoughts, and such things. I thought I would give the universe if I could find somebody's else heart beating into my own, or somebody's else eyes looking through mine. I longed for a twin existence ; to drive and find myself in another. My father and mother loved me, and my sister was always kind to me, but she had not the same feelings that I had. One

day there was a donation party at our house. The ladies of the town brought their wheels and spun quantities of flax, which they gave to my mother; and the young men made an ox-sled that they presented to Pa. A merry time it was, and I enjoyed it with the rest. Among the young men was a stranger in town, a gentleman from New York, who was called Raxman. He contributed largely towards the sled. He spoke to me in a manner different from the rest; he was a great admirer of nature, and seemed in many things to anticipate my own feelings. My thought, and I do not know but I must say my affections, turned towards him with the quickness of the needle to the pole. All at once I fancied that in him my ideal was complete. But I am only telling you a love-story, Margaret."

"It is all new and strange to me, Rose; do tell me every thing."

"But Raxman was base and unprincipled. I was horror-struck, stupefied at his conduct, I know not what, I must have fainted; I only remember being borne into the house of one of our town's folk; and then walking home. A crowd of people met me in the way with taunts and hisses. I seemed to lose my self-control, I became confused and maddened. I did not answer my own parents coherently. I was summoned before a magistrate, and condemned to stand in the pillory with a rope on my neck, and have a significant red letter sewed to my back. My father most earnestly interceded for me, and only the latter part of the sentence was executed. Raxman fled. I was reduced to a state bordering on distraction, I would make no confession, I repelled and scoffed at the whole world. I tore the detested badge from my shoulders. I was caught in the streets by my own playmates, carried to women who had once loved me as a daughter, and by their own hands was

it replaced. My father interposing in my behalf, lost credit with the parish, old difficulties were renewed, and by this head of opposition he was swept from his influence, his salary and his pulpit. He died soon of that disease with which his daughter will ere long follow him, a broken heart. My mother, always of a delicate constitution, enfeebled by the excitement of the times, was not long behind my father; she too died. My sister became insane. I alone watched by her in her fearful ravings; I prayed that I might become insane too. She at length took the mood that I was her enemy, and I was obliged to leave her; she was carried to the poorhouse. On me no door was opened, to me no friendly face was turned. An example, they said, must be made of the Parson's daughter, 'her will must be humbled;' 'if she escapes, contamination will spread in all our families.' I could not yield. All the energies of my being rebelled. In addition, let me tell you, my father was a believer in the doctrine of Election and Reprobation. What he preached I found myself compelled to carry out in practice; I believed myself thoroughly reprobated. In my earliest years I was very thoughtful, it was said that I often experienced the strivings of the Holy Spirit, I was under conviction three months, and at last obtaining a hope, was admitted to the Church—you do not understand these things, Margaret, your education has been so different—"

"Only tell them, Rose, and I shall understand them."

"Even then I was not at ease; the first flush of youthful enthusiasm soon spent itself, and pious people no longer satisfied me; the singing of hymns and going to Preparatory Lectures became irksome. I sought in books and the woods what I did not find in religion. My father's sermons, my mother's private admonitions had no effect

upon me. I found myself growing hard as a rock to all serious impressions. Being negligent in my Christian duties, I became the subject of Church accusation and reprimand. I felt badly to be disgraced, I have wept bitter tears when I thought of my mother's tears, but religious considerations had not a tittle of weight with me. In this situation I was when I encountered Raxman, on the one hand yearning for an indefinite good, and most sensitive to all impressions of beauty; on the other, reduced by a consciousness of religious dereliction, and wholly indifferent to the state of my soul. The sequel of that acquaintance I have told you. Disgraced, discarded, bereaved, with Job I would have cursed God and died. I went to an uncle's of mine, in a distant town, a kind-hearted man, who sought, as he said, to bring me to repentance, and restore my Christian peace, by an application of the truths of the Gospel. This only rendered my situation more intolerable. I knew of a cousin of my mother, the Widow Wright, who had once been at our house; I knew her temperament and habits, I knew how secluded she lived, and thinking that I could at least die with her, if not live, and that I could render myself so useful my support would not be a burden, hither I came. I learned of my sister's death before I left my uncle's. Here you behold me, as I told you, a broken-hearted girl, a wreck, a mutilation, a shadow!"

"Rose, poor Rose, dear Rose," outspoke Margaret, "come to my heart, lie down in my spirit, return to your sorrow's home in my soul. A prophetic, unconscious sensation is fulfilled in you! An unknown aching correspondency of feeling is satisfied! You shall be renewed in my arms, you shall live in my love."

"O Margaret!" replied Rose, "I am vile, I am sinful.

Your pureness appalls me. Yet if I might but die, and be buried here, it were all I should ask. The prayers of my innocence I can utter no more, the dreams of my childhood are fled, the happiness of youth is gone, the inner strength of virtue I no more feel, on the face of Beauty I wish no more to look, the bloom of nature is transformed to darkness and dread, the voices of birds fill me only with remorse. Man and woman I loathe, God is not. Yes, I have become an atheist, I believe nothing, and at times I fear nothing."

"Your sorrowful pathway, Rose, I am sure I have followed, I have overtaken you to be only your own sad sister. Why did you not speak of these things before?"

"Only, Margaret, because I wronged you. I felt that I never could speak of myself to any one. Who could sympathize with me? Who could bear the burden of my heart? But when I knew that you too had suffered, when I saw your own heart innerly moved, I could no more restrain myself. I am sometimes light-hearted, or I should say light-headed, blithe and free, and sometimes dejected beyond recovery or reason—all this you have seen and wondered at."

"I have seen it—yes—but Father Democritus, I think, will explain it. 'The spirits,' he says, 'are subtile vapors expressed from the blood,' and these, coursing backwards and forwards between the brain and the heart, produce all sorts of feelings. Besides, Rose, this melancholy of yours is not of the dark kind, but very white, and I think it may be cured. 'Exercise' is recommended, 'good air, music, gardening, swimming, hunting, dancing, laughing,' all these we have. 'Spoon meat and pure water,' he says, are excellent; balm and aniseed tea will drive away dumps and cheer the spirits, and these your aunt, the Widow, will

furnish. You never read the Anatomy of Melancholy ; it is a most wonderful book, and will cure you immediately."

"You are good, Margaret, if you do banter me. If I were any body else but what I am, I should more than half believe what you say to be true. That I can laugh, you know. That I love Chilion's music, you also know. I would dance if I had an opportunity. I used to think it a sin, but all qualms of that sort are gone forever."

"Eat the plums, Rose."

"I will, for Mr. Evelyn's sake."

"For my sake, for their own sake. You would not see Mr. Evelyn!"

"No ; I could see nobody but you. I was too, too much ennuyée, too wicked."

"Eat the plums, and perhaps I have a story to tell you of ——"

"Mr. Evelyn?"

"No ; but of somebody. I shall not tell you who, Mr. Anonymous."

"Really, Margaret, I am anxious to hear. What have *you* to say? Where did you see him?"

"Here, at the Pond. My story is not so long as yours, and I will begin with what I know. Scarlet coat, white breeches, Napoleon hat, sparkling black eyes, large black whiskers meeting under his chin, like a muskrat."

"Raxman!"

"Raxman! What do you mean?"

"It was he. A soft, pleasant voice?"

"Yes."

"Raxman. The very same."

"I do remember his echoing your name in a strange way, when I told him such a one was in the neighborhood."

"I did not think of it at the time, but I can recollect a sort of suspicion I had that he was here. Obed told me of his rencontre on the Head. But what with the boy's fear and his ardor, his perceptions were not very clear, and all he remembered was the black whiskers. I have suspected, too, that my aunt knew of him, but she is a very queer woman, and I do not pretend to sound her. Were you not afraid?"

"No more than I am of the cows, who are ever disposed to yield the path when I am ready to demand it; this I have been trying to teach Isabel, who always runs from them.—Obed's tempestuousness may have hastened that man's departure, but it did not secure my safety. Indeed, he interrupted me sorely, and I lost patience. It was Court week, you know, and I supposed it was some lawyer, or other stranger in town; he came two or three times, his manners, as Mrs. Beach would say, were excellent. Yet I was perfectly alone even while he was present. He was no company to my thought, and when at last he broke in upon my solitude, by kneeling before me and saying something about adoration, he so far recalled me to myself and attracted my attention, that I cried out at the intrusion."

"And so you wonder," said Rose, "that my name and his should ever be brought together, that I could have been drawn towards him. You will blame me more than you pity me."

"Why should I blame you?"

"For loving Raxman."

"Ought I not to honor you for that? What else, as a Christian, could you do, if he were the pitiful wretch you describe?"

"Death and forever, Margaret! Don't you know I am

no Christian; that I abhor and eschew the name; you know I mean something different from such an affection."

"What do you mean?"

"An absorbing concentration on some one object, an intense movement to a single point, a gravitation of your whole being around a solitary centre."

"Is that what you mean by love?"

"Yes. You think of nothing else, dream of nothing else, care for nothing else, as you do for that one object."

"And all this you felt for Raxman?"

"No, no, no! I wanted to feel it for some one. I wanted some Infinite to come and take up my soul, and he, a devil, disguised as an angel of light, appeared and deluded me. I cannot tell all I felt for him; it was something; it was too much, but it was not *that.* His dress or look did not captivate me. He did indicate a sort of sympathy for my tastes, and my solitariness, a meteoric, impassioned counterfeit of the thing. He made no impression on you, and me he affected deeply!"

"How shall I blame you for that? What you have said, Rose, is new, anagogic, mysterious— "

"Wholly so? Nay, tell me, Margaret."

"How urgent you are, Rose!"

"Is there no oneness, no individuality, to all you feel, or ever have felt?"

"I love Chilion, and Isabel, and Job, and Rose."

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUSKING BEE.

It was now later in the Fall. The leaves of the trees, merging from their bright dappled colors into a dull, uniform brown, had dropped to the earth, and were swept by the winds in dusty crackling torrents, and borne to unknown resting-places on the bosom of every tinkling rill. The crops were harvested; potatoes garnered in the cellar, apples carried to the cider-mill, corn stacked for husking. A part of Margaret's work for the season was gleaning from the bounties of forest and field; and aided by Rose, she got quantities of walnuts, chestnuts, and vegetable down.

The family had formerly relied on beasts of the chase to meet their extraneous expenses, but Chilion was no longer able to hunt for them, even if the supply itself were not diminished. What a poorly-cultivated farm afforded could no more than keep these people in food and clothing. Pluck had done little towards the redemption of his estate. Nor could it fail of observation that Solomon Smith had rendered himself quite conspicuous of late, in urging the claim of his father on Mr. Hart. It was evident he regarded Margaret, and through her, the whole house, with a pointed interest, a mixed feeling of aversion and esteem. Ever since the unfortunate issue of the gold-hunt, he seemed to look upon her as his evil genius, yet one of a nature not to be slighted, and whose favor it was worth no small effort to gain.

At the time in which this chapter opens, the affairs of the family were not a little involved. There were sundry items at Deacon Penrose's; a large item of rum, interest money, expenses accruing at the hospital, etc., and a beggarly account of offsets. Nimrod might have afforded some relief, but his habits were reckless as his temper was volatile; he tended bar, groomed, raced, peddled, smuggled, blacksmithed, and what not, but saved little money. The drafts on Mr. Girardeau were regularly made and conscientiously devoted to Margaret. What she earned during her few weeks school-keeping, Pluck refused utterly to employ on his own necessities, but insisted she should lay it out for clothes. Mistress Hart, originally a good weaver, fell off in her care and her business together, and drank more, and was more irritable than ever; while her husband, from the same cause, grew every day more merry. Through the intercession of Deacon Ramsdill and Master Elliman, Esq. Beach consented to receive Margaret as private tutor to his children; a duty upon which she was expecting to enter immediately after the Husking Bee, the great annual family festival. Before attending to that, let us go back in our narrative for a moment.

The early infantile relations of Margaret cannot have been forgotten. What became of Mr. Girardeau? Had he no knowledge of Margaret these many years? It may not be out of place to state the following. The year previous to that of the present chapter, there came to the Pond an old man wearing a wig, and dressed in other respects like a clergyman. When he entered the house, Brown Moll, who seemed to have an intuitive dread of the cloth, disappeared, and the stranger was left alone with Margaret. He asked for a cup of water, gave her a close perusal with his eye, inquired the road to Parson Welles's, mounted his

horse and disappeared. This was Mr. Girardeau. His object in this transient visit is not disclosed.

At the Bee, which fell on a pleasant evening, in the early part of October, were collected sundry people from the several districts bordering on Mons. Christi; there were also present the Master, Abel Wilcox, Sibyl Radney, and Rose, who if she had become an inmate, as Margaret promised, of her heart, was almost equally so of her house and bed. Nimrod was also at home, and for his honor in part this occasion was supposed to make. The corn was piled in the centre of the capacious kitchen, around the heap squatted the huskers. The room was abundantly as well as spectrally lighted from the immense fireplace briskly glowing with pitch knots and clumps of bark. Chilion sat near the fire, quietly busy, platting a basket, which he now and then laid down for his fiddle, as better suited to the hour. The workmen varied their labors with such pleasantry as was natural to the occasion; great ardor was evinced in pursuit of the red ear, for which piece of fortune the discoverer had the privilege of a kiss from any lady he should nominate. The much coveted color at last made its appearance in the hands of Solomon Smith; but Ambrose Gubtail said that Solomon brought it in his pocket, while Smith himself was equally certain he found it in the heap. Relying upon this assurance he announced that he should select Margaret for the customary favor, while she delayed responding to his call till it should be ascertained how he came by the ear in question; and thus for the present the matter dropped. The pile was finished, and the hard glossy ears were stowed under the eaves of the garret. Next came a brief relay of food and drink. This was followed by a dance, in form and spirit befitting the character of the company and that of their musician. Even

Rose dismissed her gloom and exchanged smiles with Margaret, when Master Elliman, in full-blown wig and flaunting cuffs, sought her for a partner, and, bowed her to the floor with the precise courtliness and bland mannerism of the Old School. Next succeeded a scene that promised greater entertainment than any thing before.

A long table of rough boards stretched across the room, laden with the fruits of the season, pewter platters of cakes, bottles of wine and spirits, and prominently, the silver family tankard of cider. These were in part the contribubution of the Master, Nimrod, and the neighbors, who in this matter were either returning or anticipating obligations in kind. Preëminent above all in the centre of the table was a grotesque piece, a pyramidal pile of pumpkins, each emptied of its core, perforated with sundry holes, and containing a piece of lighted candle; and the whole representing a very comical sort of lantern, or a monstrous beast bestarred with glaring eyes. Pluck sat at the head of the table, having Rose at his side, Master Elliman occupied the foot; the others were disposed on blocks of wood, the shaving horse and the kit. Margaret lighted the pumpkin-chandelier, and took her seat by the fire opposite Chilion.

"Brethren and Sisters," began Pluck, who was excited by liquor, "it behoveth us to proceed with solemnity.

"In yonder pumpkin shrine burn the fires of our Divinity, fed by mutton tallow. Rising all, in meek obeisance due, pressing the bottom of our soles, worship we his Majesty. Thy health we drink, thy name we praise, GREAT KING OF PUPPETDOM! defender by the grace of God of England, France and America; with the most serene, serene, most puissant, puissant, high, illustrious, noble, honorable, wise and prudent Burgomasters, Counsellors, Governors, Com-

mittees and all demigods of thy powerful and mighty realm. Now, brethren, sincethe gods help them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says, let us verify the promise, by laying hold. In the words of my bibblecal son, Maharshalalhashbaz, 'I feel that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing.' Rose, dear, have an apple, a pearmain, here is no curse; it shall wed your name to your face; pity it is, as the old Indian said, Eve had not left the apples to make cider with. S'death! how pale you grow. Take some genuine Bacrag. That's charming. What a nice example you set to our Molly.

'When I drain the *rosy* bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul.'"

"I dont hold to getting drunk," said Abel Wilcox. "I believe in drinking just enough."

"Thou art an homulculus, Abel," responded Master Elliman, waving to and fro betwixt inebriation and an attempt to be merry. "Thou wilt not reel in honest drunkenness but dost posture-make before heaven and earth after a most damnable sort."

"'How pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren to dwell in unitee!'"

drawled Pluck. "The toasts, friends. Twelve, in honor of the Twelve Apostles.

"First; Ourselves, and all that pertains to us.

"Second; The Constituted Authorities of every man's body and mind.

"Third; Freedom of speech, thought, touch, sight, smell, taste, earth and air.

"Fourth; Jemima Wilkinson, Consul Napoleon, Dr. Byles and St. Tammany.

"Fifth; Success to our arms.

"Sixth; The Memory of the brave Johnny Stout.

"Seventh; The Patriots of the Pond, No. 4, Breakneck and Snakehill.

"Eighth; Perpetual itching without the benefit of scratching to all our enemies.

"Ninth; All true and upright Masons, who saw the East when the light rose, and, by name, the Right Worshipful, Past Grand Deacon, Bartholomew Elliman, pedagogue; with a tear for all brother Cowans.

"Tenth; All pumpkin-headed, mutton-tallow-lighted Gods and Goddesses, Priests and Lawyers.

"Eleventh; The liquor of Jove.

'Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
Good wine, boys, said he, is the liquor of Jove.'

"Twelfth; The Officers and Soldiers in the Present War."

Abel Wilcox. "Now that the Regulars are disposed of, I begin with the volunteers.

"Death to the Excise Laws."

Joseph Whiston. "The memory of Eli Parsons and Daniel Shays, with a tear for Bly and Rose."

Brown Moll. "General Washington, Jonathan Trumbull and John Hancock."

Pluck. "King George III."

Mr. Tapley. "Samuel Adams."

Tony, the Barber. "The honorable Profession of all gentlemen."

The Widow Wright. "Death teu quacks and success teu the gennewines.

The Master. "Mistress Margaret, C. B. Custos Bibbleorum."

Many Voices. "Margaret, Margaret!"

Pluck. "Let this be drank standing."

The Master. "Nay, good friends, be not too hasty. Feminam et vinum, Margaret, C. B. and the Bey of Muscat."

"Do drink with us," called Rose to Margaret, who quietly tended the fire. "There is marvellous relief in it. Let us accept what the hour gives and forget ourselves. I have heard of drowning sorrows in liquor,—why retain them when they can be despatched so easily?"

> "Jam satis nivis; mea discipula,
> Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus,"

added the Master.

"Come, Molly, pretty dear;" set in her father, "no blackstrap to night; no switchel, or ginger-pop. Brown Bastard, Aqua Cœlestis, Geneva, Muscadine—have your choice; come crush a glass with your dear Papa; and all this nice company. You have skinked quite long enough."

"I hold under my thumb and finger the veritable Lachrymæ Christi," resumed the Master, "just what you are in search after, Mistress Margaret."

"Tears of Christ!" answered Margaret. "Can it be that name is given to any? Who could have thought of the idea? I could drink a barrel of those tears."

"The unsophisticated, megalopsychal, anagogical Lachrymæ Christi!" rejoined her teacher.

"The songs, gentlemen and ladies, the songs," vociferated the head of the house.

"Let us edify ourselves with one stanza of the New England Hymn in memory of our distinguished friend and the prince of Paronomasiacks, Dr. Byles," said the Master; whereupon they all sang

> "To Thee the tuneful Anthem soars,
> To Thee, our Fathers' God, and ours;

This Wilderness we chose our seat;
To Rights secured by Equal Laws,
From Persecution's Iron Claws,
We here have sought our calm retreat."

Pluck himself then sang:—

"God bless our king
And all his royal race;
Preserve the Queen, and grant that they
May live before thy face."

Immediately his loving wife answered in agreeable antiphony:—

"These shouts ascending to the sky
Proclaim Great Washington is nigh!
Let strains harmonious rend the air,
For see, the Godlike Hero's here!
Thrice hail! Columbia's favorite Son!
Thrice welcome, matchless Washington!"

"You've got the fogs broke; let us have a few select pieces," cried Pluck. "Sweet Sibyl begin. What shall it be—give us 'Lovewell's Fight.'"

The delicate maiden, thus invited, with tone and cadence that cannot be described while it yet captivated her audience, sang a lay which an earlier patriotism had inspired, and such as was still cherished by the people:—

"Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing
How valiantly he served his country and his king—
'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied the rebel Indians soon after break of day.

"Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew."

"Grace, thou apostolic child, give us the pathetic," was

the next call of the president of the assembly. "Chilion, you must change your key; try some Malaga, my son."

Grace Joy indulged them with a ballad that brought more tears into the eyes of the friends of Margaret than it ever will again; a portion of which is preserved:—

"Come listen all, while I a mournful tale do tell;
John Clouse, poor youth, in wicked ways he fell;
Nor had he reached his twentieth year and three,
When he hung on the awful gallows-tree.

"'Gainst Abr'ham Dade his murderous envy moved,—
In youth's soft years they oft together roved—
At dead of night he seized his axe, and swore
Ere morning light Abr'ham should be no more."

"Beulah Ann will favor us with the sentimental," said Pluck. "New cider, my son, soft and sweet."

This young lady responded in such lines as these:—

"Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his am'rous pain
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

"Ye Nymphs! kind spirits of the vale,
Zephyrs! to whom our tears are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
Sigh Strephon in his Delia's ear."

"We want a dash of the heroic," continued the chairman. "Molly, the Indian's Death Song; you like the Indians, show them off to the best advantage. Silence all."

Margaret repeated what Chilion had taught her, and what she had more than once sung in the loneliness and grandeur of the hills about them:—

"The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when the light fades away;
Begin, ye Tormentors! Your threats are in vain,
For the Son of Alcomack shall never complain.

"I go to the land where my Father has gone,
His spirit shal rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend to relieve me of pain,
But the Son of Alcomack shall never complain."

"Beautiful! glorious!" so the old man applauded his child; but having copiously shared in festivities that he helped apace, advancing from liveliness to extravagance, he rapidly fell into his wonted dedirium. "How the pumpkin gods grin!" he shouted. "Another brimmer! Scrape away, Chilion. Egad! what a breeze we are getting into! Hoora for the Old Bastile! I goes ahead, keep up who can :—

"'They're for hanging men and women,
They're for hanging men and women,
They're for hanging men and women,
In the Old Bastile.
Then the Priests should be the hangmen,
Then the Priests should be the hangmen,
Then the Priests should be the hangmen,
And do the bloody work.
Pulpit Priests are the Baalams,
Pulpit Priests are the Baalams,
And the People are the Asses,
Whom they ride to Death and Hell.'

"Ho! neighbors, a hurdy-gurgy. See the puppets caper. There's two priests, in sailor's rig, black-balling one another. Whew! That's Religion you see next, in Harlequin's dress; with Faith and Repentance playing Punch and Judy. Six Pumpkin gods after a nincompoop sinner! Grind away, my boy —"

"Pa is going off, Nimrod," said Margaret, "what shall we do?"

"Never mind," replied her brother, "he'll come to. He flakes and scatters like hot iron; get some water, that will cool him."

"Haven't you learned your manners yet, Miss Molly?" continued the old man, in his wild, wandering way. "Speak not at the table; if thy superiors be discoursing, meddle not with the matter. Smell not of thy meat, turn it not the other side upward to view it upon thy plate. Talk not in meeting, but fix thine eye on the minister. Pull off thy hat to persons of desert, quality, or office. Hem! you'll never do for Miss Beach, in the world, till you learn your rules. Don't interrupt the sport. Knuckle to, my good fellow. Ha! ha! King George and old Johnny Trumbull playing football with the head of the people. Look sharp, Rose. Land! what's this? Old Nick himself, in a coach and two, with the Parson's wig and bands; the Archbishop of Canterbury on the box; St. Peter and Whitfield outriding. Give them the long oats, Old Sacristy! Jack Pudding baptizing four Indians in the River Jordan; souse them under, they'll be damned if you leave a hair dry—"

"Don't let him go on so," said Margaret; "shall I sprinkle it in his face?"

"Hand me the gourd," answered Nimrod; "I'll make him sober as a walrus."

"Don't refuse a penny, my boy,—glory!" continued the frantic wretch. "Didn't coachee throw the silk handsomely, Rose? Don't have such a show every day. By the living jingo! it grows cold and dark. Don't I shiver? Has it rained over night? You are all here, ladies and gentlemen, hope none of you are wet. Molly, pile on the chips. Hand down the pipes; who will smoke? Give your dear mamma the tobacco. Here is for a game of cards, Old Sedge; the most worshipful Deacon, my bibblecal son, Nimrod, and the divine Widow, come. Grace, you stand flasher. Cut, my son. It's the divinity's deal—we shall have fair play. Clubs trumps, knock down and

drag out. You are flush, Nimrod, in your face, if you an't in hand."

"You'll have teu put mugwort in yer stampers, Old Crisp, before ye ketch me this time, I cal'late; I'm high, low," vapored the Widow.

"I'm Jack and game," said Nimrod.

"You are two and. Round again," was the answer of the father.

"That is not conformable to syntactic rules. Conjunctiones copulativæ conjungunt verba similia," the Master attempted to deliver himself.

"Molly, dear," said Pluck, very softly, "stir the embers, we want some light on this subject. What are you doing with Sol Smith in the corner? Is he giving you lessons in the bibblecal art?

"Studium grammaticum omnibus est necessarium," murmured the Master.

"Come, Molly, unravel the skein of the Master's," insisted Pluck.

"You shan't go, Peggy, till you answer me." So Solomon Smith might have been overheard speaking to Margaret, whom he had penned in the chimney corner, where he seemed to be urging some point, with drunken and dogged pertinacity. "Let the buffleheads work out their own game."

"I would not endure it a moment, if she were my sister." This, Rose, who had been watching the conduct of Solomon, and flushed with more than common excitement, addressed, under her breath, to Chilion; who replied, "Sol is a bad fellow. He has no music in his soul, and such, I have heard, are fit for any villany. He has not forgotten the wild-goose chase after gold, and he wreaks his disappointment on Margaret."

"Quantinupio tentrapiorum quaggleorum, rattle bang, with a slap dash?" So Pluck rallied his friends. "It is your play, Sir Deacon."

The night wore on; they drank, sang, and gamed. Animation was heated, freedom rose to boisterousness, sport turned into orgies. Solomon Smith, boozy and gross, dangled the red corn in Margaret's face, but she would not yield to his roguery what she would have been loath to confer on his better moods, the disputed kiss. Chilion asked Rose to bring him a file wherewith to fix the screws of his fiddle. Rose herself had drank; she sought to dissipate the gloom of her mind in the gayeties of the hour, or at least to induce upon the troubled surges of her being the foam-like glow of rustic hilarity. She shuddered at the contact of Margaret with the taverner from No. 4, and strove to fill Chilion's mind with apprehensions that blindly agitated her own. The file was violently hurled across the room. At the same moment, Pluck was violently thumping the table. Uproar and confusion filled the place. But why multiply words when the catastrophe is even now passed? Solomon Smith then and there fell, killed, murdered, under the agency of passions that from innocent pastime had mounted to criminal excess. Darkness and shadows preceded and followed the terrible event. The table with its multifarious contents was upset, and the wretched victim lay bleeding under the file. Alarm, bewilderment, paralysis of purpose and endeavor succeeded. Let morning dawn on the scene before we attempt to analyze it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARREST.—THE PEOPLE OF LIVINGSTON DELIBERATE ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

But that morning rose in clouds and darkness on the Pond, its neighborhood, and the town of Livingston. Rumor of what had befallen was quickly disseminated. Early in the forenoon an inquest was holden on the body of young Smith, and it was declared that he came to his death from violence inflicted by one or more members of the family of Pluck. The uncertainty of the affair, aggravated by the disordered condition of the witnesses, rendered it expedient to arrest the entire household. Shortly on the Brandon Road, which but a few days before Margaret and Mr. Evelyn had traversed with so much serene hopefulness and in the midst of such inspiring beauty, appeared the Constable, Captain Tuck, armed with a warrant and supported by a retinue of people, bearing sundry instruments of offence, and hastening along with mingled imprecations and laments. There turned up the Delectable Way a multitude large as once bore Margaret in triumphal procession over the same ground, who now were in pursuit of her and her friends with tempers exacerbated by the rehearsal of atrocious deeds, imaginations inflamed by horrific suggestions, and a purpose which nothing less than her own life or that of her best friends could qualify or extinguish. From the Via Dolorosa poured in numbers more with swords, axes and pitchforks. The house was surrounded, and the pressure upon it, if cautious and

fearful, was yet overwhelming. Sibyl Radney, who stood barring the door with her back, obliged to yield to the weight of the crowd, was the only moving person to be seen. Pluck and his wife, stupefied by an intoxication that had probably been enhanced after the fatal event was understood, Sibyl had dragged to their bed. The same faithful creature had endeavored to correct the wantonness and disorder of the night, and ere the people arrived she had removed the fragments of the debauch that covered the floor. Over the decayed and blackened embers of the fire sat Margaret and Chilion in rigid silence and haggard immobility; his face dropped into the palms of his hands, she with her arms closed about her brother's neck, on which her head was sunk. Hash was discovered, overpowered by his fears and his potations, under the bed in the garret. The Widow, foremost in execration of the family and loudest in clamor for vengeance, declared Nimrod and Rose had fled on horseback during the night. The Master was found in a thicket near the water, whither in his own frenzy and the turbulence of the hour he had betaken himself, plunged to his knees in mire, and shaking with cold and alarm.

Margaret and Chilion, without remonstrance or delay, prepared to obey the summons of the officer, and went forward a-foot. The other three were carried in a cart to the Village, where they were all consigned to the Jail, there to lie until the returning senses of the inebriated should justify an examination. The Master was taken to his bed, where, with fever superadded to his surfeit, he had a prospect of remaining for some time.

Knots of curious and agitated people might have been seen in all parts of the Green. The more considerable inhabitants collected at the store of Deacon Penrose. Let

us look in upon them. We may get an insight to the spirit and manners of the time, and also a comprehension of influences that surrounded the criminal case about to come off, and had a bearing on the destiny of Margaret.

"Mysterious is the providence of God," outspoke Parson Welles, the first to break the dubious and oppressive silence. "Some are appointed to damnation by a just indeed and irreprehensible, but incomprehensible judgment of God; some he brings to repentance unto life. Let us not rebel against his most righteous sovereignty. In what has now eventuated, my brethren and friends, we behold the Scripture verified, that the carnal mind is emnity against God. And let all of us, whose desert is the same, not be high-minded, but fear; let us humble ourselves before the mighty hand of God, who in this administereth a needed rebuke for our manifold sins."

"Can any one tell us how this melancholy affair was brought about?" inquired Judge Morgridge after a pause.

Deacon Penrose. "As I learn from Mr. Wilcox, who was providentially present and is able to make a distinct report, it was an unprovoked and malicious attack of some members of that depraved family on the unfortunate young man."

Esquire Beach. "I think I can inform your Honor more explicitly, that it is probably a result of anterior and long-cherished animosities on the part of the persons apprehended, against the family of Mr. Smith, arising from indentures in the hands of said Smith of grants and covenants, on the part of said persons, yet unfulfilled and for a considerable period delayed."

Deacon Hadlock. "Why do we mince the matter? I can tell you all it is owing to defect of justice; that we havn't heavier penalties, tighter execution, more wholesome

laws. If these persons had only been kept under, or been enough broke by the chastisments they have already had, they would never have gone these lengths. Truly we can say, we let the wicked go unpunished. For their Sabbath-breaking, their disobedience to rulers, their unbelief, their blasphemies, their hardness of heart, their stiff-neckedness and perverse ways, has this come upon them. And for our sinful remissness has this judgment lit upon the town."

Parson Welles. "It behoveth us in truth that we consider of our wicked declensions and great provocations before God, whereby he hath reached forth to us this bitter cup of shame and sorrow. And, brethren, is it not meet that we appoint a Fast, touching this matter, as has been the practice of our fathers in like calamitous visitations?"

Little Girl. "Daddy wants a quart of cider-brandy.

Deacon Pemrose. "Mr. Wilcox, wait on this child, and then fetch in some glasses and a measure of our best New England."

Captain Tuck. "We had a heavy frost last night, the air is raw and piercing this morning, and this is trying business. I well remember during the War standing sentry by the General's markee half the night, in the depth of winter, on the solid snow, barefoot, with never a drop to cheer or warm one with."

Deacon Ramsdill. "It takes two to make a quarrel, and I count there must have been something hard said or done on t'other side."

Esq. Beach. "Our worthy Deacon would do nothing that should prejudice the case or compromit the parties concerned, nor interpose obstacles to the due process of justice and impartial effect of the laws. His generous feelings we know always tempt him to act in behalf of those

who may be called to suffer; but he should remember that law, LAW is the essence of the Deity, the genius of the Bible, the guardian Angel of humanity; and that Law ever must be and ever shall be sustained."

Deacon Ramsdill. "I don't know much about law, but I know something about nater. A cow won't kick when she is milked unless she has *ei*ther core in her dugs or chopped tits, and is handled roughly; and she always knows who is a milking of her. Cap'n Tuck speaks about the last War. I recollect when we was in the Provinces down to Arcady, where the Black Flies come out thick as birds arter a thunder storm, they won't let you feel the sting till arter you see the blood. I guess there has been a great Black Fly about here; andnow the blood has come we begin to feel the sting."

Parson Welles. "We have convened on a serious intendment, and Brother Ramsdill would be in the way of Scripture to avoid foolish jesting which is not convenient, and whereby the brethren may be offended."

Judge Morgridge. "Is it understood how many persons are supposed to be involved in this deed? Is it thought the younger female member of the family is to be accounted either principal or accessory? I know not that in the present stage of the affair I ought to make this inquiry; nor, considering my own position, whether it becomes me to raise any question at all. I do it, not on my own account, but for the sake of others. Pardon me, fellow-citizens, if I sometimes remember that I am a man."

Deacon Hadlock. "I know of no vessel of wrath more fitted for destruction than that gal. She is so hardened in iniquity that any abominable conduct is to be looked for in her. We have compassionated her ignorance, but it is of

no avail; we have done all that could be done for her, but she braces herself agin God, despises divine truth, breaks the holy Sabbath."

Deacon Ramsdill. "Sows over-littered eat their own pigs. Perhaps you have done too much for her, Brother Hadlock. Mabby she hasn't forgot the bed you spread for her when she was down here to meetin' a few year ago, and when she had the School this summer past."

Deacon Penrose. "Will the Parson taste a little of our New England? We call it a prime article, and think this *the* very best we ever manufactured."

Abel Wilcox. "It has as handsome a bead as I ever saw; and we think it possesses a flavor very much like West India."

Parson Welles. "Truly, in the words of Scripture, we may say, Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts. We need something to make our faces shine these dark times."

Deacon Penrose. "Gentlemen, help yourselves."

Deacon Ramsdill. "Down to Arcady, when a rattlesnake bit one, his comrade sucked out the pizen; if he didn't, the fellow died. I think we had better try and see if we can't get some of the pizen out of these poor folk, instead of taking it into our own bodies. I know it's a cold morning, but sap runs best arter a sharp frost, and my blood, old as it is, is enough moved without any urging."

Deacon Hadlock. Dark times, indeed, Brother Penrose; we have contempt in the Church, as well as abuse in the State. Things are getting worse and worse every day. We are all at loose ends. Judgment follows judgment. The Christian religion itself is just tottering to fall. The Univarsalists I heard, yesterday, had appeared a little to

the west of us, at Dunwich Equivalents; their preacher, John Murray, is drawing away people by hundreds. The Socinians have broke into the fold at the Bay. But for the elects' sake, who *should* be saved!"

Judge Morgridge. "It is an old story, Deacon, that the times are deteriorating; I have heard it ever since I was a boy. The world has stood some pretty hard shocks, and it seems to be able to survive a good many more. So the Worthy Fuller records, more than a century ago, 'I have known the City of London forty years,' says he; 'their shops did ever sing the same tune that trading was dead; and when they wanted nothing but thankfulness, this was their complaint.' Let us be patient, Deacon, and the coming tide will lift us from the rocks. The hand that has smitten will heal our wasted and torn condition."

Deacon Ramsdill. "Time is the stuff that life is made of, as Poor Richard says. I think if we would spin and weave it better, we should not have so much raggedness to complain of; and things wouldn't be falling to pieces so."

Captain Tuck. "Raggedness and ruin! what do gentlemen mean? Have we not had a glorious War! Are we not independent! Isn't this a great country? Was there ever an era like the present? and will there ever be another such a one? Isn't America the envy of all worlds, and isn't it honor enough to have fought her battles even if we had lost our all? Does she not shine like the meridian sun in his splendor? Our children will sigh and pine for the golden period in which we now live."

Esq. Bowker, a junior practitioner, and recent settler in Livingston. "I think, if I may take the liberty to express my thought, that I partially agree with our friend Captain Tuck. We discern indisputable signs of improvement. There is an amelioration in the order of events; there is a

softening of the crude and undigested matter with which the breast of the ages has been so long gorged; Influence has a vigorous but better regulated pulse, gladness and love are on its countenance; History is emerging from its corruptions and appears in a regenerated form; there is a breaking up of corrupt Organization, and a tendency towards the Unity of Love; the iron and mailed hand of Public Opinion greets you less violently; Prerogative is disposed to relinquish some of its self-will and austerity; Literature is beginning to replenish itself from the infinity of Virtue; Religion is becoming more humanized; and we can scarcely hope to enter upon the new century that is now opening to us, without leaving at the threshold much trumpery and feculence, and bearing with us abundant elements of a renovated condition."

Deacon Hadlock. "Alas the day, that I should come to this! Alas the day, that my old eyes should see what they now see! I stand like a man cutting the gravestones for his own wife and children. I sarved under the old king, I fought agin the Spanish and French and the Indians; I buckled to among the first for our liberties, I gave a hand through all the tug of the War, I helped build up our Constitution and Laws, and now we are worse off than ever. Woe is me! A sorer pest than any before has overtaken us."

Mr. Adolphus Hadlock. "What, Uncle, what, the Small-pox has not broke out anew? Aristophanes, my son—"

Deacon Hadlock. "No, Adolphus, worse than that; worse than Throat Distemper, or Putrid Fever, or any thing else. Jacobins. the Jacobins are in amongst us; all the bloodhounds of the French kennel are let loose upon us, Freethinkers, Illuminatists, Free Masons, Papists."

Judge Morgridge. "Don't you remember, Deacon, when the news of Braddock's Defeat, in the year '55, was brought here, what an alarm we had? Every man, woman and child, ran out of their houses to learn the news; all was despair. 'The country is betrayed by Government.' 'They have sold us to the French.' 'They'll make Catholics of us all,' were cries that filled the streets; and your father, a gray-headed old man, and our good minister, then a young man, spoke to the people from the Meeting-house steps, and told them not to be afraid, but to put their trust in God. We recovered from our reverses, and have passed safely through a good many difficulties since. The French indeed have done us much good, and in the War we courted their alliance and were glad of their aid."

Deacon Hadlock. "I know what you say, Judge—I never liked the French, I was always agin that contract. But we never had such trying times as these; so many *intarnal*, as well as extarnal foes to our peace and prosperity. Things never looked nigh so dark."

Mr. Whiston, a Breakneck. "I agree with the Deacon exactly; he has put the case right on its own legs. For one, I am near about done for. I havn't hardly a hair left to my hide or a pewter fip in my pocket. Taxes, taxes are eating us all up; taxes upon your whole estate; taxes on all you eat and drink; taxes paid by taxes, taxes breeding taxes; and when all is gone, then tax the body and lug it off to jail."

Deacon Ramsdill. "Misery makes us unacquainted with strange bedfellows, Judge."

Judge Morgridge. "You see, Deacon Hadlock, into what company you fall; Mr. Whiston is one whom I believe you

committed for being concerned in the late disturbances in these States."

Deacon Hadlock. "Just as I say, Judge, we are too lenient, we didn't put on the screws half hard enough. The Insargents ought to have been hung, or banished from the country, or else condemned to imprisonment for life. The State was not cleansed of the plague that was upon it, and the sore waxes fouler every hour."

Mr. Whiston. "'Tis true I harbored the men; 'tis true I fell in with the movement; and I wish to Heaven we could have a rebellion—I will say it here if I have to swing to-morrow for it. I wish Shays could have carried the matter through all the States. I helped throw off one government, but I little calculated how I was going to be sucked in by another. Courts, lawyers, sheriff fees, constable fees, justice fees, imposts, stamp duties, continental bills, paper tender, forced sales, have swept off every thing. The grubs of the law have gnawed into us, and we are all powder-post. How many actions did you try in one term, Judge? Was it less than a thousand?"

Judge Morgridge. "Let that go, Mr. Whiston; it is past, and we will endeavor to forget it."

Mr. Whiston. "I shan't let it go, it an't past, and it can't be forgotten. Can I forget the cries of Bly and Rose, up there in Lenox? Not so easy. We fought for liberty in the War, and if a man hasn't liberty to own his own, to use his own, to be his own, what are our liberties good for? Government is Lord God Almighty, and skin-flint besides. Where is my title to my estate? Government has got it. Where is my income? Government has got it. Where is the disposal of my person? Government has got it. Where is the control of my actions? Government has got it. Where are my boys? Gone to fight the

Government battles agin the Indians. Where are my gals? Spinning out Government taxes. What is the Government for? To protect me, you say; yes, as the wolf did the lamb, by stripping me of all I have. We help make the Government? No. Didn't we petition to have the Constitution altered, some of the courts abolished, and the under officers set aside? Were our petitions granted? They were not admitted; Government spurned us and our petitions together. Such bungling and frippery never were seen. I wouldn't give a fiddlestick's end for all the Constitutions in creation. They take the best of every thing, and leave us only the orts and hog-wash. Times are mopish and nurly. I don't mean to be scrumptious about it, Judge, but I do want to be a man, if I am a Breakneck, and havn't so much eddecation as the rest."

Judge Morgridge. "It is getting warm here; we shall be called to the examination soon, and we need all calmness of mind."

Mr. Whiston. "I am ready to stay and argufy the matter out with any body. I have no notion of hushing it up so."

Dr. Spoor. "More parties than one have been implicated. I think our worthy Deacon named the Free Masons, a fraternity to which I deem it an honor to belong."

Deacon Hadlock. "Yes, I did mention them; they are rising in France, Germany and England; they are leagued with the Jacobins on both sides of the water, and threaten the destruction of all this 'varsal world."

Dr. Spoor. "They acknowledge the three cardinal doctrines, Faith, Hope and Charity."

Deacon Hadlock. "I know it, they are as bad as the Socinians; under cover of religion they would destroy

religion itself. Hasn't Tom Jefferson threatened he would burn up all the Bibles in the land, if he comes in President? Isn't he the jawbone of Jacobinism in this country? Havn't town meetings been called agin Jay's Treaty? Hasn't John Jay himself been burnt in effigy? Yes, in Boston he was carted through the streets, with a watermelon shell on his head, carried past Governor Adams's house, where they made him salute the old man, and then took and burnt on the Common. Houses were broken open, persons assaulted. What is all this but playing into that whale's hands, Bonaparte, who means to swallow us all up?"

Captain Hoag. "These things are jest so. We heard in our part of the town last week, that he had taken the city of London, and was burning over all England; that he had made the Pope God of the whole airth, and that they were both coming to America, were going to put us all into the Inquisition, and then set fire to't."

Deacon Ramsdill. "You eat nothing if you watch the cook; I think we had better be thankful for what we have, and God will give us what we want."

Mr. Pottle, from Snakehill. "I believe the Deacon made a fling at the Universalists?"

Deacon Hadlock. "They are the seed of the old Sarpent; they are leagued with the Devil himself; they take advantage of the natural heart to entrap us with their soul-destroying doctrines; *they* make a fling at the righteous justice of God."

Mr. Pottle. "For one I must say, my eyes have been opened; I an't a going to be hoodwinked any longer. I do not believe God is a wrathful being, I do not believe he will keep us in a red-hot Hell to all Eternity for what we do in this short life."

Deacon Hadlock. "O! O! We are undone. I am the man that has seen affliction."

Mr. Pottle. "I believe the Atonement is broad enough to cover the whole race."

Parson Welles. "God be praised, his decrees shall stand against all the lying deceit of man!"

Esq. Weeks. "We do, indeed, seem to be quite in a toss. I have said nothing hitherto, because I have had so many other things to think about. There are sometimes domestic and personal calamities which seem for the moment to outweigh all public concerns; and how many in our midst are even now, we must believe, in deepest affliction. But I cannot well let what has been here expressed pass without at least offering a word of encouragement and hope. I agree with Mr. Whiston, that our Government is not all we could desire. I did not vote, as you well know, for the Constitutions either of the State or the Nation. But having been adopted by a majority of the people, I am willing to give them my cordial support. *I have confidence in the people;* and believe that they will right what is wrong, and better what is bad. I concur in the old maxim, that that government is best which governs least, and I think the evils we deplore will be remedied in time."

Esq. Bowker. "There is a principle of health in Time itself, agreeably to which we may hope that the diseased body politic will ultimately recover, the tumid aspect of society subside, noxious sentiment be thrown off, and the clouded atmosphere of our public life clear away."

Esq. Beach. "There are *some* gentlemen who have the urbanity of the original Tempter himself; who pursue by indirection what they dare not openly propose, and under the guise of flattery harbor the deadliest intent.

Heavens! has it come to this! shall drivelling be substituted for sound reason, phrenzy for dispassionate conduct! O Humanity, where is thy blush? O Virtue, where hast thou fled? Was is not the firmness of President Washington in resisting the overtures of the French, that saved us from that gulf? Was it not the explosion of Randolph's connection with Fauchet that prevented the worst of calamities? Are not French emissaries scattered through the land, corrupting our citizens, and disturbing our politics? Have we not seen the Tricolored Cockade, that emblem of massacre and blood, voting at our polls? Has not France twice dismissed our envoys with ignominy? No Festival is so celebrated in this country as the Birth of the Dauphin; yes, we revere the birth of a Monarch more than the virtues of Washington! You cannot, gentlemen, have forgotten the refined patriotism of one our Judges, who recently invested the city of Providence with a regiment of soldiers, and endeavored to arrest the celebration of the Anniversary of our Independence, and prevent the ratification of the then ninth pillar of the Federal Constitution, New Hampshire. The Gazettes of that clique are distributed with a diligence worthy a better cause. Our own mails, yes, to my shame and sorrow I repeat it, the mails of this good old Federal town of Livingston are loaded with their prints; Chronicles, Auroras and Arguses, are circulated in our midst, through which the great monster of evil belches forth his falsehoods, seditions, blasphemies and calumnies upon our population. This Anglophobism is the most malignant and incurable of maladies."

Esq. Weeks. "Yes, enough of it worse than Gallophobism. We have no dastardly refugees voting at our polls —no. Reams of Russell's Gazettes, Courants, Centinels, Spys, are not every week brought to our village—no. They

are full of truth, religion, candor, sweetness—yes. We have no readers of Porcupine's Gazette, a writer who is an avowed British subject—no. The Editor of the Aurora was not recently whipped in the streets—no. How many Black Cockades could I count in this room? But, soberly, Sam Adams's threadbare coat must give place to John Hancock's lace and ruffles. Our ladies must have negroes to bear their trains through the streets as their mothers did. Capt. Hoag here would have us kneel to his Spread Eagle and Blue Ribbon, and we must barter our old-fashioned pewter for Cincinnati plates, and cups and saucers. We must import mustard, muffs, tippets and Flanders lace. We must baptize all things into the mild spirit of Federalism; we have a Federal Congress, Federal Gazettes, Federal Hotels, Federal Theatres, Federal Circuses, Federal Streets, Federal Warehouses, Federal Flour, Federal Babies; we have long had a Federal Gospel—no offence to our good minister—and must look for a Federal Heaven."

Esq. Beach. "I shall make no reply to matters like these I know we are somewhat diverted from the objects that brought us here. But one thing I would have impressed on all minds; there are three political sects in the United States. The first in number as well as in sense, without umbrage to Brother Weeks, are the Federalists, who believe mankind are in need of the restraints of good government. The second are the Jacobins, who see in every book of acts and resolves, gibbets, pillories and jails. But there is a third sect, who are less despised and yet are more contemptible, the Illuminatists. These will have it that government is unnecessary. They want common sense to such a degree, that they do not know their want of it. They are underworkers to the Jacobinical purpose of power, plunder and vengeance."

Abel Wilcox. "'Lexis Robinson is here again with his notes, sir."

Deacon Penrose. "I dare say. He is punctual to a day. He holds some of the consolidated notes and Quartermaster General's certificates, and comes every year to dispose of them. I offered him eight and sixpence on the pound; then as they depreciated, four shillings, and at last, when they were good for nothing, in pure compassion, I told him I would give one and six; but he wouldn't be easy without the full face. He might have taken advantage of the funding."

Mr. Whiston. "That is what we tried to bring about, a means to pay the old soldiers; but we could not do it. Poor 'Lex, his face half gone, his wits nigher done for, his old sores still running—well if the country for which he fought can give him sward enough to cover his bones!"

Deacon Ramsdill. "He that lives upon hope will die fasting, as poor Richard says; if this belongs to 'Lexis I guess it will apply to some other folks. What is the hour, Judge?"

Judge Morgridge, "I think we had better give attention to the prisoners. The warrant was issued from your office, Squire Beach, I believe; shall we not adjourn there?"

Parson Welles. "God send the right."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIAL.

THE magistral investigation resulted in the discharge of all the family but Chilion, who was committed to answer before the Supreme Court—a stated session of which was at hand. The testimony of the witnesses was varied and confused, as their observation had been uncertain and indistinct. What with the trepidation of the moment, and the clouded condition in which the catastrophe found the party, it took no small sagacity and patience in Esq. Beach, who seemed disposed to conduct the case with entire candor, to distinguish, resolve, and average the singular materials that were submitted to his attention. Chilion himself would make neither confession nor denial.

These points, however, were ascertained: that Solomon Smith came to his death by a wound in the jugular vein; that the wound was caused by some violent blow, as, say, of a file; that Chilion was seen to throw the file, and the deceased was heard to cry out the moment the instrument might have been supposed to strike him. Furthermore, it was sworn that Chilion and the deceased had had differences, and that Chilion had threatened vengeance for the mischief Solomon was doing to the family at the Pond.

The deceased was buried the next day, and at his funeral was exhibited every circumstance of solemn array and mournful impressiveness. The body was carried to the Church, where Parson Welles preached an appropriate

sermon, and followed to the grave by a long train of people swayed by alternate and mingled grief and indignation.

On the succeeding day, Mr. Smith, the father of Solomon, came to the Pond claiming the forfeiture of the conditions on which Pluck held the estate, and ordered the immediate removal of the family. Pluck went off with his kit on his back to seek employment wherever it should offer. Hash and his mother were invited to Sibyl Radney's. Of Nimrod and Rose nothing had been heard. Bull followed Hash. Margaret barely had time to turn her two birds and Dick, the squirrel, out of doors, and gather a bundle of clothes and Chilion's violin, ere Mr. Smith nailed up the house. She besought her mother and Hash to take the birds and squirrel, but the hurry, preoccupation and irritation of the moment were too great to pamper wishes of that sort. Up the Via Salutaris she saw her father and mother, her brother and Sibyl filing along, drearily, with heavy packs on their shoulders. Her own course had been resolved upon; she was going to Esq. Beach's to seek occupation, be near Chilion, and fulfil her engagement as Governess. She paused a moment, looking up and down the road, and back to Mons Christi, then striking across the Mowing, buried herself in the thickets of the Via Dolorosa. Reaching the Village, she turned into Grove Street, and went directly to the Squire's. Mrs. Beach received her at the door, and asked her into the parlor. She was barely seated, when the door opened, and in poured a parcel of children.

"Julia, William," said Mrs. Beach, "why do you behave so? How often have I told you not to come into the house with a noise? and those other boys havn't scraped their feet."

"I have got a tame squirrel here, Ma," said William Beach.

"What are you doing with that dirty thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Beach.

"It's the Ma'am's," said Julia Beach; "Arthur said it was."

"We found it trying to get in at the door," explained Arthur Morgridge.

"She isn't your Ma'am, now," denied Mrs. Beach.

"Isn't she going to live here, and teach us?" asked Julia.

"Not as we know of," replied the mother. "You take away the squirrel, and run to your plays."

Dick, meanwhile, wrested himself from the hands of the boys and leaped into the lap of his mistress.

"Take the creature away," reiterated Mrs. Beach.

Margaret interceded in behalf of her pet. "I shan't touch it, if the Ma'am wants to keep it," said Consider Gisborne. "Come, let us see if we can't get the kite up."

The children retreated with as much impetuosity as they entered.

"Did you expect to bring that animal with you?" asked Mrs. Beach.

"I know not how he came," replied Margaret; "I left him at home;" and she might have added, that delaying on her steps two or three hours in the woods, the squirrel, shut out of doors, and growing tired of silence and solitude, concluded to follow her,—a trick he had more than once in his life attempted.

"What have you in that green sack?" inquired the lady.

"It is my brother Chilion's fiddle," replied Margaret;

"I thought it would be of some comfort to him in the jail, so I brought it down."

"Your brother, indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Beach. "I must inform you that the Squire and myself have concluded to dispense with your services. We thought it would be extremely bad to have one of your family a member of ours. Since the dreadful things that have happened at your house, it would be unsafe to our property, and perhaps to our lives, and certainly detrimental to the morals of the children, to have any thing to do with you. And it would be wrong not to break a promise made with those who have proved themselves unworthy to keep it."

"What shall I do?" asked Margaret, passionately.

"It is no use to practise dissimulation, Miss Hart. A sorry crew of you! I quite wonder that you should have had the presumption to come at all. We were going to send word that we did not want you. But your anxiety for your brother, it seems, has brought you down even sooner than was anticipated. If worse comes to worst, you can go to the poorhouse; you may be able to find employment with that class of people to whom you properly belong. I am not unreasonable—for the time has arrived we must no longer tamper with low-bred and mischief-making characters."

The appearance of the lady discouraged parley and silenced protestation, and Margaret withdrew. She stood on the doorsteps, with her bundle and squirrel in her arms, disordered in purpose, palsied in feeling, and almost blind in vision, from this unforeseen turn of affairs. The children, who were trying to fly a kite on the grounds in front of the house, came around her.

"Are you not going to stay?" asked Julia Beach.

"No," replied Margaret.

"Won't the Ma'am help us get up the kite?" said Consider Gisborne.

"Yes," replied Margaret.

"The string is all in a snarl," said Arthur Morgridge. Margaret, most mechanically, most mournfully, fell to getting out the knot, and then dropping her luggage, ran with the string, and when the kite was fairly afloat, she handed it back to the boys.

"She's crying," said Julia Beach. "She is crying!" was whispered from one to another. The kite was at once abandoned, and the children huddled about their disconsolate Mistress.

"What makes you cry?" said Julia.

"I cannot tell," said Margaret; "I have no home, no friends, no place to go to."

"Never mind the kite," said Consider. "I'll carry this," he added, seizing the sack containing the violin; "I don't care if she did put me on the girl's side, she is the best Schoolma'am I ever went to."

"I will carry this," said Arthur, taking the clothes bundle from her hand.

"I want to have the squirrel," said Julia.

"Let me take hold with you, Arthur," said Mabel Weeks.

"Where are you going?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know," said Consider; "we wanted to help the Schoolma'am."

"I am going to take the violin to my brother, who is in the jail; he loves to play on it. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go there."

"Deacon Ramsdill was at our house, and said he didn't believe he *meant* to kill Solomon Smith," said Consider.

"I remember what you said when you kept the school that we musn't hate any body," said Arthur.

"Ma said people wasn't always wicked that was put in jail," said Mabel.

Preceded by the children with their several loads, Margaret went towards the Green. Approaching the precincts of the jail she found her way impeded by large numbers of people, who were loitering about the spot, of all ages and sexes. She was greeted with sundry exclamations of dislike, and the aspect of things was not the most inviting. Even threatening words were bestowed upon her, and some went so far as to jostle her steps. She stopped while the children gathered closer to her, and they all proceeded in a solid body together.

"I can see the devil in her eye," said one. "The whole family ought to be hung," said another. "Poor Mr. Smith's heart is most broke," said Mistress Joy. "I always knew Chil would come to a bad end," said Mistress Hatch; "there were spots on his back when he was born, and his mother cut his finger nails before he was a month old." "There was a looking-glass broke at our house, the week before," said Mistress Tuck. "I had a curious itching in my left eye," said Mistress Tapley, "and our Dorothy dropped three drops of blood from her nose." "There was a great noise of drums and rattling of arms in the air, just before the Spanish war broke out," said old Mr. Ravel. "The Saco River run blood when the last war begun," said Captain Hoag; "I was down in the Province and saw it." "He beat his head all to smash with a froe," said one boy. "They are the most dangerous wretches that ever walked God's earth," said Mr. Cutts.

Coming to the porch of the jail-house, Margaret took the

baggage into her own hands, dismissed her guard, and sought of Mr. Shooks admission to Chilion's cell. The reply of that gentleman was brief and explicit. "Troop! gump," said he, "don't hang sogering about here, you saucebox. Haven't you smelt of these premises enough? It will be your turn next. Pack and be off." She turned from the door. A hundred people stood before her; she encountered the gaze of a hundred pairs of eyes, dark and frowning; Mr. Shooks, by the application of his hand to her shoulder, helped her from the steps to the ground, where she seemed almost to lose the power of motion. "What do you ax for that are beast?" inquired one. "That's Chil's fiddle she's got there in that bag," said Zenas Joy. "That'll help pay for what the dum Injins owe daddy," said Seth Penrose. "Come, you may as well give it up."

"You shan't touch it," outspoke Judah Weeks. "I'll stand here, and if any body wants to put his tricks on her, he'll have to play rough and tumble with me a while first. She ain't to blame for what her brother did." While he was speaking, Sibyl Radney, stout as an Amazon, brawny as Vulcan, elbowed herself into the midst, and seizing the bundle under one arm and Margaret under the other, bore her off through the crowd. Sundry boys still saw fit to follow, who again closed about Sibyl when she stopped with her load. "There is Deacon Ramsdill," shouted one. "We'll have some fun out of him if we can't out of the Injin," cried another.

"Well, my lads," said the Deacon, limping in among them with his insenescible smile, "what have we here? You must truss up a cow's tail if you don't want to be switched when you're milking; if there is any mischief here we must attend to it. Come, Molly, you must go with me.

Out of the way, children; a cat may look upon a king; I guess you will let a squirrel look at you.—There, Molly," continued the Deacon, leading her across the Green into the East Street, "we have got through the worst of it, and we praise a bridge that carries us safe, even if it is a poor one."

"I thank you, Sir, I thank you," said Margaret; "but, O, let me die, let the boys kill me."

"Dogs that bark arter a wagon," replied the Deacon, "keep out of the way of the whip; I guess the boys wouldn't hurt you much. The people are a good deal up, and when the grain is weedy we must reap high, we must do the best we can. I have seen Judge Morgridge, and he thinks you will be safest at my house; Squire Beach says he can't employ you, and I think you had better go home with me. The Judge says his Susan wants to see you, and it wouldn't be best for you to go to his house now, because he *is* Judge. Freelove will be glad to see you. When you was at our house before, you was gone so much you didn't hardly give her a taste."

"There is nothing left to me," said Margaret; "I am blank despair."

"The finer the curd the better the cheese," replied the Deacon. "They are cutting you up considerably smart, but it may be as well in the end. What you are going through is nothing to what I saw down to Arcady, when we went to bring off the French under Col. Winslow. We dragged them out of their houses, tore children from their mothers, wives from their husbands, and piled them helter-skelter in the boats. Then we set fire to every thing that would kindle; burnt up houses, barns, crops, meeting-houses. They stuck to their old homes like good fellows. One boy we saw running off with his mother on his back,

into the woods, and we had to bring him down with a bullet before he would stop. We took off nigh eighteen thousand of them. When we weighed anchor, their homes were in ashes, their woods all a-fire, and the black smoke hung over the whole so funeral-like—they set up such a dismal yell as if the whole airth was going to a butchery—yours an't a feather to it, Molly."

"How could you do such things!" exclaimed Margaret.

"O, they was Papists and French. It was political, I believe; I don't know much about it. Here is our house, and the fifty acres of land I got for that job. It has lain powerful hard on my conscience; I have struggled agin it. —I don't know as I should ever have got the better of it, if the Lord hadn't a come and forgiven me."

"Freelove," he said, as he entered his house, "I have found the gal. She will pine away like a sick sheep if we don't nuss and cosset her up a little."

The Deacon's, to which Margaret was not altogether a stranger, was a small, one-story, brown house, having a garden on one side, a grass lot on the other, and a cornfield in the rear. Over the front door trailed a luxuriant woodbine, now dyed by the frosts into a dark claret. What with the grant of land, a small pension continued until the Revolution, the Deacon, maugre his lameness, had secured a comfortable livelihood for himself and wife, which was the extent of his family. The usual garnish of pewter appeared in one corner of the room into which Margaret was led; in the other stood a circular snap-table; between the two hung a black-framed looking-glass supported on brass knobs, blazoned with miniature portraits; underneath the glass was a japanned comb-case, and a cushion bristling with pins and needles. On one wall ticked a clock without a case, its weights dangling to the floor. Against the opposite wall

was a turn-up bed; over the fireplace were pipes suspended by their throats, and iron candlesticks hanging by their ears. There was a settle in the room, an oval-back arm-chair which the Deacon occupied, while his wife, in mob-cap and iron-rimmed bridge spectacles, sat knitting in a low flag-bottomed chair by the chimney corner. The Deacon brought from the parlor, or rather spare bedroom, a stuffed easy-chair that he gave to Margaret. For dinner, Mistress Ramsdill prepared tea for their sorrowful visitor, which she poured from a small, bluish, gold-flowered, swan-shaped china pot, into cups of similar material, and the Deacon roasted her apples with his own hands, both insisting that she should eat *something*, to which she seemed in no way inclined.

"Why do you treat me so much more kindly than other people?" said Margaret, resuming her seat by the fire.

"I don't know," replied the Deacon, "except it's nater. By the grace of God I yielded to nater. I fought agin it till I was past forty; when what Christ says in what they call his Sarmon on the Mount, and a colt, brought me to. I will tell you about the colt. Mr. Stillwater, at the Crown and Bowl, had one, and he wouldn't budge an inch; and they banged him, and barnacled him, and starved him, and the more they did, the more he wouldn't stir, only bob, and fling, and snort. He was an ear-brisk and high-necked critter, out of Old Delancy. It kinder seemed to me that something could be done, and they let me take the colt. I kept him here in the mow lot, made considerable of him, groomed him, stroked him, and at last I got him so he would round and caracol, and follow me like a spoon-fed lamb; he was as handy as the Judge's bayard; just like your squirrel there, he is do*cile* as a kitten. I had this nater, when I was arter the Hurons under General Webb

and it shook my firelock so when I was pulling the trigger upon a sleeping redskin, I let him go. And when we were in the ships coming away from Arcady, it made me give up my bed to a sick French gal, about as old as you, Molly, and nigh as well-favored; yes, it made me take her up in my arms, rough, soldier-like as I was, and lay her down in my hammock, and she thanked me so with her eyes; she couldn't speak English—"

"What became of her?"

"She had a lover, I believe, in the other vessel, and when we got to the Bay, it wasn't political to have them put in one place; he was sent away, and they put her in a poorhouse, where she fell off in a decline. One of them old French priests that I helped tear away from the blazing altar of his church, used to come round hereabouts peddling wooden spoons, and I declare, it made the tears jump in these eyes to see him, and nater got the upper hands; so I gave him lodgings a whole month. I fought agin nater, I tell you, and a tough spell I had of it. I read in the good book what Christ said about the blessed ones, and it wan't me, and Freelove said it wan't her. It went through us like a bagonet. I was struck under the conviction here alone one night, when our little Jessie lay in the crib there by the fire. I looked into her sweet white face as she was asleep, and knew Christ would have blessed her, and that she belonged to the kingdom, and it all came over me how I had slided off from what I was when Iwas a boy, and that I had been abusing nater all my life. When Freelove came in I told her, and she said she felt just so too. I tried to pray, but nater stood right up before me, and prayed louder than I did, and I couldn't be heard. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. We lay one night on the floor, fighting, sweating, groaning. We were not quite ready to

give in. We tried to brace up on the notions and politicals, but nater kept knocking them down. Then the colt came, then I saw it in old brindle, our cow, and then I saw it in the sheep, then I remembered the French gal and the Indian ; and at last we gave in, and it was all as plain as a pipe-stem. When I went out in the morning, I saw it in the hens and chickens, the calves, the bees, in the rocks, and in all Creation. There is nater in every body, only if it was not for their notions and politicals. The Papists, the Negroes, and the Indians have it. Like father like child.—I believe we all have the same nater. I have heard Freelove's grandfather tell—his father told him, he was cousin of Captain Church, and sarved in the expedition—how, when they went out after the Pequods, and had killed the men, and burned the women and boys and gals in their wigwams, they found one woman who had covered her baby with the mats and skins, and then spread herself over to keep off the blazing barks and boughs ; and when they raked open the brands, there was the roasted body of the woman, and under her the little innocent all alive, and it stretched up its baby hands—but the soldiers clubbed their firelocks—"

"O, these are dreadful stories ; I cannot bear them now."

"There is nater agin, Freelove, just as we always told one another. What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh ; it is only kicking agin the pricks, wrastle with it as hard as you will"

"I can never think of myself again," said Margaret ; "but my poor brother and Mr. Smith's family—"

"I stuttered up to No. 4 yesterday arter the funeral, but they are so grown over with rum there, you can hardly tell what is nater, and what is not. I read out of the Bible to Mr. Smith's folk, and tried to pray with them, but they

couldn't bear it. That agin is part rum and part nater. You know, Freelove, how we felt when our Jessie died, we didn't want to see any one; all their words couldn't put life into her sweet dead body. I would have gone up to see you at the Pond, but I can't get round as I used to before I was hamstrung on the Plains of Abr'am under General Wolfe. It's dreadful business, this killing people, it's agin nater; I followed it up a purpose, and have killed a good many in my day. Christ have marcy! If I had my desarts, I should have been hung long ago. Rum, too, is dreadful business, Molly; and I guess it had a good deal to do with that matter up to your house."

The Deacon was a great talker, and in modern parlance might have proved a bore, if his wife had not jogged him and said, "The gal has not had any sleep for three nights, and I guess she had better try and see if she cant get some." The bed was lowered, and Margaret laid upon it, where she was quiet, if she did not sleep, most of the afternoon. In the evening, Susan Morgridge came to see her. Susan's manner was calm, but her heart was warm and her sentiments generous. She told Margaret that nothing had been heard from Mr. Evelyn since his departure for Europe, and that Isabel Weeks was still at the Hospital slowly recovering from a long fever that had succeeded the Small-pox. But the absorbing topic was Chilion and the death of young Smith. Susan told Margaret there were some who would do all that could be done in the case, but that her father apprehended her brother could not be saved from the extremest penalty of the law. Margaret replied that the whole affair was to her own mind enveloped in mystery, that Chilion would reveal nothing to her, and that she had hardly equanimity enough to give the subject any cool reflection. Finally, for this seemed

to be a part of her errand, Miss Morgridge proposed that Margaret should see Esq. Bowker, who she said was a valued friend of hers, and that he would be happy to do her any service in his power in the approaching crisis, and that gratuitously.

The moment the nine o'clock bell spent its last note, Deacon Ramsdill spread open a large book on his lap, put glasses on his nose, while his wife deliberately pulled off her glasses, drew out her needle from the sheath and laid her knitting carefully aside. "I have got the Bible here," said the Deacon, "and we want to pray—that is, if you can stand it. When you was here in the summer, you staid out so much we couldn't bring it about. I saw you once laughing at what was in the Book, and I took it away, because I knew you wasn't prepared for it, and hadn't got hold of the right end. Freelove and I have talked this matter over; and we know how it is with you; we know how you feel about these things up to the Pond. A hen frightened from her nest is hard to get back, and you was handled pretty roughly down here to meeting once. We musn't give a babe strong meat, the Book says, and nater says so too; and folks that tend babies musn't have pins about them. Then agin you can't wean babies in a day; it takes some time to get them from milk to meat. Praying, arter all, isn't a hard thing; its nater. I used to pray when I was a boy, but I left it off in the Wars, and didn't begin agin till nater got the upper hands once more. I have seen the Indians pray up among the Hurons, and they couldn't speak a word of English. It is speaking out what is inside here, it is sort o' feeling up. It comes easier as you go along, just as it is with the cows, the more they are milked the more they give. I hope, Molly, you won't feel bad about it. 'Tis time to reap when the grain is

shrunk and yellow, and I think you ar'nt much out of the way of that; and it seems time to pray."

"I shall not feel bad," replied Margaret; "you are so good to me, and I love Christ now, and should be glad to hear any thing he says."

The Deacon read from the Gospels, then with his wife knelt in prayer. Margaret, also, by some sympathetic or other impulse also bowed herself down,—and for the first time in her life united in a prayer to the Supreme Being; and we cannot doubt the effect was salutary on her feelings. She slept that night in the other front room, where was the spare bed, with red and blue chintz curtains over square testers, and a floor neatly bespread with rag mats. The next morning she expressed great anxiety about her brother, said she wished either to see him, or have his violin conveyed to him.

"Things are a good deal stived up," answered the Deacon. "People's minds are sour, and I don't know, Molly, what we can do. It's nater you see, one doesn't like to have a son killed. Then the politicals are all out of kelter, one doesn't hardly know his own mind, and all are afraid of what is in another's. I suppose they won't allow you to go into the jail, they think you and your brother would brew mischief together, and perhaps he would break out. The building is old and slimsy. I am going to the barber's to be dressed, and I will take the fiddle along with me, and see how things look. But don't you stir out of the house; I am scrupulous about what might happen. It is no use reasoning with the people, any more than with a horse that is running away."

The Deacon took the instrument under his surcoat, and went to the barber's, where the bi-weekly operation of shaving and powdering was performed. When he was

alone with Tony, he propounded the wish of Margaret; to which the negro replied that he would do what he could. The same evening, Tony, with his own and the instrument of Chilion, presented himself to Mr. Shooks. "You know," said he, "that at the last ball, I couldn't play because my strings were broke, and the Indian is the very best man this side of York to fix them. And then this gentleman is learning a new jig, and he wants the Indian to try it with him."

"You can't go in," said Mr. Shooks. "We have got the rascal chained, and mean to keep him down. There is no trusting any body now-a-days. All the vagabonds in the country will rise, and have the government into their hands the next we know!"

"If Mister Shooks would permit this gentleman to bestow so much honor on him as to go into the prison, and take the Indian's fiddle, he would shave Mr. Shooks and powder him with the most patent new violet, crape and roll Miss Runy in the most fashionable etiquette, and give her an Anodyne Necklace, all for nothing, all for the honor of the thing."

"You may go in once," replied Mr. Shooks, "but don't come again; and Tony," whispered the vigilant warden, "see if you can't find out if the villain means to break jail. I would not lose having him hung for a thousand pounds."

Tony being admitted, remained a short time with Chilion, left the violin, and was summoned away.

The next day Esquire Bowker called on Margaret, informed her of the usages of Courts, and while he tendered his professional services in behalf of her brother as Counsellor, he urged the necessity of a more complete acquaint-

ance with the case than he then possessed; but Margaret replied that on all points she was as ignorant as himself.

That night, impatient of delay, anxious to approach nearer her brother, at a late hour when the streets were empty, she sallied out, and crossed the Green to the Jail. Presently she heard the familiar voice of Chilion's music, proceeding from a low and remote corner of the building. Climbing a fence, and reaching a spot as near the cell of her brother as the defences of the place would permit, she again listened; then in the intervals she made sounds which she thought might be heard by her brother; but no token was returned; only she continued to hear low, sad, anguished notes that pierced her heart with lively distress. Dick, it appeared, had again followed her; perhaps in the midst of strangers he could abide her absence with less composure than ever; and soon she had him in her arms. He too heard the sound from the prison, the familiar tones of his Master; it required little urging on the part of Margaret to send him clambering over the palisade—up the logs of the building he went and into the cell of Chilion; presently Margaret heard a changed note, one of recognition and gladness; soon also the creature came leaping back to her shoulder. Glad would she have been to leave him with her brother, but it would be unsafe for him to be found there; glad was she thus to communicate with the imprisoned one at all.

A new thought struck her; hastening back to the Deacon's, on a slip of paper she wrote to her brother, then returning to the jail, and fastening her billet to the body of Dick, she renewed her former experiment with success; she also sent in a pencil and paper for her brother. The next night pursuing this device, she had the satisfaction not only of transmitting solace to Chilion, but of receiving mes-

sages from him. This novel species of Independent Mail she employed the few nights that remained before the trial. On one point she could draw nothing from her brother—that of his relation to the homicide. She kept within doors most of the day, and only ventured abroad under cover of midnight; she saw little or nothing of her own family; and heard nothing of Rose and Nimrod.

The day of the dreaded Trial came at last. A true bill had been found against Chilion, and he stood arraigned on the charge of murder. Margaret heard the Court-bell ring, and her own heart vibrated with a more painful emphasis. Leaving her at the Deacon's, we will go to the Court-house. The tribunal was organized with Judge Morgridge at the head of the bench. Chilion was brought in, his face, never boasting great color or breadth, still paler and thinner from his confinement, and darkly shaded by a full head of long black hair. The right of challenge he showed no inclination to employ, and the panel was formed without delay.

To the Indictment, charging, that "not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, he did assault, strike and stab Solomon Smith, thereby inflicting a mortal wound," etc., the prisoner arose and pleaded Not Guilty; then sat down and threw his head forward on the front of the Box; a position from which neither the attentions of his Counsel nor any interest of the Trial could arouse him. The building was thronged with curious and anxious spectators from Livingston and the towns about. The examination of witnesses went on. The substance of the testimony was similar to that given before the Justice. It bore increasing proofs of a general belief in the guilt of the prisoner; first impressions had

been corrected by subsequent reflection, doubts moulded into conviction, and whatever was obscure rendered distinct and intelligible.

The Counsel for the defence had but little to reply. Sibyl Radney believed the wound was inflicted by a piece of broken glass that fell with the table. This could not be. Esq. Bowker had applied the cross examination; it seemed to elicit nothing. There was a question as to the intent of the accused, but the more this matter was pursued the darker it grew. There were plenty to testify to the utter malignity of the mind of the prisoner. Was the file thrown with purpose to kill, or only to injure? That made no difference; the Court ruling that death in either case was the same in the eye of the law. In addition to causes operating in the immediate neighborhood, the newspapers of the country came in filled with details of a "Shocking and Brutal Murder in Livingston," and in one instance, it was pertinently hinted that "the present afforded *another* opportunity for the exercise of Executive Clemency." Obviously there was a clear conviction of the guilt of the prisoner in the public mind, and the testimony before the Court went far towards establishing the soundness of that feeling. Night closed the scenes and nearly finished the results of the trial.

After dark, Margaret, whose sensations during the day can as well be imagined as described, sought a breathing place in the open air; she walked towards the Green; but the shadows of men moving quickly to and fro, and echo of excited voices, drove her back. As she retreated, she was stopped by the sound of her own name; Pluck called after her, evidently moved by other than his ordinary stimulus.

"It is all over with Chilion," said he, "unless we can get Judge Morgridge to help us; he can set the Jury right in

his charge, or do something; you must go right up and see him."

Margaret, by a cross path, sped her way to the Judge's; she met Susan at the door, to whom she stated her errand. Susan sought her father in the library. "No," replied the Judge, "let me not see the girl. There are points in the case I do not understand, but the evidence against the prisoner is overwhelming." "O, father," replied Susan, "what if she were me, or her brother our Arthur!" "Speak not, my child, our duties are imperious, our private feelings are borne away by a higher subserviency. The public mind is much excited; God knows where it will end, or how many shall be its victims." "But, if my dear, dead mother were her mother, or you were his father!" "Let the girl not come near me, let me not hear her voice, let not her agony reach me, leave me to compose myself for the awful task before me. Go out, go out, my child."

Stung by this repulse, terrified at the prospect before her, Margaret passed a sleepless night, and before daybreak she left the house, and directed her course towards Sibyl Radney's. She had not gone far when she met people thronging to the closing scenes of the trial. This diverted her into the woods, and so delayed her that when she reached Sibyl's all were gone from there, excepting Bull, who ran fondly towards her and was caressed with tears. She went down to the Widow Wright's, whose house was likewise deserted; and she continued on the Via Salutaris to her own home. Here were only silence and desolation; one of her birds she found frozen to death on the door-stone.

Restless, anxious, she returned towards the Village by the Via Dolorosa. She hung on the skirts of the Green with an indeterminate feeling of inquisitiveness, awe, and terror; seating herself on a rock in the Pasture, a chilling

desperation of heart seized her, and with an agitating sense of the extinguishment of hope her eye became riveted on the Court-house. Presently she saw persons running towards that building, which was now an object of public as well as individual interest. She knew the hour of final decision had arrived. With a rapid step she descended the West Street, turned the corner of the Crown and Bowl, and soon became involved in a crowd of men who were urging their way into the Court-room.

"The Judge is pulling on the Black Cap," was reported from within. "Tight squeezing," said one, "but your brother will soon be thankful for as much room to breathe in I guess." "Won't you let me pass?" said Margaret. "We can't get in ourselves," was the reply. "The Injin's dog has bit me, I'm killed, I'm murdered," was an alarm raised in the rear. "Drub him, knock him in the head," was the response; and while the stress relaxed by numbers breaking away in pursuit of Bull, who had followed his Mistress, Margaret pressed herself into the porch; wimble-like, she pierced the stacks of men and women that filled the hall. "What, are you here, Margery?" exclaimed Judah Weeks, with an undertone of surprise. "Do help me if you can," was the reply. She sprang upon the back of the prisoner's Box, seized with her hand the balustrade, and resting her feet on the casement, was supported in her position by Judah, who folded himself about her. Her bonnet was torn off, her dress and hair disordered, her face and eye burned with a preternatural fire. This movement, done in less time than it can be told, had not the effect to divert the dense and packed assemblage, who were bending forward, form, eye and ear, to catch the words of the sentence, then dropping from the lips of the Judge. Chilion, who was standing directly before her, with his

head bent down, remained unmoved by what transpired behind him.

The Judge himself seemed the first to be disturbed by this vision of affection, anguish and despair that arose like a suddenly evoked Phantom before his eye. He halted, he trembled, he proceeded with a stammering vioce—"You have violated the laws of the land, you have broken the commands of the Most High God; you have assailed the person and taken the life of a fellow-being. With malice aforethought, and wicked passions rife in your breast—" "No! no!" outshrieked Margaret. "He never intended to kill him, he never did a wicked thing, he was always good to us, my dear brother."—She leaned forwards, grasped her brother's head and turned his face up to full view. "Look at him, there is no malice in him; his eye is gentle as a lamb's; speak, Chilion, and let them hear your voice, how sweet it is.—Stop! Judge Morgridge, stop!"—"Order in Court!" cried the Sheriff. "Down with that girl!" "It's nater, it's sheer nater; just so when I was down to Arcady," exclaimed Deacon Ramsdill, leaping from his seat with a burst of feeling that carried away all sense of propriety. The Judge faltered; there was confusion among the people; but the jam was so great it was impossible for any one to stir, and those in the vicinity of Margaret who attempted to put into effect the commands of the Sheriff were resisted by the stubborn and almost reckless firmness of Judah. But Margaret throwing herself forward with her arms about the neck of her brother, became still, as frozen, unearthly despair can be still.

The popular feeling, only for a moment arrested, again flowed towards the Judge, who, in the midst of a silence, stark and deep as the grave, went on to finish his address, and pronounce the final doom of the prisoner. He came

to the closing words—" be carried to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck till you are dead, dead, dead," when with a sudden convulsive wail, Margaret raised herself aloft, extended her arms, and with a startling intonation cried out, "O God, if there be a God! Jesus Christ! Mother sanctissima! am I on Earth or in Hell! My poor, murdered brother! Fades the cloud-girt, star flowering Universe to my eye! I hear the screaming of Hope, in wild merganser flight to the regions of endless cold! Love, on Bacchantal drum, beats the march of the Ages down to eternal perdition! Alecto, Tisiphone, Furies! Judges bear your flaming Torches; the Beautiful One brandishes an axe; Serpents hiss on the Green Cross-tree; the Banners of Redemption float over the woe-resounding, smoke-ingulphed realms of Tartarus!—" she relapsed into incoherent ravings, and fell back in the arms of Judah, who bore her senseless body out through the gaping and awe-stricken crowd.

CHAPTER IX.

MARGARET AND CHILION.

MARGARET was carried to Deacon Ramsdill's, where, after hovering a few days between extreme excitability and positive sickness, she at length emerged into tolerable composure and strength. There was no precedent that forbade a man under sentence of death the sight of his friends, and what Margaret had so much at heart she at length attained—permission to visit her brother. Her dress and person were strictly searched by Miss Arunah Shooks, maiden daughter of the jailor. She found her brother handcuffed, and locked to the floor by a chain about his ankles ; a treatment some might think unnecessarily rigid, but one to which her own conduct had contributed ; since a scrap of paper, discovered on the prisoner, led to these additional precautions. The cell was small, dark, cold and noisome. Her brother rose as she entered. She heard the clanking of iron ; standing for a moment like one stupefied, she rushed forward and folded the wretched one in her arms. They sat down together upon the edge of the bed. "My brother! O my brother! poor Chilion!" and similar outbursts, was all she could say. She had many tears to shed, and many sighs to dispose of, before she could speak with connection or calmness.

"It is all over with me," said Chilion at length.

"I know it, I know it," said she.

"I have been making up my mind to the worst. If I could only put my arms around you, Margaret, I would ask no more."

"Dear, dear Chilion! lean against me. I can hold you."

"When you was little I carried you in my arms; and how I have loved to lead you through the woods! If it were not for you, Margaret, I should not care so much to die. Let me feel your face."

"Tony gave me some Nuremburg salve to rub on your sores; but they took it away because they thought it was poison. Would it were, and that you could kill yourself at once. Your foot is dreadfully swollen."

"That is the foot I lamed when I was in the woods after you, Margery; I suffered more that night, when I thought you was dead, than I have here."

"Poor, dear Chilion! I will sit on the floor and hold your feet. The chain has worn through your stocking. Let me put my hand under."

"That feels easier; but don't sit there, my pains will soon be ended. If you smooth my hair a little I should be glad. I have not been able to lift my hand to it, and it is all touzled."

"You look deadly pale—or is it the light of the room? and how thin you are!"

"I have not been able to stir about any. I walked the length of my chain till it hurt me so much."

"I will hold up the chain, and see if you cannot walk."

"No, no, Margery, I am content to sit here by the side of you. It is but a little while we have together, and I feel as if I had many things to say to you."

"To say to me, my dear brother! How little have we spoken to one another! Why do you tremble so?"

"O Margaret, Margaret! I have loved you, so loved you, as no words can tell. All my heart has been bound up in you."

"Speak, Chilion, tell me all you feel; you have always been so silent."

"I know I have, but only because I could not talk, or did not know what to say. Since I have been in prison, things have labored in my mind, and I have been afraid I should die without seeing you. When I have been silent I have thought of you the most, and loved you the most. When you came, a little baby, I loved you; I used to feed you, play with you, sleep with you; I rocked you to sleep on my shoulder; I loved your sweet baby breath; I set you on the grass and watched you while I spooled on the door-stone for Ma; I took you out in my boat on the Pond, and got Bull for you to play with. When you grew older I led you into the woods; I made you a canoe and taught you how to paddle it; I made a sled for you to coast with in the winter; I let you run about in the summer. You loved to do these things, and I knew it would make you strong, healthy and bold. I remember just how you looked when you were small, and stood under a currant bush and picked off the currants. Ma used to watch you when you went through the Mowing, the grass as high as your head, and your hat swimming along in it, and you reached up to get the buttercups, and I have seen her cry. I grew proud of you, you had better parts than I; and when the Master came to our house, he took a good deal of notice of you, and said you learned so well, better than a great many did. As you grew up, I followed you in my mind and with my eye, every day, every hour."

"Why have you not told me of this before, Chilion? I always knew you loved me, but you never expressed your feelings to me."

"It was never my nature to talk much; I did not seem to have the use of words as others did; and I never knew

what to say. Perhaps I took a kind of pride in seeing you go on; you went farther than I did, you had more thoughts than I, and I was willing to be silent. You seemed to have a mysterious soul, anagogical, the Master calls it, and all I could do was to play to you. I played myself, my feelings, my thoughts to you."

"So you did, Chilion, and I knew you felt a good deal."

"Almost my only comfort in this world has been you and my fiddle. Our family were once in better circumstances, we have not always lived at the Pond; but that was before you were born. Pa did something wrong and lost his ear, and he never has been himself since. We have followed drinking, and that has ruined us. Ma has lost her courage, Pa doesn't care what he does, and Hash is not what he was when he was a boy.—And we were all in drink that dreadful night."

"Can you not now, Chilion, tell me something about what happened then?"

"Solomon behaved bad to you?"

"He only asked to kiss me."

"Was that all?"

"He said if I wouldn't let him, he would turn us out of house and home; but I knew he was drunk, and did not mind him."

"Did he do nothing more? Rose said his manner was insulting."

"Perhaps it was; but you know I tasted some, and it went into my head so, I hardly knew what was done. But do tell me if you did murder him?"

"If I tell you all I know, will you truly promise never to speak of it till after I am gone?"

"I will promise any thing; but your manner frightens me. What is coming?"

"Rose, Margery, you know, loves you as much as I do. She is happy only with you; and she feels for you as for her own sister. That night she told me what Solomon was doing, and she was very much excited about it. We had both taken too much, and hardly knew what we were about. I was at work on my violin with the file, and she told me if I did not throw it she would—"

"Then you did not do it, you will not die!"

"Hear me, Margaret, I had murder in my heart; I should have been glad at the moment to have seen Solomon shot dead. I know it was a wrong feeling, but I had it. I have not had right feelings towards him for a long while. Rose told me how he followed you—"

"I was never afraid of him; if he was drunk I knew I could get out of his way, and if he was sober he would not dare to touch me."

"That may be, but Rose is very sensitive about what might happen; she seems to look upon most men as a kind of devils."

"Alas! yes."

"I knew Solomon had a spite against you because he could not find the gold; and Rose told me of his saying you should marry him or he would turn us out of doors. He has been rough with me, he cut down some nice ash trees I had marked for basket-stuff, and once he bored a hole in my boat and let her fill. I have had dark feelings towards him, dark as night; and then the light would come and I felt easier. I have wished him dead, and then I would go to fiddling and get the better of such thoughts. But that night he seemed uglier than ever, and all things looked gloomy, and I did'nt care what happened. I thought if we were all dead it would be an end of our troubles. I threw the file, and I knew no more about it."

"Then you did really mean to kill him?"

"The law holds people answerable when they are sober for what they do when they are intoxicated. Besides, the Judge laid down that if death followed an act done with intention to injure, it was murder as much as if there was an intention to kill

"There was so much noise and hurly burly in the room, I was hardly conscious of any thing. Pa I know began to grow frantic, and seizing me by the arm he ran with me to the barn. When I came back, they carried Solomon away, and most of them were gone. What did Rose do?"

"They cried out that I had done it. One and another said they could swear they saw me do it. I seemed to come to my senses; I saw how it was. I might have tried to get away, but I was lame and could not run. Rose said it was her act, and she would abide the consequences; and told me to take Nimrod's horse and fly. When I refused, she said she would stay with me. She fell on her knees and pleaded to stay, she did not wish to live, and perhaps my life would be saved. At last, Nimrod mounted his horse, and Sibyl dragging Rose from the house threw her into his arms, and they rode off."

"Unhappy Rose!"

"She grew very dear to me, Margaret; I could almost say, if it were possible for me to say such a thing, I loved her. One day she told me something of what she had been through. She loved to hear me play, and I knew the music made her happier and better. I would die a hundred deaths before a hair of her head should come to harm. I have now told you all, Margaret; I could say nothing before. Esq. Bowker questioned me, and I dared not speak, since Rose and I were so dreadfully connected in the thing."

"Have I not loved you, Chilion? Have I not been kind to you? Yet not so much as I ought to have been. I remember once you asked me to dig you some angle worms, but I went off into the woods and did not do it. Can you forgive me for that? And now you are going to die, it seems as if I had not been half so good to Pa and Ma, and Hash and Bull, as I ought to have been. O, I can understand now what those people mean who say they feel so wicked! I thank you for telling me so much; do, Chilion, tell me more about yourself."

"What I think more of than any thing is you, my dear sister. I seem to have had strange hopes about you. I remembered the dreams you had when you was a girl, you have seemed to me sometimes destined to good things. There is something about you I could tell, but if you live you will know all, and if you do not,—well, let it go. I have brought you up to music, Margaret, I have taught you the notes, and as much of the art as I know. The Master always insisted you should have books, though I did not care much about them. There is a great deal in Music. I have played myself to you when I could not speak it."

"Alas! And where shall I hear any more Music or another Chilion!"

"Let that go now.—Those who can be reached by nothing else are reached by Music; at the balls and dances I have seen this."

"I thought things went strange sometimes, and I could not account for it."

"I could raise a storm, and then still it. It was given me to perceive this power when I was quite a boy. You remember the brawl at No. 4, one Thanksgiving, we cured by a song. I cannot explain it, I only saw it was done."

"It must be what Deacon Ramsdill calls 'nater.'"

"There is nature in it. I have seen the Old Indian stop against our door a long time when I have been playing."

"Rose was completely subdued, and at times wholly transformed by your Music."

"Yes, and how we could manage Dick; and when they brought you up out of the woods, I had them all a dancing, even what the Mater calls the saints danced, and the Ministers looked on and smiled."

"Is not Music what the Deacon calls praying? He says it is 'feeling up.'"

"Yes, it is that. I have done all my praying with my fiddle. I had a tune almost ready for the Lord's Prayer, which I was taught a good many years ago. When you talk with people their prejudices close their ears against you; when you play it seems to open their hearts at once. Music goes where words cannot. And Music makes people so happy, and when they are happy, they love one another. Music takes away the bad passions, and people are not envious or quarrelsome while you play. All this I have seen, and it would always be so, if it were not for the drinking. If I could have got ready and played, as I was going to do, I think Solomon would not have been rude to you, as you say somebody tamed wild beasts and savages by Music—"

"Orpheus, you mean, who subdued Pluto and rescued Eurydice with his lyre?"

"There is something else, it has seemed to me that Music might be a good thing for the world. I have sometimes thought if I were not lame, and we were not so poor, I would travel off and make Music. You, too, Margaret, can play, you can sing songs, your voice and ear are good. You know how we are at home, you know what people

think of us; it has seemed to me that we might make our way up among folks by Music. I have had many, many thoughts about you and Music, and the world, more than I can speak of. You yourself have a certain unknown connection with Music, which I cannot tell. Then I do not mean mere fiddle-strings, because when you told me about your Dream of Jesus, he seemed to me like a Harp, it had the same effect on me that Music does; then in one of your Dreams you said you heard invisible Music. It is not all in catgut and rosin. There has been a certain something in my mind, which I have not words to explain. It has been coming upon me for several years. I think it is one thing that has closed my mouth so. My heart and thought have gone out to it very often. And now I am cut off in the midst of my hopes———"

"O sad condition! O most inexplicable existence! I am sunk lower than our bottomless Pond, in doubt and fear. I can now feel as Rose does what a dreadful thing life is. The Fates have left us the solitary comfort of a tear!"

"Let us, my dear sister, bear up under it as well as we can. You will live if I do not; Apollo's Lyre, as you call it, I bequeath to you."

"Pitiful Fiddle! Here it lies broken-hearted like its Master. When I heard you playing the other night, it sounded to me as if Rose's heart had been set in motion like a wild harp. It will never, never play another tune."

"I hear the bolts shoving, they are coming for you. Parson Welles and Deacon Hadlock were here yesterday, but I could not say much to them. I wish you would ask Deacon Ramsdill to come, and the Camp-preacher. He prayed so for you, when you was lost in the woods, I can never forget him. I want also to have Dick stay with me, if they will let him. If you see Ma, I wish you would ask

her to bring me a clean linen shirt, and my best clothes those I wore to balls, I had rather come to my last in them."

"O, Chilion! O, my brother!"

"Be quiet, Margaret, as you can. Let us hope, if our sins are forgiven, we shall meet in a better world."

Margaret was obliged to leave her brother. She represented his wishes to Deacon Ramsdill. "The Parson and Brother Hadlock tell a hard story of Chilion, I know," replied the Deacon. "But we should not judge too harsh. Down to Arcady they said the French were savages, that their crosses bewitched the people; but they were a dreadful harmless set of folk. And we must take care too, Molly, what *we* think. The Parson has a good deal of nater in him, only it is all grown over with notions and politicals. You give your cows tarnips and you taste it in the milk; now he has been feeding on tarnips all his days, and I count your brother don't like the smack of him. Besides, Chil is what we were saying the other day, a baby in these matters, and he ought to have the very sweetest and best of milk, and if you put in a little molasses it wouldn't hurt him. Brother Hadlock has nater too, nobody in the world would sooner do you a kindness. But he runs of an idea that things are about done for, that there is no use trying any more. But, if we would fetch the butter we must keep the dasher a-going. Yellow-bugs have been the pest of our gardens for two or three year; now I have noticed they don't trouble new burnt ground. If we should get burnt over a little, perhaps we could raise better squashes and cowcumbers than we do now. The Preacher is more nateral, but he is as wild as a calf that runs in the woods. When you wind a ball of yarn you make little holes with your thumb and finger, and as you

wind along you cover them up, and when you are done, the ball has a great many of these holes. So folk get all wound up with their notions and politicals and harem-scarems, but they are still chock full of these little holes of nater. Speaking of holes, I have seen mice make their nests in rocks, and then the bees came and used these nests for hives, so that, arter all, we got nice honey out of hard rocks and mischievous mice. I will try to get the squirrel to your brother. Down to Arcady, the little gals cried as if their hearts would break because we wouldn't let them bring away their moppets and baby-houses; I can't forget that."

During the interval between the Trial and End, a period of ten days, Margaret was allowed to visit her brother two or three times. Soon as possible after the sentence, under the auspices of Deacon Ramsdill, a petition was privately circulated, for the pardon of the prisoner; it was sent to the Governor with about half a dozen signatures, at the head of which stood the name of Judge Morgridge. This movement was vain.

The day preceding the last was consecrated to final interviews. The sheriff having taken up his quarters at the jail-house, and a guard being kept about the premises at night, it was deemed safe to knock the chains from the prisoner, and allow him a more commodious and better lighted apartment. He had on the dress he ordered, a pearl-colored coat, buff swansdown vest, white worsted breeches and stockings, all somewhat worn and faded. Margaret brought a new linen stock the widow Luce made for him. Tony the Barber came in to perform his last office on the condemned.

"Don't know but it cuts," said the negro. "I am getting old, and my hand is unsteady."

"You stand a chance to wash off the blood," replied Chilion.

"Cold, gusty day," said Tony, "can't keep the water out of these eyes. Never shaved a man going to be hung the next day, since the War, and them was wicked tories. Neck as fair as Mistress Margery's. Sheriff Kingsland wanted to get this gentleman to play the drum to-morrow. Can't degrade the profession at that rate—God bless Chilion, good-by, my brother; forgot my rose-powder. There—threw the towel out of the window. I am growing old and forgetful."

Margaret and Chilion were left to themselves.

"Let me kiss your neck," said she. "I would put my arms about it, an amulet to keep off the terrible things. Hold your face to mine, let me feel it, and keep the feeling as long as I live; look into my eyes, that I may have your eyes also. I want some of your hair, too. How shall I get it unless I bite it off? I had a pair of scissors in my pocket, but they were taken from me."

"Tony has forgot his razor, too. It lies there on the bed. You can use that."

"What a tempting edge!" said Margaret.

"Don't hold it up to me so," replied Chilion, "I shall be tempted by it."

"I had a thousand times rather you would take your own life than that the sheriff should do it. How easy for you to slit a vein! I would catch the blood with my own lips—you should expire in my arms."

"It is considered wrong to kill one's self," replied Chilion. "They hold it right to kill me because I killed another."

"Right and wrong! wrong and right! I am all confusion, Chilion. There is no truth or nature in any thing. I am losing all clearness, all sense of consistency."

"God have mercy on you, Margaret, and on me, too! Throw the razor out of the window! Let us not keep it, or talk about that."

"I will, Chilion. I would not trouble you."

"I wish for your sake, my dear sister, I could live longer. You are all I care for. You have made our home happy. But I do not know as I would stay in this town. I would go elsewhere, and perhaps you will find some one to love you. I would like to go up and see the Pond once before I die."

"Can I leave it, Chilion, its woods, my little canoe, my flowers, the dear gods, Mons Christi, that we had given to the Beautiful One? Whither in this wide wicked world shall I go? Mr. Evelyn is gone, Isabel is sick, and perhaps she too will die; the master is sick, and Rose—she, after all, is worse off than I. Why do I complain? And Damaris Smith I know loved her brother, and he too is dead! What is this feeling in my breast? How selfish I seem to myself. You alone are good. Ah me! miserable sinner that I am!"

"Be composed, Margaret. There are things not quite so bad in my case as in some others. Deacon Ramsdill says he will have me buried in the graveyard. Don't cry, Margaret, don't cry; if you do I shall cry, and here is little Dick looking up into your face as if he meant to cry too. I want you to go to Mr. Smith's and ask their forgiveness for me, and the little willow-basket I made to hold your sewing work do you give to Damaris. My boat you may sell to pay Deacon Penrose for some screws and a chisel, and some red lead I got to paint your canoe with, and some silk Ma had to mend this waistcoat. I have eight or ten baskets ready made which he will take. My fiddle I wanted you to have, but I think you had better sell it to

pay some of Pa's debts ; Tony, I guess, will give six or seven dollars for it. You will find, Margaret, in the bottom of my chest, up garret, five dollars and a quarter; it is what I got several years ago for wolf-skins ; I have been saving it to buy you a guitar ; but you must take it to help pay for my coffin ; and I want you to go up to the Ledge to Mr. Palmer's, and get a plain slab of marble to put on my grave. He has always remembered you kindly, and I think he will let you have it for a low price. This is a good deal to ask of you, Margaret, but when I am dead and gone, I don't want people to lay up little things against me. Speak, Margaret, don't you feel so bad. Get up from the floor. I can't raise you, but I can hold you in my arms. There, there, Margaret."

"I will do any thing, all you wish ; but when it is ended, I only ask to be laid under the same sod with you."

"You may live for good. God only knows. You may see Mr. Evelyn again ; if you do I wish you would give him a lock of my hair, and tell him as my dying words, that I truly forgave all men and wished to be forgiven of all. The lady's slipper that I made a box for, I want you to let Susan Morgridge have for Esq. Bowker's sake ; he is going to marry her, and this is all I can do for his kindness to me. On the slab I want Mr. Palmer to put 'CHILION,' simply. I should like to have it said, 'Here lies one who tried to love his fellow-men'—but that cannot be.—I hear Pa a-hemming. Let us be as still as we can."

There entered the cell the prisoner's father and mother, and his brothers, Hash and Nimrod. Margaret receded to the foot of the bed, where she sat with her face folded in her hands. The bloated frame of Pluck surged and trembled ; on his bald crimson pate stood large drops of sweat ; in most sober and earnest grief he embraced

Chilion; with a quivering lip, and a faltering accent, he said, "Farewell, my son, farewell forever;" and turning away, wept like a child. "My Chilly!" exclaimed the mother, falling upon her son's neck, "My youngest boy—would God I could die for thee. My young hands welcomed you in your fair babyhood, now these old arms send you away to the gallows. You were beautiful for a mother's eye to look upon. You have been a comfort to your mother, weak and sinful as she is. I have sometimes hoped for better days, but all is over now." She sunk to the floor and sobbed hysterically. Hash was completely choked with emotion; he could not speak at all. "I have not always been patient and kind towards you," said Chilion; "can you forgive me, my dear brother?" "Stuff it out, like a red Indian," said Nimrod. "The Hell-hacks would crack to see you flinch. Your lips are white as a fox's—you are sick, Chilion, you can't stand, let me lay you on the bed—they'll have to hold you up to hang you, like stuck sheep. If you should die betwixt this and to-morrow twelve o'clock, how many mourners you would get, more than you have now—I feel as if the rope was round my throat—hem—I'm choking!—Ecod! I was going to be married to Rhody next Thanksgiving—Chilion will not be there—I have been wicked—I am going to try to do better."—Margaret broke into louder weeping, and the room was pervaded with an uncontrollable and shattered wail. In the midst of all appeared Rose, like a pale and sudden ghost; she ran forward to Chilion and clung frantically to him: "He shall not die, I did it, I did it, let me suffer for him," she said in a wild passionate tone. Nimrod was obliged to interfere; she resolutely persisted; by force he unfastened her grasp and carried her struggling out of the apartment.

Deacon Ramsdill and the Preacher came in ; all knelt, while the latter, in heartfelt earnestness and tender solemnity, commended the soul of the prisoner to God and the forgiveness of his grace. Smiles and good humor fled the face of the Deacon, whose deep and variegated furrows were flowed with tears. The few friends and acquaintances of Chilion came to bid him farewell, and Margaret was again left alone with her brother. These final moments of the two, so tenderly attached, so mournfully separated, we will not intrude upon.

CHAPTER X.

THE EXECUTION.

THE morning of the Execution, like that of the Resurrection, brought out "both small and great, a multitude which no man could number." They came "from the East and the West, the North and the South." They came from distances of eight, twenty, and even forty miles. Hawkers of ballads, a "Lion from Barbary," Obed peddling his nostrums, gaming tables, offered attractions to the crowd.

At an early hour Margaret left the Deacon's, where whatever might have been her inclinations she could hardly have found accommodation, since the house was filled with strangers from the fourth to the fourteenth shade of relationship, including half a score of infants. Taking what on the whole seemed to be the most feasible route whereby to escape the annoyance of the multitude and horrors of the day, she hid herself in the deep bed and under the decayed foliage of Mill Brook. Slowly sauntering up the stream, she found herself on the open road, and close by the premises of Anthony Wharfield. "AmI too late for the hanging?" said a man, stopping to take breath. "I hav'nt missed of one these thirty year, and I would'nt any more than Sunday." "Thee had better go and see," was the laconic reply of Ruth, who seeing Margaret, hastened to meet her. "Aristophanes, my son! Holdup, knave, you graze the limbs of my dear daughter," was the hurried language of Mr. Adolphus Hadlock. "I have been to

cousin Sukeyanna's to bring down the children. Are we in time? Socrates, your sister is slipping from the pillion. I would not have you fail of this opportunity on any account. Triandaphelda Ada, you *will* be belated. Your mother, dear, is waiting for us; she says seeing a man hanged is the most interesting sight she ever beheld." "I can't endure this," said Margaret. "Well, then, come into the house," said the woman. "Anthony will succor thee; he is sorely troubled for thee."

Leaving Margaret at the Quaker's, let us follow up the current of general attraction. The bell tolled, and the condemned one was duly escorted to the meeting-house. Parson Welles preached a discourse, a printed copy of which, with its broad black margin and vignette representing the gallows, now lies before us. The following passage occurs, which illustrates the style of the parson's ordinary pulpit exercises, and also indicates his sentiments on the present occasion:—

"Let the improvement be lastly to the wretched man who is now before us. God says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' The just laws of man and the holy law of Jehovah call aloud for the destrutcion of your mortal life. Alas, miserable youth, you know by sad, by woful experience, the living truth of our text, that the wages of sin is death. As we have shown under our third proposition, by man's disobedience many were made sinners; and under our fourth, mankind are already under sentence of condemnation. But there is a door of hope. As God demanded a perfect obedience of the first Adam, the second fulfilled it. Jesus Christ made a propitiation. He endured on the cross the vengeance of a broken law; he was punished by an insulted Divinity. We can do nothing of ourselves. But take the Lord Jesus

by faith; trust to his merits, repent, O repent. Lay hold of the hope set before you. This is the last day of mercy to your poor soul. But if you refuse these offers of grace, your departed soul must take up its lodgings in sorrow, woe and misery. You must be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, where deformed devils dwell, and the damned ghosts of Adam's race."

The religious ceremonies being concluded, the procession was formed for the place of the end of Chilion—a sandy plain in the North part of the town. Bristling bayonets, funeral music, a dismal retinue of twenty thousand people, are some of the items of the showy route.

Margaret, unable to contain herself within doors, anxious if possible to find her own family, plunged again into the woods. She went by an obscure and devious way towards the Pond. Night was approaching; but an untimely glare of light while it quickened her senses appalled her heart. Over Mons Christi rolled up dark, cold clouds, but in the North-east the heavens were distinctly illuminated. She saw smoke rising and occasioned tongues of flame. Astounded and forlorn, as she came near her old home, a giant form stood before her. It was the Indian and his granddaughter. Seizing her arm, this fearful patriarch of the forest silently and unresistingly led her forwards. He took her by an old and familiar path up the Head. What

had been a streak of light in the horizon, they now beheld a boiling angry river of flame. The woods on the North of the Village, an extensive range of old forest, were on fire. The Indian, without speaking, slowly raised his arm, and pointed steadily at the scene of the conflagration.

Each moment the effect increased, and the fire driven by a brisk wind seemed to be making rapid progress towards the Green. Sheets of sluggish smoke were pierced and dispersed by the nimble flames which leaped to the tops of the tallest trees, assaulted the clouds, and threw themselves upon the solid ranks of the forest as in exterminating battle. Beyond the fire, and up in the extreme heavens, was a pitchy overshadowing blackness; the faces of the three shone in a blood-red glare; behind them gathered clouds and darkness; below, the water, the house, the Mowing, the road, were immersed in impenetrable shade. Margaret gazed with a mixed expression of anguish, surprise and uncertainty. The Indian stood majestically erect, his mantle folded over his breast, his countenance glowing with other than the fire of the woods, his pursed and wrinkled features dilating and filling with some great internal emotion. The girl looked quietly aud smilingly on. The wind shook the tall white feather in the old man's head, threw Margaret's bonnet back from her face, and quivered in the long black locks of the girl.

"Daughter!" said the Indian to Margaret, almost the first words she ever heard him utter, as the flames seized and crunched the gnarled top of an old dead tree, "behold Pakanawket, grandson of Pometacom, great-grandson of Massassoit, the last of the Wampanoags! Ninety winters have passed over him, he has stood the thunder-gust and the storm-shock—see, the fire consumes him!

"Daughter, hear! The great Pometacom, called in your

tongue King Philip, who rose to be the liberator of his country, was hacked in pieces by your people, his head exposed twenty summers in one of your towns to the insults of men and the laughter of women. His wife, Wootonekanuske, and his son, my father, were sold for slaves. My grandmother pounded corn for the whites, she bore on her breast the brand of her master; but she whispered in Pakanawket's ear the purpose of his grandsire, she charmed him with the spell of the Great Spirit. My father, escaping from slavery, and my mother, perished with the Neridgewoks. Swift as a deer, still as the flight of an owl, I have gone from the Kennebec to the Mississippi; I have visited our people on the Great Lakes; I have fought against French, English and Americans. Pakanawket gave a belt to no tribes of the whites, he sat at no council-fire but those of his own countrymen. His wife was murdered by the French, his children scalped by the English. His old arm grew weak, the strength of his people had perished. The Snow-heron came and built his lonely nest in the green Cedars of Umkiddin; there he has dwelt with the little Wootonekanuske, in your tongue Dove's Eye. I have put my ear to the ground, I hear the tramping of horses and noise of battle; he whose eye never sleeps is on the trail of the red man; Wyandot, Seneca, Delaware, Shaware, all have fallen. The white man throws his arm about the Great Lake, he gathers into his bosom the Father of Waters. The red man drags his canoe across the graves of his Fathers; the feet of his children are sore with travelling in the long wilderness.

"Daughter, listen! I saw your song-brother struggling in death; pleasant has been his viol to me, pleasant the sound of his voice. My heart wept for him, memories gushed forth. Where are the brothers, fathers, sons, friends of

Pakanawket? Massassoit, the generous, the noble, died as the caged Eagle dies. Jyanough, the fair and gentle, wasted in swamps where your violence had driven him. Miantunnimoh was cast as a bear to appease the wolf you had enraged. Mononottot Nanunteenoo, Paugus, Chocorus, Logan, Hendrick, Pontiac, Thayendanaga, where are they? Burnt, beheaded, hung, tortured, enslaved, exiled!

"Daughter, listen! I was taught to read by a French Panisee; I have read your books, I know what you say. The Bashaba, whom you call King, that lived in the East, that great Pirate of the Seas, gave away to his men our country. He made grants of our land, our fisheries, our woods, our beasts, our gardens and our villages. You have called us savages, dogs, heathens, devils, monsters; we welcomed the strange men to our shores; cold and hungry, we nourished them by our firesides. When their children were lost in the woods we found them, when their poor people wanted corn we gave it them. They stole our young men away and sold them for slaves in unknown lands. They built forts upon our grounds, they offered bounties for our scalps. When our children were burning, they gave thanksgiving to their God. They slept in our wigwams and defiled our maidens. They asked us to their Council Fires, they blinded us with rum. When we resisted, they declared war upon us. There is no brother among the Indians; they have turned our hearts against each other.

"Daughter, look! The fire goeson, the flames are consuming their church. The Spirit of Wrath scowls above heir village. I saw your elder brother asleep in the voods, his pipe had kindled the leaves; these hands heaped ogether the faggots, this mouth blew up the flames. Ha! Manitou fights with Jehovah, Areouski strikes down their

Holy Ghost! See, the steeple burns. Men shall mourn to-night, children shall be houseless. But where are the Pequods, the Narragansetts, the Nipmucks, the Massachusetts? Prate they of Quaboag, and Wyoming? Where are the Pakonoket, Mystic, Genessee? Between sea and sea, there is not a field or a brook we can call our own. Pakanawket utters his voice, no Indian answers. He looks over the homes of his fathers, he sees only the faces of his enemies. Wootonekanuske has no brother, no country, no home. The eyes of a dove are red with weeping, she looks towards the stars. Manitou calls, we go to the Spirit-land. In my belt is a weight of gold, the bribe that sought for Arnolds among the Indians. Let it do what it was designed for, finish the last of his race. In yonder woods Pometacom had sometime his home; on these waters he sailed with his little son. I have come hither to die. Daughter of the Beautiful, take this Heron's Wreath, wear it for Wootonekanuske's sake; she never forgets a kindness. Take this land, this hill, these woods, these waters—they are yours. Sometimes in your love, your happiness, your power, remember the poor Indian!"

The chief, taking his granddaughter in his arms, deliberately advanced to the edge of the rock, balanced himself over the abyss, and leaped off into the dark waters, where, borne down by the weight of his girdle, he sank beyond recovery. We are told of one being broken on a wheel, who after the first blow laughed in the face of the executioner, his nervous sensibility becoming so far extinguished that subsequent inflictions created no suffering. Our moral nature has its analogies in the physical; and Margaret, already stricken by the events of the day, heard the fearful resolution of the Indian, and witnessed his tragic finale without discomposure; she looked coolly for a moment at

the fire, saw the tall spire of the church totter and fall, and guarding carefully the feathered ornament the Indian gave her, descended the hill. Entering the Via Salutaris, she met Sibyl Radney. "Is that you, Molly?" said Sibyl. We have hunted every where for you. Your folks are at our house; Rose is there too. Rufus Palmer has come down, and you are all going to the Ledge. There is a stump, now spring. The fire took in the woods down back of our house; it went through aunt Dolphy's piece, and so down to the Horse Sheds; then the meeting-house caught, and the brands blew from that to the Crown and Bowl—the Lord knows where it will stop. They are all drunk as beasts and wild as Bedlamites."

They traversed the semi-luminous shadows of the wood till they came to the junction of the Via Salutaris with the west road from the village. At this point the scene of devastation was frightfully distinct. The stream of brightness and ruin extended more than a mile. They beheld the old church, its huge oaken timbers resisting to the last extremity, yet presenting a Laocoon-like spectacle of serpent flames coiled about it and stinging it to death. The tavern was fast sinking beneath the devouring element, and the roofs of the buildings beyond were rapidly kindling. Whatever might be the interest of the scene, it did not detain them long, and they made the best of their way to the house of Sibyl. Here Margaret found all her family, her mother the image of frozen despair, Pluck trying to laugh, Nimrod trying to whistle, Hash stupidly intoxicated; she and Rose buried themselves in each other's embrace. Presently Rufus Palmer came up from the village. "There were a thousand people there," said he, "but three quarters were drunk, and the rest were so scared they did'nt know what they were about. The

prisoners in the jail ye"ed like devils in burning hell. The jail-house was on fire, and we could not get in that way, and we stove in the fence, ripped out the bars, and let the poor dogs out through the windows. A drunken crew got hold of the stocks and threw them into the fire; then they tore up the whipping-post, pulled down the pillory, and they followed, and I left them blazing away among the jail timbers. It hasn't rained for six weeks, and the buildings were dry as tinder, and burnt like a heap of shavings. Heaven save me from such another sight! Rose ran away from our house yesterday. Father sent me down, and said I must bring her back, and mother sent word for Margaret and Nimrod to come right up."

"It is beginning to rain," said Sibyl, "and you can't go to-night."

The storm, which had been threatening through the day and evening, broke at last; it rained violently, and if this interrupted the plans of the party, it also served to check the farther progress of the fire. Regarding the origin of the last, it appeared, as the Indian intimated, that Hash, in the course of the afternoon, saturated with liquor, went with his pipe into the woods. Relapsing into stupor, his pipe fell from his mouth, and the fire was set. The Indian crossing the forest from the scene of execution, supplied materials for its continuance and spread. A long autumnal drought, a blasted vegetation, a thick coat of new-fallen leaves, heaps of dry brush and a strong breeze bore forward the result to the final catastrophe. However the action either of the Indian or of Hash shall be estimated, the former was beyond the reach of inquisition; and the latter, Sibyl had the strength to rescue from personal danger, and the tact to preserve from detection by consigning the secret of the affair to her own breast, and that of those whom she deemed trustworthy to receive it.

They fared the night at Sibyl's as they best could, and the next day Rufus and Rose, Nimrod and Margaret, rode to the Ledge, a distance, as we have had occasion to observe, of six or seven miles. At Mr. Palmer's Margaret and her friends were received with a liberal hospitality and unaffected good will. The family remembered the service she had done for them in former years, and Mistress Palmer made a deliberate work of endeavoring to divert her mind by sitting down, with her box of snuff open in her left hand, and explaining with her right how they had been able to bring the water directly into the house, and how Mr. Palmer had made a new marble sink, and Rufus had carved a marble stem, with a sheep's head, from the mouth of which a living stream perpetually flowed. Roderick, her oldest son, had married Bethiah Weeks, joined the "Dunwich Genessee Company," and gone to the West, where also Alexander was about to follow. Rufus, his mother declared, was a good boy, and said she believed he had great parts; in proof of which assertion, as well as for the entertainment of Margaret, he was ordered to show the toys he had made, consisting of sundry vases, images, imitations of flowers and trees, done in marble. At the same time Margaret could not avoid associating and contrasting that first prosperous adventure of her childhood with her present mournful condition.

In addition to any claims on their kindness which the family of Mr. Palmer might have felt disposed to reimburse, there existed other grounds for the friendliness of the parties. Nimrod and Rhody, between whom an attachment and quasi troth-plight had for a long time subsisted, were expecting to marry; indeed, their nuptials had been assigned to the present season. In the absence of his other sons, Mr. Palmer proposed to Nimrod if he

would forswear his errant habits and set himself to steady labor, he should have a share in his farm, and a home in his house. He himself was a good deal occupied at the quarry, and Rufus, he said, was always dropping the plough and running after the mallet. But in the recent calamity which had befallen his family, Nimrod said he had given up all thoughts of marriage for the present, and avowed a determination to wait at least until Spring; in addition, for reasons which did not transpire, he declared that it had become unexpectedly necessary for him to go to the Bay before that event, and take Margaret with him.

When Rose had Margaret alone, she recited her history from the night of the Husking Bee. She said she and Nimrod wandered in the woods one or two days, that they at last went to Mr. Palmer's, where she was taken sick, and recovered on the eve of Chilion's death, and that only so far as enabled her to adopt some desperate resolution for his delivery; that she stole away from the house and made all haste to town. Borne out from the prison by Nimrod, she was carried to Sibyl's, where they kept her till the crisis was over.

Margaret divulged Chilion's last wishes, and was solicitous for their accomplishment. In the prosecution of this object, events fell out in a manner she could not have anticipated. Rufus volunteered to furnish the gravestone; Mr. Palmer said he would become surety to Mr. Smith for the liabilities of Pluck until Nimrod returned from his jaunt, so that the family might again be gathered in their home. Nimrod was despatched on the other errands. The lady's slipper he carried to Miss Morgridge; Chilion's boat was bought by Sibyl Radney, who seemed desirous to have it preserved for the use of the family. What with the baskets and the money in the chest, all debts were paid without disposing of

the violin, which was retained as a keepsake. The duty at Mr. Smith's Margaret found it more difficult to perform; and what they told her of the state of that family at length decided her to postpone the task until time should moderate their grief, or give her sufficientstrength of spirit to encounter it.

Preparations for their intended journey were now all that remained to be done, and these the advancing season, not less than certain concealed motives of Nimrod, admonished them to accelerate. Rose could not be detached from Margaret, and she too must go, at whatever rate. But for this also a means was provided, the nature of which we will disclose. The Widow Wright, as perhaps is well known, had long cherished fond expectations of her son Obed; and not less of her business, and, we might reasonably add, of Margaret. Whether she aspired to riches or fame, let those answer who can best judge; but of this we are certain, she desired to experiment with her commodities in a larger theatre than Livingston and its neighborhood afforded; and when she learned the plans of Margaret and the wishes of Rose, she eagerly sought the privilege of joining with them Obed and his horse Tim,—an arrangement that could not but prove satisfactory on all sides, since it provided a method of conveyance for Rose without additional cost. Whether any other design crept into the lady's mind than to make Obed acquainted with the world, and the world acquainted with her art, one would not hesitate to guess, when it is related that she gave her son explicit and repeated instructions to watch with all diligence and scrupulousness the movements of Margaret.

To the new object Margaret and Rose addressed themselves with diligence, and we may imagine without reluctance. They had no wish to remain on the hands of the

Palmers, however generous or well affectioned might be the disposition of that family. They were glad to escape the deep, and as it would seem ineffaceable gloom that now not only shrouded the Pond but penetrated the whole town. In a fresh atmosphere they could find a breathing-place for their stifled hearts, and among novel scenes they might be diverted from those associations that were sapping the foundations of existence itself.

NOTE.—We have been chided for carrying the story of Chilion to so sad a termination. "Shocking!" is the epithet applied to such management and such results. There is an illusion here. Nine tenths of executions are equally shocking. The mistake is this, our readers look at Chilion from the Margaret side, and his home side, and his own heart's side; as if every man that is hung had not a Margaret side, a home side, and his own heart side! Chilion was looked at by those concerned in effecting what befell him from the world side, the law side, the Deacon Hadlock side, and the side of public sentiment in general. It was utterly impossible for him to escape extremest issues. This is the way men are always hung. There would be no hangings if suspected individuals were to be regarded in the light in which some tender-hearted persons have allowed themselves to regard Chilion. Would we create a prejudice against the law of capital punishment? As faithful chroniclers of character and events, we do not hold ourselves responsible for every possible inference that may be drawn from our narrative. We have not been unjust to the times in which Chilion lived, but, as to the matter in hand, have rather underdrawn than overdrawn the prevailing manners and feeling.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET GOES TO THE BAY.

When all things were ready, one cool but pleasant morning in the early part of November they took their final start from the Widow Wright's,—Obed and Rose on Tim, a thick-set animal of small stature, who in addition to his load bore a pair of large panniers, stocked with the Leech's simples and compounds; Nimrod with Margaret, on a horse of his own, and one in the estimation of his master, who piqued himself on being a judge of such things, of admirable proportions and other desirable qualities. Margaret passed her old home, now deserted and dead, with some sensation. She descended the Delectable Way and the Brandon Road with quite a complexity of emotions, and came to the Burial Ground, where they stopped to shed a silent tear on Chilion's grave. Halting at the Widow Small's to inquire after the Master, that gentleman himself appeared at the door in a loose gown and skull cap, and wearing a look of seated sickness and sorrow. He seemed quite overcome at seeing Margaret. "Vale, vale, eternumque vale, O mihi me discipula carior!" was all he could say, and covering his eyes with his red bandanna handkerchief, withdrew.

The Green presented a melancholy aspect, the entire West side was in ruins; the church lay smouldering in its own ashes; what had been a beautiful grove, sweeping down the acclivities on the North, was now a waste of half-devoured trees, charred stumps, roots unearthed, lean and

hollow, a soil of sackcloth gray, as if a black winter had suddenly set in. They entered the East Street, and made their last call at Deacon Ramsdill's. The old man gave Margaret a letter, superscribed "Mrs. Pamela Wiswall." "It's for sister Pamela," said he; "I thought it might do you some good. She is a good-hearted critter as ever lived, if she is my sister. I don't know where she is now; I havn't been to the Bay since the War, and things have altered some since then, I suppose. She used to keep lodgings next door to Deacon Smiley's auction room, a little over against the Three Doves, and would be glad to have you put up there. There are people enough there that know her, — ask for the Widow Wizzle, and any body will tell you where she lives. I can't blame you for wanting to get away. When our Jessie died we thought we should have to pull up stakes. Freelove could'nt bear to make the bed up where she died, and I had to do it. I guess she didn't go into the room full a month. I had to put off Jessie's sheep; she had a cosset that used to follow her. Freelove couldn't bear the sight of it. We are all down, on the Green. People don't know what to do. But old sward wants turning under once in a while, and if land lies fallow a year or so it don't hurt. The Lord knows what is best for us. We had preaching in the Town Hall last Lord's Day, and I guess there wasn't a dry eye there. Good-by, Molly, God bless you all."

They continued on the East Street, crossed the river, and entered the region beyond. The sun which has shone upon all ages and countries alike, and dispenses its equal ministrations of life, hope and joy to every suffering heart on this many-peopled globe, shone brightly upon them; the atmosphere was clear, fresh and invigorating; the scream of the redhammer, the brown herbage, the denuded forest,

harmonized with their feelings. Margaret had never been beyond the river before. Looking back she beheld what had formerly been esteemed a beautiful prospect, the village, its environs, the rising grounds beyond, and, crowning all, the Indian's Head; but it suggested at the present moment other feelings than those of gratification and delight, and she was not sorry to find herself rapidly receding from Livingston.

Touching the objects of this sudden excursion Margaret and Rose were alike ignorant and indifferent; and they went on only anxious to be a-going. Margaret had been able to procure suitable clothing; she wore a black beaver hat and dress of cambleteen. In her hair was fastened the Indian's gift, an aigrette of white heron's feathers. Rose had on her blue silk bonnet and a queens-stuff habit of the same color. In Nimrod appeared the transition from the old style to the new. He wore a round-rimmed hat, straight-bodied coat with large pewter buttons, and a pair of overalls buttoning from the hip to the ankle. He was more dressed than usual, and the caparison of his horse corresponded with the elegance of that animal; circumstances denoting rather the weakness of Nimrod than any pecuniary ability. Obed bore up the olden time, and showed his respect for the memory of his father and the purse of his mother, in his tattered cocked hat, broad flapped drab coat, leather breeches and silver buckles. His red hair was powdered and queued, and on his nose were his brass-bowed bridge spectacles.

The habits of Tim, who resented all approach of strangers, might have interrupted the sociability of the company, or even proved hazardous to life or limb, unless Nimrod had suggested to Obed a method of prevention, which the latter executed by cutting squares from the sides of his hat,

and fastening them for blinders to the head-stall; a step the frugal youth had been slow to undertake, save that his mother promised him a new hat on conditions of fidelity and success in this expedition. This movement served another end, that Nimrod had not overlooked; it startled the gloom of Margaret and Rose, whose smiles having long been worried by the contrast of the parties, their horses and accoutrements, were at length provoked to open laughter, in which neither the finesse of Nimrod nor the habitual dignity of Obed allowed those gentlemen to join. Margaret sometime in the course of her life had said she could manage Tim as well as his master. To test this, Nimrod proposed that she should touch the animal. She called his name familiarly, as she must have often done before, and he suffered her to lay hands upon him and stroke his sides, with the docility of a cat. But whenever Nimrod approached, the ears of the beast fell, his heels rose, and the bold man was glad to retreat.

Sometimes the girls walked long distances. Again Nimrod, who knew the whole region by heart, led them by paths that afforded the best views of the country and the towns. So in various ways, with a generous if not the most discreet attention, he contrived to relieve the monotony of the ride and move their spirits, which he said were binding, and the renovation of which he declared was one purpose of the journey. It was not difficult to observe that in all this Nimrod consulted what was due to his own state of feeling also, and the girls were sometimes obliged to recall him from reveries into which the scenes of the last month might have plunged one even more light-minded than himself.

As regards the region they traversed, in some of its aspects, if any one is curious to compare former times with the present, he might be guided in his inquiries by a passage

from the letters of Wilson, the ornithologist, who was over the same ground a short time afterwards. "Every where," says he, "I found school-houses ruinous and deserted; the taverns dirty, and filled with loungers brawling about politics and lawsuits; the people idle and lazy."

They arrived at Hartford that evening, where Nimrod declared he had business of express nature, and Obed was desirous of finding a market. They left the next morning, Obed in fine humor since he had been able to turn some of his goods for a new hat. On the afternoon of the fourth day, having accomplished a journey which can now be made in almost as many hours, they arrived in the suburbs of Boston, at a place then, and we believe now, known as Old Cambridge. Here, if they had not intended to stop, their course must have been arrested by a great swell of people, whom some high excitement had drawn together.

"Ho, Nim," cried a burly fellow in a tarpawling and blue jacket, evidently recognizing an old acquaintance. "Heave to, discharge your deck load, and make sail in company. We are going to have a pull-all-together up here."

"How fares ye, Hart?" said another. "You liked to be late at the feast. Always expect you when any thing is going on. Didn't see you at Plimbury Roads. Turn the ladies in, warm your nose with Porter's flip-dog, and come. Great stakes. Old Hyflyer himself, out of Antelope; grandam, Earl of Godolphin's Arabian."

"Well," said Nimrod, "if you have got any thing here equal to Tartar, nephew to the late Hyder Ali, and first cousin to Tippoo Saib, I should like to be notified, that's all."

"My old fellow," said one, addressing Obed, "don't you want to see the fun? Four horses, one greased pole to

climb, two sheared pigs to catch, and a silver punch bowl the prize. It will do your old heart good to see it."

Nimrod, subject to a vacillation of spirit and passion for novelty that had both checkered and vitiated his life, might without surprise to the girls have been tempted by these several baits, and gone off with the crowd, even if he had anticipated nothing of the sort and had not had these very objects in mind when he left home. However this might be, he kept his own counsels, told the girls he should soon be back, threw his purse to Margaret, intimating there were pickpockets among the people, had them shown to the parlor of the inn, and rode off. Obed also, whose ardor was inspired by the prospect of trade, soon followed.

Margaret and Rose, left to themselves, occupied the hour looking from the windows on the world about them. They went into the street, walked through the college grounds, and gazed at the buildings and the students. The day was nearly spent, people returned from the races, the tavern rang with their noise aud revels. But Nimrod and Obed did not appear. The girls grew alarmed; they heard reports from the race, including intimations of brawls and constables. Pushing their inquiries, they learned that two strangers had fallen in a drunken dispute, done some mischief, and been carried to prison. They waited a while till there could be no doubt the delinquents were Nimrod and Obed.

It seemed best, on the whole, to seek out the sister of Deacon Ramsdill and throw themselves on a so well commended kindness and direction in this perplexed aspect of things; so they started at once for the city. A three miles' walk lay before them, but the habits of Margaret and spirit of Rose were equal to it. Night overtook them ere they reached the bridge. The few forlorn lamps that hovered over that structure looked like an array of

protecting or defying stars, according as their moods should work. The dim outline of the State House they mistook for a mountain. As they hurried on a voice hailed them, "Toll, Ma'ams, toll." They avowed their ignorance, and asked how much. "Tuppence, tuppence a head." While Rose was satisfying this voice, which like death seizes upon all, Margaret asked, "Where are we now?" "At Pest House Pint," replied the man; rather shuddering intelligence. Margaret asked, "Where does the Widow Wizzle live?" "I don't know, but you can find out up the way," rejoined the man. They pursued their course along Cambridge Street, through what was little better than a morass, and scantily furnished with lamps that shone like fireflies, in a swamp. "Can you tell us where the Widow Wizzle lives?" said they, applying to an old man whom they next encountered. "Go by Lynde's Paster, down Queen's, turn Marlbro, then follow your nose till you come to it," he answered, and disappeared down a cellar.

They might reasonably be expected to be bewildered. They had anticipated finding the house of the lady in question without difficulty. Their hearts almost sunk. At last they stopped by a lamp-post, planting themselves against it, as if to make a desperate sortie on the next passer-by, which chanced to be a young man. "Can *you* tell us, sir, where the Widow Wizzle lives?" said they, the light dropping full in their faces, and revealing countenances flushed with earnestness. "I am going partly in that direction," replied the man, "and if you will follow me, I think I can set you on the right track." They went on some distance, by one or two turns, and through two or three lanes, when stopping at a dark corner their guide, saying that business drew him in another quarter, pointed

out the course they should pursue. They were overtaken by another man, who, perceiving what they wanted, observed that his own route lay that way, and he would lead them to the dwelling in question. Thankfully they pressed forwards till they came to a large house, with a deep front yard and an ornamented fence, and pleasantly lighted. "This," said their escort, "is Mrs. Wiswall's;" and, opening the gate, he departed. By a paved walk, adorned with shrubbery and two or three terraces ascended by stone steps, they reached the door, where they met an elderly, motherly-looking woman, who, as soon as the girls announced themselves and delivered the letter, greeted them very cordially.

When they were seated in the parlor and Mrs. Wiswall had read the letter, she said, "It is melancholy indeed. The newspapers gave us some account of what had happened in Livingston, but I had no idea it was so bad. Brother Simeon seems greatly distressed. And you were in it all, and part of it! How dismal is your situation! I will do what I can to make you comfortable and happy. You must feel at home with me."

A bright fire and good cup of tea, with a soft bed and sound sleep, carried our weary ones through the night into the next morning, renovated in body and calmed in feeling.

To their first solicitude as to what had become of Nimrod and Obed, their kind hostess replied, telling them not to be troubled, and that she would despatch a servant to make instant and all needful inquiry.

They were introduced to two young ladies, Bertha, daughter of Mrs. Wiswall, and Avice, a boarder, who appeared amiable and intelligent.

They had leisure to look about them, nor were there wanting objects to engage attention. The parlor offered to

their eye an aspect of splendor and elaborate embellishment, as it might to some of our readers that of antiquity and an obsolete taste. Wainscotted walls bore fading vestiges of that passion for royalty and blood possessed by some of our ancestors, and the tarnished gilt of a lion's head was in good keeping with his broken tail. Fluted pilasters sustained on burnished capitals a heavy frieze, in which deer sported among flowers. The ceiling was divided by whisks of flowers, with a margin of honeysuckles. On either side of the chimney stood marble columns once the trunk of busts, now surmounted by vases of living herbage. Faded French curtains festooned the windows. There were Dutch chairs in the room, with tall backs and black leather cushions, embroidered in red and blue tent-stitch, and a dark oval mahogany table, with raised and chased rim, loaded with books. In a back parlor, entered by a broad arch, they saw a tessellated floor, and through the windows appeared an extensive garden, with a decaying barn, an old Turkish summer-house, and vines trained on high walls.

"Where are the Three Doves?" inquired Margaret. "That is gone long ago," replied Mrs. Wiswall. "New houses occupy its place. Boston is becoming a great city; nothing old remains long. We have more than twenty thousand inhabitants. Bertha, Avice, show Margaret and Rose your books. They both call me mother, and you shall too; that is, if you are the good girls Simeon says you are." "There are the Adventures of Neoptolemus, The Fatal Connexion, and Lord Ainsworth," said Bertha. "You have read The Girl of Spirit?" "No," replied Margaret. "The Fair Maid of the Inn?" "No." "I think she would like the Marriage of Belfegar," observed Avice, "and the Curious Impertinent." "The Loves of

Osmund and Duraxa are perfectly bewitching," rejoined Bertha. There were books enough, at all events, to serve them either in the way of selection or perusal for a long while.

For several days Mrs. Wiswall said she could gather no intelligence of their friends, and our pilgrims resigned themselves as well as they could to their lot. They spent most of the time alone together, and for the most part in their own chamber. Two or three gentlemen boarding there appeared at the dinner table, but they liked their own society better than any other, and this preference was not molested. They watched the street and beheld ladies in black beaver and purple tiffany dresses, and melon-shaped cupola-crowned hats, short cloaks with hoods squabbing behind, known as cardinals; pink satin, and yellow brocade shoes, supported on clogs and pattens; gentlemen in Suwarrow boots and scarlet overcoats;—and altogether Boston seemed to them a gay place, and they thought every body in it was happy.

"You must try and amuse your sisters," said Mrs. Wiswall to her daughters. "Avice, Bertha, you can show them what there is in the city, the Museum, the Circus, or something of the kind."

They were taken to the Museum at the head of the Mall, near the Almshouse, over a cabinet shop, inthe centre of what is Park Street Church. They saw young ladies in wax, the guillotine, the assassination of Marat, alligators, &c., and were regaled with the musical clocks. Their next excursion was to the Circus in West Boston; the singular docility of the horses, the extraordinary feats of the men, the grotesque wit and manners of the clown, afforded them occasion for wonder and a smile. Margaret wrote to Deacon Ramsdill she was more happy than she could have

foreseen, and applauded the benevolent conduct of his sister.

"I guess you must go to the Theatre to-night," said Mrs. Wiswall. "I don't know of what party you are. We have a Federal house and an anti-Federal." "We are of no party at all," said Rose. "It is all one to us." "It is just so with me," said the lady. "How does brother Simeon stand now?" "He thinks there is some good on both sides," replied Margaret. "He does not approve the excesses of either." "That's Sim all over," responded Mrs. Wiswall. "But at the Federal they have—what is it, girls?" "Pizarro," replied Bertha. "The Haymarket brings out The Castle of Almunecar." "Yes," added the lady, "the dungeons, and strange noises and sights." "I would rather see Pizarro," said Margaret. "I prefer the Black Castle," said Rose. "That is it," said Mrs. Wiswall. "Both be suited, one go to one, the other to the other." "We cannot be separated, Mrs. Wiswall," replied Margaret. "I want to go where Rose does."

To the Haymarket they went, near the south end of the Mall, and were shown to a box not very remote from the stage. The piece that had been the subject of discussion, sombre in its scenes, terrific in its imagery, the storm at sea, the wreck, grim towers, dark chambers, apparitions, hollow voices, Rose declared suited her exactly. "It is myself," she said to Margaret. "But I suppose you see a smooth haven, and the light of true life coming of it all." "It has all been in me," replied Margaret, "only if it is not of me, I shall be glad." But surprise combined with other reflections when they beheld their hostess's daughter, Bertha, moving amid the terrors of the play. And in the pantomine that composed the afterpiece, they again saw her as Joan, and Avice as Columbine, along with Harle-

quin and Punch, and they thought they detected the features of one of the gentleman boarders under the cap of Scaramouch. But the delight mingled with a variety of sensations this piece afforded Margaret was such she forgot every thing else while she saw represented the parts, characters, buffooneries, dresses and forms, that constituted a lively part of her father's drunken vagaries, and had disclosed to her eye the origin of a certain description of allusion and sentiment that predominated in Master Elliman, and which she never before understood.

They spoke to Mrs. Wiswall of seeing her daughter on the stage. "I suppose you think it very bad," she replied. "O, no," said Rose, "I only wished I was there, and that I could plunge into the darkness with her." "My good brother the Deacon would probably be opposed to it." "I never heard him speak of it," replied Margaret, "nor did any one ever say any thing to me on the subject." "Bertha," continued the lady, "took a passion for the stage, and I humored her in it. There is little that she can do, poor child; and she seems pleased with this. Some of our gentlemen are interested there, and they help her what they can. Avice plays with them sometimes." "How I wish I could join them," said Rose. "Should you like to?" asked the lady. "Yes, better than any thing else." "Bertha, here, Miss Elphiston says she should like to have a part in the play. I am sure I would not oppose the young lady's feelings." "We want some one for Lady-in-waiting to Lady Teazle, in the School for Scandal; it is to be brought on next week," replied Bertha. "I don't care what it is," said Rose; "though I should prefer the Black Castle." "That is to be repeated in a fortnight, and perhaps they will give you a chance in it," rejoined Bertha.

Sunday came ; Margaret and Rose were listening to the chime of bells, and watching the passers-by. "I am a deal troubled with the gout," said Mrs. Wiswall, "and don't get out to meeting very often. The girls were so late at the rehearsal, they are not up yet. I suppose you keep up the good old way in the country, and are always at Church, and would miss it if you did not go?"

"I never went to meeting but once in my life," said Margaret.

"Indeed!" rejoined their hostess. "Can it be possible? Does Simeon allow of such a thing?"

"I believe he is satisfied it would not do me much good."

"It is not all one could wish. I have no doubt my brother feels the evil as much as I do. Perhaps Rose would like to go."

"I *have* been to Church, and I think for the last time," was the answer of the unhappy girl.

"Is there not," asked Margaret, "a Church in the city called King's Chapel? I think I have heard of it. Mr. Evelyn, Rose, said something to me about it. That is the name, I believe. I have been feeling this morning as if I should like to go there once."

"One must be a little cautious where one goes to Church, now-a-days," said Mrs. Wiswall ; "it is rather delicate business. One's character is apt to suffer. I should be sorry to have you make a misstep. Would not brother Simeon prefer that you go—say to the Old South?"

"I am persuaded he would wish me to go wherever I desired," replied Margaret.

"Yes, indeed," hummed the lady. "It is in Tremont Street, corner of School."

"If you would be willing to let the servant show the way, I should like to go," said Margaret.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Wiswall; "any thing you wish while you stay here."

Margaret conducted to the Church in question, was awed as she entered by what presented itself to her eye as the magnificence of the place; its massive columns, its lofty vault, its symbols, monuments, silence, and richness, were so different from any thing she had seen; she seemed to have dropped into one of the palaces of her dreams. The mysterious peals of the organ united to subdue her completely. The people were set, when she arrived; she walked up the centre aisle, where an elderly gentleman opened his pew to her. Hardly was she seated when she knelt instinctively, and wept profoundly; and not without difficulty was she able to efface the traces or prevent the renewal of her emotion. The prayer excited sentiments she had never before felt, and raised the decaying energies of her aspirations. The music tranquillized her like oil, and penetrated her with a solemn, strange transport. The minister, the Rev. Dr. Freeman, then in the prime of life, had that day among a multitude of hearers whom extraneous objects are wont to distract or long familiarity harden, one that devoured his words and was melted by his address; while, with manner becoming his subject, he discoursed from the words of the prophet, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." If he had known how much good in that single instance he was able to effect, it might have recompensed him for any amount of laborious solicitude, and sufficed for successive seasons of fruitless endeavor. Margaret lingered on the closing steps of the service, and by the singularity of her demeanor even drew the attention of the occupants of the pew. These consisted of the elderly gentleman, a lady who might be his wife, two young ladies, and a young man, their daughters and son. The face of

the last recalled to Margaret the street lamp, and floated in with her first impressions of relief the night she entered the city. "You are welcome to a seat with us," said the head of the party. "I thank you," replied Margaret, and mingled with the retiring congregation.

The next week she aided Rose in preparation for the stage, and on the night of the representation she was allowed to accompany her behind the scenes, where she helped dress the Lady-in-waiting, and fortified her friend for the delicate and novel adventure to which she was committed. The piece was received with applause, and these raw artists, out of the small part they enacted, contrived to eke considerable amount of self-gratulation. The play was repeated, and Rose bore herself so well she had the promise of being advanced to Bertha's *rôle*, who was going off in Lady Teazle.

The succeeding Sabbath, Margaret repaired again to King's Chapel, thus exhibiting the somewhat anomalous sight of a virtual stage-player and devout church-goer; but she was witless of any contradiction. Admitted to the secrets of the theatre, as we gather from her conversations with Rose, her first impressions gradually dulled. Not to speak of other things, she remarked that her ideas became sadly disarranged by observing the superficiality of that on which so much consequence depended. Pasteboard, paint, hollowness, heartlessness, she said, were inadequate for such an effect. "I looked into the pit; there were tears, and smiles, and fervid passion, while one of the actresses was fretting because her shoes pinched; Bertha, in the farce, was down-sick with a cold, and one gentleman died in the tragedy and was brought off drunk. The theatre seems to me almost as bad as the church; it is all puppetry alike."

"I know it, Margaret," replied Rose, "but what shall

we do? I suppose you will call me a puppet, too. If not acting one's self constitutes a person such, then I am a puppet. And that is just what I want, to get away from myself. Yet when the Black Castle comes on I will show you real acting."

"Dear Rose, how sorry we are for ourselves, are we not? But how can I consent to such methods of arousing people's attention, and moving their affections?"

At whatever judgment Margaret might have been destined to arrive on these subjects, she was not long in finding new topics of speculation. Returning one night at a late hour from the play, with Rose and their company, she stopped to look at the effect of a bright moon on the high tide waters that filled the bay west of the Common, a conjunction it had not fallen to her lot before to witness, and one that insensibly detained her while the others walked along. "Let fly your sheets, there! the bite is after you!" was a loud, blunt cry that startled her. "Run! run!" Before she could collect herself, or comprehend the cause of this sudden alarm, a hand was upon her; but no sooner did she feel it, than it left her; and turning, she beheld a man struggling in the grasp of another man. "Climb the ratlings, mount the horse, there," cried the last man, "while I make the cull easy; you are in danger, Margaret; that's Obed's horse; up with you." She beheld the veritable Tim standing close by her; she called his name, and sprang upon his back; and directly after her mounted the man whose voice she had heard. No sooner were they seated, than the other man rushed forward, and laying violent hands upon the horse attempted to stop him; the spiteful beast flung out, and galloped away. When Margaret recovered from the flurry of events, she recognized in the man with whom she was riding the sailor that accosted

Nimrod the day they reached Cambridge. He said his name was Ben Bolter; and in a dialect mongrel and strange, he gave Margaret to understand, as well as he could, that he was an old friend of her brother's; that Nimrod and Obed after a short confinement were released from prison; and the first having searched the city in vain for her, had gone back to Livingston to see Deacon Ramsdill about her, while the other remained both to find his friends and sell his wares; that he himself was also on the lookout for her; that enjoying a furlough, he had engaged the use of Tim, who he declared was the worst craft he ever sailed in; and finally, being at the theatre that night, he thought he discovered her behind the curtains; and following the matter up, he came upon her just as one, whom he characterized as an old enemy of his, and whom Nimrod did not like, seemed to take advantage of her being alone to do her an injury.

Hastening forward to Mrs. Wiswall's, Margaret found Rose standing alone at the gate. "How you have frightened me!" exclaimed the latter; "I thought you were with Bertha. They were telling me of a new play—I went back after you; you must have taken another street; I thought you were lost."

"Have you been anchored here?" said the sailor; "what place is this?"

"Mrs. Wiswall's," answered Margaret.

"I guess Nimrod cast the name overboard, before he got here," replied the sailor. "But I don't like her build. What flag does she sail under? What's her crew?"

"O, Margaret!" outspoke Rose, "I have suspected something wrong. I don't like Mrs. Wiswall's face. Some old remembered villany sleeps in it. She is not the Deacon's sister!"

"It has seemed to me as if all was not right," observed Margaret.

"I wouldn't stay here," said the sailor.

"What shall we do?" cried Rose; "whither now shall we flee? I will never step my foot into this house again."

"I know where a certain family lives, not far from the Common," said Margaret; "I am willing to go and throw myself upon them for to-night."

"Ben Bolter," said Rose, "take us to sea with you. Carry us out of the world."

They went, however, as Margaret proposed, and reached a house lying like Mrs. Wiswall's back from the street. It was a late hour, and no lights were visible, but the resolution of Rose and the confidence of Margaret led them straightway through the yard and up the steps. The sailor did the knocking in a manner easy enough to himself, but such as might have wrought violence on the peace of others, They were not kept long waiting, when the door was opened by one whose face was now familiar to Margaret, and which Rose might perchance remember having seen, the young man whose father gave Margaret a seat in church, and to whose house she now fled for refuge. They stated their errand and their distress, in which was contained their apology.

"Come in," said the young man, "I will speak to my sister; the knocking I think has saved me the trouble of arousing her."

They were taken into the parlor, and the young man soon returned with his sister, whom he introduced as Anna Jones; his name was Edward. Preliminaries were speedily settled, and our wanderers shown to their bed. They met in the morning with a kind reception from Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and another daughter, Winifred. These five composed the

family, between whom and Margaret an interest had already been reciprocated from their casual rencontre at church, and which did not fail to extend to Rose. The ring on Margaret's finger seemed also to announce an old acquaintance, and served to recall the name of Mr. Evelyn, who the Joneses said was an intimate friend of theirs, and they expressed pleasure in seeing one of whom he had spoken in terms of commendation.

Mr. Jones had been a prosperous India merchant, and had perhaps reaped emolument from a field of adventure which it is to be hoped will never again in our own or any land be needful, laudable, or lawful — privateering. His mansion contained many things to interest his new guests. Among the paintings was a Christ bearing the Cross, by Raphael, that divided Margaret's attention with a Magdalen at Devotion; a Lady taking the Veil and Murillo's Prodigal Son engaged Rose. They were introduced to rooms furnished with superb mirrors, marble busts, etc.; a Library rich in architecture, more in books; they revelled in a Conservatory of rare flowers. What especially delighted them was a piano played with skill and effect by Anna, while with a strong but latent peculiarity of feeling, Margaret listened to a guitar, the instrument of Winifred. Edward Jones they learned was a student of Theology, in which science he supplied them with his views. They were also introduced to a mother of Mr. Jones, a very old woman, who entertained them with tales of ancient time; so two or three days wore away. One morning, Rose cried out that Obed was coming! "There he is with his saddle bags and new hat mounting the steps." Margaret sprang for the door. "Hold," said Rose, "let us get under the curtains, and see what he is after." They concealed themselves, and Obed entered.

"Don't want teu buy some of my things, I cal'late, deu ye?"

"Be seated, sir," said Anna, "and let me see what you have."

"Han't seen nothin' of Molly, have ye?"

"Molly, Molly! I have not heard of such a person."

"I'm feered she's kilt, or pizened, run over, lost, or drounded."

"Is she your daughter, sir?"

"No; she's Molly, Pluck's Molly; one of the Injins, what lives under the Head, next the Pond, and neighbor of Marm's. Nim and I brung her to the Bay, and Rose; I run arter a shoat at the races, and caught him; I couldn't hold him, he was so greasy, and they wouldn't let me have the cup; they wouldn't let Nim have his beat, and we knocked them down, and they knocked us down, and put us into jail; and when we went back the gals was gone. This is an orful place. One woman threw a broom at me, cause I telled her I had something that would cure her humors. They've kilt Molly, and drounded her under the bridge!"

"I am sorry for you. You should not have left her."

"Marm telled me teu look arter her; she was always good teu me, and helped me dig roots, and kept Bull off."

"Then you want her to work for you. Can't you find somebody else for that?"

"I dun know; she's a right smart consarn, Marm says. When she was at home, I could always find her, if she warn't gone into the woods. If I knowed where she was I could find her now."

"What would you give if I would help you find her?"

"I dun know; I've axed all the folk, and they never seen her; and there she lives close by our house, and the Master knows her, and she can read eeny-most as well as

Parson Welles, and she is the only one in the world can go up teu Tim, only me and Marm. If you would find her, I'd let you have some flag, that is good to chaw. Don't want to buy some of Marm's Nommernisstortumbug? I've sold more than nine hundred boxes sen we found it out. It'll cure yer croup, chopped hands, coughs, scalt head, measles, small-pox, jaunders, toothache, dropsy, backache."

"What a wonder!"

"That an't half;—hypo, wind-gall in yer horses, loss of cud in the cows, keep the wind out of yer babies;—here is the paper what the Master wrote about it. 'Sudorific, detergent, febrifugous, vermifugous, aromatic, antiseptic, refrigerent, antispasmodic, cathartic, emetic,'—that is what he says, and he knows every thing."

"'Garrulousness,' he has down."

"Yes; it cures that; that is the larnin'—sore tongue—swab out yer mouth with quince core jell, I've got it in my bags, and take a spoonful of the Nommernis when you go teu bed."

"'Acrasial Philogamy?' Brother Edward, what is that?"

"That," replied Edward, "is an incurable malady to which young persons are subject."

"The Master said 'twas takin', and Marm said it was an orful complaint, she knew. Take pennyrial, pound up sweet cicely root, and bile with henbane and half an ounce of the Nommernis till it's done, and it'll break the fever."

"What is this, 'Cacoethes Feminarum'?"

"That's humors. Elder blows 'll due it for 'um."

"'Diæta et oratio est optima medicina'—diet and prayer he says are the best medicines—what does that mean?"

"Them is the sientifikals; one of the ministers took teu boxes of the Nommernis when he read that, he liked it so

well.—What is that noise? Ye han't got any thing shet up here?"

"Nothing that will hurt you."

"I don't like yer housen; they are full of bull-beggars and catamounts. Marm 'll scold at me like nutcakes, if I can't find Molly. She's kilt, they've drounded her under the bridge!"

"What are you going to do with her?"

"Don't know; Marm han't said. They are all broke up down there sen the murder. Marm said if Molly come teu our house she might have the best bed. But she don't want Pluck nor Hash; they are an orful set. I can't stay; I can hear 'um snickerin' at me as they did up teu tother house, and Marm wouldn't like it."

Rose and Margaret burst from their retreat with a loud laugh, and gave Obed a hearty greeting; which he, bemazed and ecstacized, returned as handsomely as he knew how. Obed confirmed the account given by the sailor, and said Nimrod promised to return as soon as he could see Deacon Ramsdill, and that he was looking for him every day. To the great joy of all, the next morning Obed, with Ben Bolter, appeared, conducting Nimrod and Deacon Ramsdill to the house.

"This beats old Suwarrow," said Nimrod. "You have kept as shy as young partridges."

"A pretty tough spell you have had of it, gals," said the Deacon. "But you know, Molly, you always find the chestnuts arter a biting frost and hard wind. Some good may come of it,—the Lord knows. I havn't no particular business here, but Freelove thought I had better come down, and see what was to pay. We are in a peck of troubles at home, about the Meetin'-house and the Parson and every thing. Some want a new Minister; they won't

help about putting up the house. We have had several Town Meetings, but there is a good deal of disorder and some hard feeling. I count it's best for every one to paddle his canoe his own way, and when he hasn't a way, why, let his neighbor enjoy his, that's all. There an't no two spears of grass alike, and you can't make all people think alike, only I count they might live in peace together in the same field. But Brother Hadlock wouldn't listen to me, and when you can't do nobody any good, then you had better let them alone. It's no use talking agin the grain. When hens are shedding their feathers they don't lay eggs; and one can't look for much among our folk now—so I thought I had as good's come away. But the hotter the fire the whiter the oven; if our fire will be of any service, the Lord knows. I have been arter sheep through brush and ditches, before now, gals, and I commonly found them in better feed than their own close. Ha, ha!"

"They have found a good berth," said Ben Bolter, looking about the room. "But I should like to fall upon them Algerines."

"There has been some singular mistake or mischief at work," said Mr. Jones. "There must have been an error in the name, or something of that sort, I think."

"The old fox, weasel, or what not, I am determined to dig it out," said Nimrod.

"I have been to Pamela's," said the Deacon, "and she says she hasn't seen any thing of you; and she wants you to go right round there."

"We will all go together," said Mr. Jones.

Accordingly they went to "the Widow Wizzle's," the sister of the Deacon, whom they found a different person in some respects from their old acquaintance, her namesake. Nimrod and Ben Bolter exhibited strong desire to see the

late hostess of the young ladies, and Nimrod said they must go with him; their repugnance being overborne by the Joneses, who offered to support them in the step of revisiting a house for which they had conceived a deep dislike.

Arriving at Mrs. Wiswall's, they found that lady in a state of extreme agitation, and in the same room they saw also a very aged man sitting leaning on his staff, from which he hardly raised his face. Whatever might have been their method of address, or the purport of this visit, they were met by the apparation of a human being, in large black whiskers, deathly pale, leaning on the arm of Bertha, and emerging from the back parlor. "Raxman!" involuntarily shuddered Rose, and fire that had long consumed her heart flashed into her face, and retired; and she hung convulsed on the arm of the younger Jones.

"Nope him on the costard," said Ben Bolter.

"Keep still," said Nimrod, "and let us see what the fellow has to say."

He, to whom all eyes were now turned, as if he had come in on some such errand, thus spoke :—

"I am," said he, "a sick and dying man. Your violence, Ben Bolter, comes too late; the blow from the horse has done the work. Miss Elphiston, Miss — — — Margaret, can you forgive me. I have wished to see you to ask this last earthly favor. It was I who led you to this house; it was through my instigation you were detained here; it was my wishes that regulated all behavior towards you; nor would my mother, whom you see before you, or my sister, have consented to such a transaction as this must appear in your eyes, except through me. If my motives were selfish, they were not so disgraceful to you, Miss Hart, as to me. I cannot unfold it all now; that shall be done at other hands. I am weak, I am dying. I have only

strength to be the recipient of mercy. Miss Elphiston, to you I make no apology, I ask no charity, my conduct admits of no qualification. I only crave your forgiveness; a sheer wretch, I entreat it; at your feet I implore you to forgive me. Your beauty, ladies, ensnared me, an uncontrolled ambition has led me on, your virtues and your sufferings have brought me to repentance, and not, I trust, the fear of death alone."

There was breathless silence, then a discordant tremor pervaded the room;—the old man shook audibly on his cane, the group in the centre worked with varied frenzy. Margaret was the first to break this singular perplexity. "I forgive you," said she, "I forgive all your wrong to me, whatever may have been its intention."

"Never, *never*," said Rose, "can I forgive you."

"It is late shutting the door when the mare is stolen," said Deacon Ramsdill; "but when she comes back of her own accord, you had better let her in. Besides, Rose, the good book says, 'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.'"

"I have forsworn *that*," answered Rose.

"Don't speak so, Rose," interceded Edward Jones. He seems to be sincerely penitent. It would be a relief to his last moments to have your forgiveness."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she rejoined.

"O that Miss Elphiston would forgive my brother," prayed Bertha, weeping.

"You see, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Wiswall, addressing the senior of the name, "the wretched mother of two wretched children. But where is pity for her to be sought or received? In that son and daughter you behold the tokens of all my sins and all my sufferings. Have you, Sir, been ignorant of my course? My vanity was allured and my confidence betrayed by a British officer. One, in

whose house we now are, instructed me in the arts, and unbridled me for a career of deception. When he left the country and could make no further reparation for his injuries, he gave me the title to his estate. I followed the American camp; I was cajoled by your own officers. I became a runner between the two armies, when the British held New York. And when it is his turn to speak, that sits there," she pointed to the old man, "he will tell you more. I returned after the War to this house, and here I am; my unhappy children pleading in vain for that mercy which another's infamy might justly implore, and which their guilty, miserable mother, the cause of all their calamities, can never bestow. Who, Miss Elphiston, ever asked my pardon? Who ever knelt for my forgiveness? What dying man has flung to me the poor boon of his remorse? By whose penitence has my own conscious load of sin been lightened? My relentings, were they ever so great, had been lavished on the winds; my commiserations had been squandered on scoffs and jeers; my love, which even the guilty sometimes feel, and it is a relief to the abandoned to exercise, *has been* answered by the frowns of the honored and the repulse of the prosperous. Here I am, freshly awakened to a sense of my enormities, and denied the privilege of seeing one gleam of peace fall upon the heads of my poor children. My own guilt seems to augment, and they are plunged into still deeper distress. Miss Margaret, my conduct towards you must appear equivocal, suspicious, and fraught with duplicity. But the crime belongs rather to the means than the intent, and I have been too long familiar with the ways of the world to haggle at the manner when the end is desirable. I had reason to believe that my son's purposes were honorable, however his action must forever degrade him in your eyes. In what a world do we

live! By what steadfastly increasing evil are our steps pursued! Our life is but the ministration of woe and ruin by man to man! He who rules all things for the best, permits some to fall where others rise. Your beauty, which princes might covet, shall bear you aloft, like the Star of Evening, diffusing lustre about you, and cheering your own existence. Mine sinks beyond recovery, the darkness of disgrace adding new deformity to the waste of years; and the lost innocence of my childhood returns to shed vengence on my enfeebled age!"

"Ho!" hemmed Ben Bolter; "I must overhaul my coppers, and get my head on another tack."

"I do forgive you," said Rose, "and may Heaven forgive me too."

While these scenes were transpiring among the principal parties in the room, one might have detected Nimrod in earnest whisper with the old man, aside: "Not now, Sir, not now; this is enough for once; wait till we get away, we will go to Mr. Jones's."

The party returned to the house whence they started. Meanwhile Mr Jones, taking Margaret by herself, said he would open on a subject of some interest to her. He doubted not, he added, that her good sense would receive what he was commissioned to declare without confusion, and the fortitude she had displayed in adverse circumstances would not forsake her under more agreeable events. What was coming, she might well ask, that required such a preface. "Have you a grandfather?" he asked; she replied she knew of none; that she supposed the parents of both her father and mother were dead. "I have the pleasure, then," continued Mr. Jones, "to inform you that your grandfather is living, and the old man we saw at Mrs. Wiswall's is he." He then proceeded to put her in possession of what the

reader already knows, that she was the adopted child of Pluck and Brown Moll, that her own father and mother died in her infancy, that she had been disowned by her grandfather, who, nevertheless, had contributed supplies to her comfort, and whom, in a word, she must prepare to receive the following day.

The next morning Nimrod and Ben Bolter, accompanied by the old man, Mr. Girardeau, came to Mr. Jones's. The way having been prepared, little remained but for Margaret to embrace her grandfather. The old man laid his hand on her head, and with a voice broken by age and husky with emotion, said, "Jane, Jane, my own Jane, my Jane's own!" Summoning Rose, he held the girls face to face, and said, "This is your cousin, Margaret, the grandchild of my wife's sister; and Nimrod," continued he, "is not your adopted brother only, his mother is the daughter of my only sister. Others have asked your forgiveness, but who needs it more than I? I turned you off in helpless infancy; I have greatly sinned against you and others too, more than I can tell. But Nimrod and Ben Bolter will inform you of what I cannot. Let me be forgiven, and you shall know my wrong-doings afterwards."

"Sit down, Sir," said Nimrod, "and I will tell all I know about the matter," and he proceeded to relate his first connection with Margaret, and his taking her to the Pond.

"'Tis all true," added the sailor. "Nim and I were messmates. I was there when he brought you off; I helped stow you away; I dandled you when he was asleep; I lowered you down when he left the sloop; you was a good-looking cock-boat, but make a spread eagle of me, if you havn't grown into as handsome a merchantman as ever carried a bone in her mouth. But, blow me, if

Obed's horse hadn't a bunged the cull's puddings, I don't know where you would have brought up."

"God's hand is in it!" said Deacon Ramsdill, who came in during these disclosures. "We read, that when the lost one came home, they danced and made merry. And you *re*collect, Molly, when they brought you up out of the woods, the Preacher prayed before the dance begun. I feel as if I should like to pray before we get on to the rejoicings." Whereupon they all joined with the Deacon, who, in simple heartfelt manner, made thanksgiving to Almighty God.

Leaving these persons to recapitulate details, exchange congratulations, and make such demonstration of joy as was natural to the hour, we must go with our readers to places and times somewhat remote, and bring up a brief account illustrative of events that have now been recorded.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HISTORY OF MR. GIRARDEAU.

DURING the period of our Colonial existence, the American Planters were in the practice of importing, not black slaves from the coast of Guinea alone, but also white servants from various parts of Europe. Among the proprietors of the Simsbury Copper Mines in the State of Connecticut were several Frenchmen, the wealthy, enterprising, exiled Huguenots. It became an object with these gentlemen to combine in their establishment those who could speak their own tongue. About the year 1740, there arrived in Norfolk, Virginia, a cargo of servants, and of the number were some from Jersy, an island belonging to the English Crown, but inhabited in good part by a French population. A purchase was made, including a portion of this last description of persons. In the lot were Jean Waugh, and Marie his sister. Jean was a young man of some ambition. He was ready to exchange poverty and oppression in the Old World, for temporary vassalage in the New, with the prospect of ultimate enfranchisement and possessions. He threw himself, with his sister, into the hands of an American shipmaster, consented to be advertised with coals and salt in the public prints, to be knocked off at public vendue, and for the consideration of twelve pounds paid the importer became the subject of indentures binding him to the Simsbury Company for six years, the term affixed by law to those of his age. Jean was master of the French and English languages; he could read and

write, he was spirited and active. He wheeled ore with blacks, labored with the pickaxe, and drilled rocks. By the regulations of the peculiar institution to which he was subservient, he could not marry; none could trade or truck with him; he could not leave the premises, nor was he eligible to office. In the result he became tired of his condition, one indeed not congenial with the spirit of the present age, and the vestiges of which can only be traced in an obscure antiquity. Adopting an obvious method of deliverance, he ran away, a criminal offence, for which he was publicly whipped. Returning a blow upon the executioner, he became liable to two years' additional service. Again contriving to escape, he joined a gang of counterfeiters, and the Bills of Credit issued by the Provinces, in periods of alarm, became encumbered and perplexed. He fled the region, and a few years afterwards reappeared in New York, associated with brokers, smugglers, and that class of men who contrive to reap advantage from public distress or private credulity. Here he took the name of Girardeau, and, as such, has already been introduced to our readers.

It so happened that a little boy, who dwelt in the neighborhood of the Mines, and often played about the grounds, was a witness of Jean's punishment, and from a habit peculiar to his nature, took sides with the delinquent; and ultimately gave him essential support in his attempts to escape. This was Didymus Hart, familiarly known in this Memoir as Pluck. Marie, the sister of Mr. Girardeau, seduced by an Overseer at the Mines, died in giving birth to twin daughters, one of whom Didymus subsequently married, and the other became the Mrs. Wiswall mentioned in the foregoing chapter.

To digress a moment on the history of Pluck—after Mr. Girardeau was in circumstances to recompense his bene-

factor, as well as show his attachment to the child of his sister, he made liberal grants to Mr. Hart, and even helped establish him in some mercantile pursuit. But Pluck, abandoning himself to his cups, dissipated at once his good name and his estate; and for some misdemeanor, losing one of his ears, he became still more reckless and improvident, and finally succeeded in completely estranging the affection of Mr. Girardeau, as he had already forfeited the respect of his fellow-citizens. He removed to Livingston, where he supported his family awhile by tending bar for Mr. Smith, at No. 4, and at last took up his residence at the Pond.

Mr. Girardeau married a sister of the grandmother of Rose. The acquisition of wealth became the engrossing passion of this man, an object that he clutched with a miserly and inextinguishable activity, and with a singleness of aim and sagacity of calculation that rendered elusion impossible. For this he sacrificed all generous impulses, inflicted unhappiness on his family, sent his wife to a premature grave, and would have wrecked the virtues, as he finally contributed to the death, of his child. When imposts were high he contrived to smuggle his commodities; when premium was exorbitant, he had money to lend. If trade was interrupted in one quarter, he opened channels for it in another. As fortune is said to aid the bold, when the ports were closed, what should happen but his own well-laden ships were already in the offing. During the first alarms of the War, when multitudes deserted the city, he became chapman of their estates; confiscated property he bid in for a trifle. He trafficked in public securities, and realized much where many lost their all. Mr. Girardeau was master of the German, either by an original acquisition, or from intercourse with that portion of our immigrant population; thus supplied with three important dialects, he

held a position superior to most of his contemporaries. This language he also taught his daughter, who, it will be recollected, was able to discourse with Brückmann, the young Waldecker, in his own tongue. During the War, for purposes humane or military, large quantities of gold and silver were transported backwards and forwards between the adjacent country and the city. Much of this passed through the hands of Mr. Girardeau, who did not fail to take due brokerage. He was a Patriot, or Tory, with equal facility; and if he accommodated his coat to the hue of the parties with whom he dealt, its facing retained but one color, that of their common gold. In these negotiations he also employed the services of his other twin niece, Mrs. Wiswall, and her little boy, called Raxman, whom at the close of the War, it has been related, Nimrod found on the premises of Mr. Girardeau. The acquaintance of this woman on both sides of the line, the protection afforded by her sex, the harmlessness of the lad, were circumstances of which he did not fail to avail himself. Introduced to the secrets of the contending powers, he made adventures with a safe foresight. The agent of factions and intrigues, he never violated his trust except when driven to what is termed the first law of nature, to which he had timely recourse. The public good he satisfied himself he carried, where others have borne important sections of the country, in his breeches pocket. At the close of the War he purchased city lands, which in the progress of time doubled and quadrupled on his hands. In the game of public life, leaving to others offices and honors, place and power, he managed to sweep the banks into his own drawers. When war threatened with France, he obtained foreign exchange at a discount, and after the disturbance sold it at an advance. He speculated in continental bills; he profited by

the wars of Europe. Such was Mr. Girardeau. At the expiration of the century, the Jersey servant had arisen to a fortune, estimated, at the time, as high as two millions of dollars.

But old age had already overtaken him, and death was not far off. Palsy, without a figure, loosened his hold of his gains, and he could not be indifferent to the destination of an estate amassed with so much painstaking. From the depths of the ocean come up bubbles that sparkle on its surface. In Mr. Girardeau appeared some symptoms of an imperishable humanity. His daughter he had persecuted even unto death. He began to refreshen his memory with some thoughts of the grandchild. He discovered the place of her abode, and, in an assumed costume, appeared at the Pond. Having certified himself of her existence and identity, he departed. Why did he not make himself known? Nimrod, whose parentage was disguised, when he first became the servant of Mr. Girardeau, exceedingly provoked and irritated him. Pluck, having once pitied, he could never forgive. To Brown Moll, his niece, he attributed a share of her husband's misfortunes. But we cannot explain what we do not understand, the labyrinths of the human mind, nor can we relate all the operations of that of Mr. Girardeau. It suffices to know that he did relent, at least so far as his grandchild was concerned, and embraced Margaret in his munificent intentions. Raxman had continued in his grand-uncle's employ in the capacity of a clerk, an office he fulfilled with the fidelity of a child and the industry of a slave. But this young gentleman's conduct with Rose, having reached the ears of Mr. Girardeau, gave him great provocation. At length, however, the apparent reformation of Raxman induced him to offer him a liberal endowment if he would *marry* Margaret.

To effect this object Raxman made a journey to the Pond, where his success has been related. Here, also, this young man found an unexpected obstacle to his wishes in the presence of Rose. It needs also to be told that he applied to the Widow Wright, and sought, by means which he found most acceptable with that lady, to gain her to his purpose; which had now become twofold, that of securing Margaret and withdrawing Rose. But the Widow, who had her dreams about Margaret, when she found she was likely to lose her to herself, immediately changed her tactics, and endeavored to detain Margaret, and insisted that he should marry Rose. Raxman left the Pond and returned to New York, where he found Nimrod, to whose assistance in this complicity of affair she appealed. But Nimrod had no friendship for Raxman, and a very strong one for Margaret.

Now at this time Mr. Girardeau himself began to exhibit signs of penitence; he avowed a most benevolent interest in his grandchild; and assured Nimrod that every thing should be done for the good and felicity of Margaret, if he would render aid to Raxman. Accordingly he was hired to take her away from the Pond, a measure which he undertook in the manner described. He was to meet Raxman at Hartford; great was the disappointment of the young man to find Rose of the company. He suggested the continuation of the journey to Boston. He hastened on before and acquainted his mother with his designs. He was in Cambridge when the party arrived there; he had intelligence conveyed to the girls of the imprisonment of Nimrod and Obed; he hovered on their steps as they entered the city; he knew of the letter to the sister of the Deacon; he came up with them as they parted with Edward Jones; and muffled in a cloak, disguising his voice, he conducted them

to his mother's; who, in truth, was sometimes called Wiswall. He remained about the house, but was not seen in it. The attachment of Margaret and Rose was a difficulty not easily surmounted; various methods were taken to divide them, but all failed. At length the accidental withdrawal occured as they returned from the Theatre. Raxman sought to improve the moment; but a new balk to his projects offered itself in the person of Ben Bolter. The result is known. Tim, whom the sailor sported on all occasions, dealt the young man a mortal blow. It might appear that Ben Bolter himself had some secret antipathy to Raxman; but of this we have no further knowledge that his owm words imply. Mr. Girardeau, learning what had befallen his relative, immediately came to Boston.

Such is the narrative to which the preceding chapter has given rise; and now, whatever relates to these accidental personages having been told, and the thread of the story evolved, let us return to the principal subject of this Tale.

A new sphere of interest was open to Margaret, and one in which, notwithstanding her need of quiet and repose, she set herself to making immediate exploration; we refer to the circumstances of her own birth, and the history of her father and mother, Gottfried Brückmann and Jane Girardeau. Sedulous and minute were her inquiries on these points; and she found her grandfather, as well as Nimrod, disposed to communicate whatever they knew. Edward Jones, then in correspondence with Mr. Evelyn, wrote his friend, who was expecting to visit Germany, to make inquiries concerning Brückmann and Margaret Bruneau, in Pyrmont and Rubillaud. Mr. Girardeau had religiously preserved the relics of his daughter and her husband, and said he had in his possession the flute, books, and sundry papers which they left. The bulk of his estate he made

over to Margaret, reserving annuities for his niece and her daughter, Mrs. Wiswall and Bertha, in amount sufficient to rescue them from their present mode of life; Rose also received a gratuity equal to a moderate fortune. They were summoned ere long to fulfil the last duties of humanity upon Raxman.

It was decided that Margaret and Rose should spend the winter in Boston. Deacon Ramsdill, Nimrod and Obed, returned to Livingston; the latter handsomely laden with gifts, and the profits of his enterprise; Nimrod furnished with the means of redeeming the estate at the Pond, and also of executing his proposed marriage. The father of Margaret being a German, and having left books and manuscripts in that tongue, in which also her mother was skilled, she must also attempt its acquisition; an exercise in which she was assisted by Edward Jones. She devoted some time every day to music, that of the piano and guitar. There were not wanting benevolent persons in the city, who, apprised of her good fortune, endeavored that she should turn it to the best account. New bonnets, new ribbons, the latest style of dresses, were topics on which she was duly enlightened. To balls, theatres, routs, card-parties she was duly invited; but this proved an attention it was not in her power to answer.

A concession on the part of Rose afforded Margaret unmingled pleasure; she agreed to go with her to Church; and having gone half a day they went a whole day; and from going occasionally they went constantly. Spring came at last; and Margaret and Rose, with Edward Jones in company, started on horseback for Livingston. The sadness with which they approached the town did not abate as they entered the still desolate Green. They

returned the greetings of their old friends, and hastened to the Pond. The whole family came out to welcome them, Bull, and all. Chilion was not there! Here the compiler takes leave of Margaret, submitting, to such as would pursue the sequel of her life, the Part which follows.

PART III.

WOMANHOOD.

PART III.

LETTER FROM MARGARET TO ANNA JONES.

Mons Christi, ——.

My dear Anna:—You told me to write you every thing; but how shall I utter myself? How can I give shape or definition to what I am? Easy were it for me to tell you what I am not. Has a volcano burst within me? Has a tornado prostrated me? If you were to excavate the Herculaneum that I seem to myself to be, would you find only charred effigies of things, silent fountains of old emotions, deserted streets of a once busy and harmonious life, skeletons of hopes stricken down in the act of running from impending danger? With Rose, I would forget myself, that to which this writing recalls me. She says I can endure the prospect better than she. If this be so, it must be attributed to its possessing the merit of novelty. I am in ruins, and so are all things about me. Yet in the windfall some trees are new sprouting; invisible hands are rebuilding the shattered edifice. View me as you will, I think I am a doit improving. Do I begin existence wholly anew, or rise I up from the chaos of an earlier condition? What is the transition—from myself to myself, or from myself to another? What is the link between Molly Hart and Margaret Brückmann, can you tell? In which of the climacterics do I now exist? I am witheringly afflicted. Chilion is not!

"Te sine, væ misero mihi! lilia nigra videntur,
Palentesque rosæ, nec dulce rubens hyacinthus!"

The vision of those days distracts me, the remembrance of my brother turns the voices of the birds into wailing, and the sun is pale at midday. In Scotland are Caves of Music, deep pits where unseen water keeps up a sort of midnight melody. I am such a cave. Chilion flows through me, a nethermost, mournfullest dirge. Then, too, Ma is so silent; her features are so rigidly distressed. She smokes and weaves, hour after hour; I fear she will never smile again. Pa has lost his glow of countenance; he has grown absolutely pale; and where he sits working, I see tears drip on his leathern apron. Hash is so sober, so soft, it frightens me. Nimrod comes down from the Ledge and does his best to enliven us, but his gayety has fled, and he knows not how to be mournful. Bull had one leg broke at the time of Chilion's trial, and hobbles out to Chilion's boat, where he sits by the hour. Rose is soothing and active, but she has a load at her own heart, which, in truth, I need help her bear. Isabel rides up almost every day, full of sympathy and generous love. Deacon Ramsdill, Master Elliman, Mrs. Bowker aud others, have made us kind visits. Sibyl Radney comes and milks the cow, and does some of my little chores. Yesterday, Rose and Isabel went with me to the burying-ground. Good old Philip Davis, the Sexton, so I have been told, had the courage and the kindness to go one night and cover Chilion's grave with green sod. It is by itself apart, in one corner of the grounds. Few persons have been near it, and the tall grass has grown rank about it. I threw myself upon it and dissolved in weeping. Murmur I could not; an inarticulate, ungovernable anguish was all I could feel. O my brother! I knew not I had such a brother; I knew not I loved such

a brother!—We found a dandelion budding on it—when I was little, he taught me to love dandelions! Rose folded me in her arms, Isabel prayed for me. I thought of the blood-sweating agony of Him, the Divine Sufferer; it penetrated and subdued mine. Mrs. Bowker gave me a lady's slipper, taken from the plant Chilion sent her. There is a fancy that flowers die, when those who have tended them do. Will Chilion's flowers live? There are many of us who will fulfil his love towards them.

We live at home as we were wont to do, only Rose is ever with me. I share with her my bed in the garret. I love the old house more than all places, and what matters it? I seem to myself to be deep as our own bottomless Pond. The Indian and his child lie *there;* in me the last of many ages and races of hope and life seem to have perished. *Clamavi de profundis.* Yet, yet, the sun swims through me, and I hear Jesus walking on the troubled waters above. "Peace, be still;" yes, be still. How sadly does suffering make us conscious of ourselves. I knew not that I had any depth. Now shaft opens into shaft, and the miners are still at work.—I hear my chickens peeping, and I must go feed them. Rose comes in sight, from a sail on the water with Bull. Her beautiful smile greets me afar. Thanks, dear Anna, for yourself; thanks for your flowing hair, your blue, brimming eyes; for your royal spirit that daily visits me. Your brother Edward was immeasurably good to us. He has written Rose, who blesses him in her own soul, if she can in no other way. She will write him.

I had a melancholy commission at No. 4, on behalf of Chilion. Since the death of Solomon, Mr. Smith's affairs have worked disorderly. The Still took fire one night and was consumed. He himself drinks to intoxication every day, and I did not see him. Mrs. Smith and Damaris

were wholly unprepared for my errand. The idea of forgiving Chilion had never entered their heads. And indeed it would not restore Solomon to life! I showed them the willow basket Chilion wished me to give them. Damaris cried, and we all cried. At length she said she would forgive Chilion, if I would forgive her for striking me when they were digging in the Pines! How complicate is our life! When I came away I made them a present, small for me, but large perhaps for them. I offered also to put up a monument for Solomon. But, ah's me! I have since been told, Mr. Smith declares it shall recite the fact that he was murdered by Chilion, or he will have it done himself. Can it not be avoided? Yet I will submit.

In the town the greatest excitement prevails. They cannot decide about rebuilding the Church. Then, Isabel says, there is a preliminary and deeper question. Some are anxious that Parson Welles should have a colleague, and they also stipulate that he shall be a very different man from their old minister. On the one side are Judge Morgridge, Deacon Ramsdill, Esq. Bowker, Esq. Weeks, Mr. Whiston, Mr. Pottle; on the other Deacon Hadlock, Mr. Adolphus Hadlock, Deacon Penrose, Dr. Spoor, Mr. Shooks, among the most prominent ones. All these persons I believe I spoke to you about, in answer to your world-wide inquiries, a point in which you excel any one I ever knew. I have not been to the Green, or Desert, as Isabel says it is.

Your loving but afflicted

MARGARET.

ROSE TO EDWARD JONES.

My dear Edward Jones:—

I cannot forget you, I live in your approbation, I thrive

under your care. Many obligations for your kind note. I am externally more calm, my nerves are less susceptable, I sleep more soundly, and Margaret says there is some color in my cheeks. If we were composed of four concentric circles, I can say the three outer ones approximate a healthy and natural state. But the fourth, the innermost, the central core, what can I say of that? I dare not look in there, I dare not reflect upon myself. One thing, I have no real *guilt* to harass me; I only call to mind my follies. My ambition has ever centered upon a solitary acquisition, and for that alone have the energies of my being been spent, *sympathy;* an all-appreciating, tender, great, solemn sympathy. Beguiled by this desire, I mistook the demonstrations of a selfish passion for tokens of a noble heart. Betrayed beyond the bounds of strict propriety, I became an object of the censure of mankind. Too proud to confess, or too much confounded to explain my innocence, I suffered the penalties of positive infamy. It always seemed ot me that I was placid by nature, and moderate in my sensations. This opposition created in me a new nature; my calamities have imparted heat to my temper and acrimony to my judgment. I became impetuous, vehement, and, as it were, possessed. A new consciousness was revived, both of what I was and of what the world was. Up to that time I had floated on with tolerable serenity, trusting myself and others, and ever hoping for the best. Then commenced my contention and despair. I became all at once sensible of myself in a new way; as one does in whose bosom literal coals of fire are put. My heart swelled to enormous proportions; it became diseased, and dreadfully painful. It spread itself through my system, tyrannized over my thought, and fed upon the choicest strength of my being. My intellect was darkened, I became an atheist. Under

these circumstances, which you already know something about, after having long kept it hidden, I declared myself to Margaret. She had sufficient penetration to understand me and magnanimity to love me; she awed me by her superior, uniform goodness. I availed myself of a moment when she was in tears to unfold the cause of my own. I rejoiced in her weakness, because I thought thereby I could find entrance to her greatness. The melancholy, to me most melancholy, events of her brother's death, I need not recapitulate.

When we left Livingston, I seemed to be driven on as by the elements; whither or how I cared not. I had some tact, and my connection with the Theatre, it was said, would be an advantage to the company. Indeed, it was hinted, that I might become a Star! Ah, how I should have shone! This new life glittered before me, and into the prospect I threw whatever power of resolution or hope I had remaining. Margaret agreed to abide ever with me and aid me as she could; while I was to earn the livelihood for us both.

One good I did derive from this adventure, self-forgetfulness. I attained a sort of ecstasy of outward delight; and, will you believe it? I grew better. This external happiness sank into my being deeper and deeper; it chased away my regrets, it healed my morbidness. My evil and distress seemed to diminish. I was becoming cleansed and purified. Can you understand this? The happier I waxed the more reconciled I became, and the strife between what I was and what I would be, between my hopes and my calamities, ceased. Self-forgetfulness the road to virtue! What will you divines say to that?

All at once we were thrown into your house, where all is so elegant, so serene, so pure, so affectionate. *Your* good-

ness, Sir, startled me. I dare not be left alone with you. When you spoke, it agonized me. You *recalled me to myself*. If you had been only good, I believe I should have died, or run away. Anna came to your aid. You were a man. Can a man understand a woman? Margaret says he can. I have denied it. I needed more than your goodness, I needed sympathy, sympathy with my feelings, my wretchedness, my wickedness even. Could you render it? I had a woman's need of sympathy; could any man give it? Many and painful were the struggles I underwent. Now that I am away from you I can speak more freely and composedly, as I know you will and must allow me to do. Margaret says my smile bewitched you; a game it has more than once practised. How fervently have I prayed for a Medusa face! But it was not that; it was your kind feelings that, as of old, "took me in." Then your good minister spoke so discriminatingly and benevolently to me. Truly I can say, never *man* spake like that man. But could you reach my heart, could you underlie my deepest feelings, could you sustain, heal and assure that which your presence animated into painful life? Let me not disquiet you by questions like these. But I have no alternative; either I must describe my whole estate, or retreat from you forever. You, in effect, *demand* a disclosure, and Margaret urges me to make it in full. I have not seen a great deal of the world, but I have *felt* enough of it. I have become suspicious of men, not of their motives altogether, or of their wishes, or kindness, but of their *moral capability*.

Then, whatever benefit the theatre afforded, I am deriving in a purer manner and larger measure here. All kinds of diversion are at our command. We have purchased horses, and can ride; we have boats, and can sail; we have woods and walks. We work, too, weed the garden, drive

the cow to pasture, feed the poultry, wash dishes and wind spools. We have leisure and books. Beyond this, am I prepared to encounter the world in the particular manner you propose to conduct me to it? I have left it, I have bade it a long adieu. I will not say I hate it, only I will have nothing to do with it. Margaret, with all that oppresses her so sensibly, is still elastic, hearty, luxuriant. She has a great being, and evil floats through her and passes away. I am so contracted and small it all lodges in me and propagates itself through my whole existence. Or at least, so great is her power of self-recupertion, if the whole globe were heaped upon her she would make her way up through it; and not only so, she would assimilate its elements to her nature, and convert its forces to her uses. A cloud that drives me home for shelter against the rain, only enhances the beauty of her Universe. Then her compassion is so quick, and her ministries so gentle, while I am cold and stubborn to the wants or woes of all She, too, is a believer in Christ, which I am not, or at least in the sense that she is. Her faith is life-giving, soul-penetrating, noble, luminous, purifying. Mine, all that I ever had, was a mechanical, artificial, vulgar sort of calculation. I was once converted, indeed; but I have sadly fallen away. At the best, I am but a poor Christian, truly. Margaret, I know, never sinned. I have sinned day by day. I say not these things to commend her, but to reveal myself.

Shall I turn to the other more significant, and, so far as this question is concerned, more weighty reflections?—the formidable fourth circle, I mean; a combination of impressions, characteristics, substances, of not the most auspicious nature. Forgetting you, I forget that. With you, that revives. It is, I would fain believe, drawing to a diminished diameter; its action is reduced, it beats with a less audible pulse. It is a woman's broken heart, a woman's despair;

it is a woman's feebleness, acute delicacy, shrinking sensitiveness, high sentiment of honor and low consciousness of disgrace, all thrown in together. What would you do with it? What would it do with you? What would you do with such a woman? There is a bird, Margaret says, that crosses sheets of water on the leaves of the floating lily; can you cross me so? There is another bird that refuses to drink of streams and pools, and only catches the drops as they fall from the skies. I have refused to quench my thirst at common sources, and whither shall I look? Dearest Edward, I must yield to your judgment what I dare not to your love—myself. You will have need of strength, as well as affection, if you take me. On your soberest discretion I can alone rely. Seeing how I am, is it in your power to make me what I should be?

How we long for Mr. Evelyn's return! I am sure Margaret loves him. When I tell her so, she smiles, and says, "Yes, and Edward Jones, too." But I know she desires my consent to your wishes, and I think she would feel badly to have Mr. Evelyn marry abroad! But what an admirable wife she would make you. This, *sub Rosa!* Perhaps we shall both set up a convent here and feed poor children. Margaret is all there is left me in this world; and I, who am the whole cause of her sorrows, still live on her bounty. I am a last year's leaf that I have sometimes seen on the beech trees, blanched and dry, still cleaving to the brightness and bloom of her Spring-time.

Your very dutiful and truly humble

ROSE.

EXTRACT FROM ROSE TO EDWARD.

Mr. Evelyn has come! The effect, I am sure, was not small on Margaret. The night before, she did not sleep a

wink, for she kept me awake till morning. Pa and Ma, as I call her father and mother, were for fixing up a little, but she would allow no change. She half smiled and half cried by turns; her face went through all the variations of the prism. Mr. Evelyn had forwarded a kind note, saying he would like to see her alone. She took me with her down the Delectable Way to an old haunt of her's, where she first encountered him. I would have withdrawn, but she held me fast. We heard his horse coming up the hill. "This is a strange feeling," said she; "is this what you you mean by love, Rose?" She never looked more beautiful. Her heron's wreath set off her rich dark curls; she wore a simple muslin; her expression might have ravished an angel. Mr. Evelyn left his horse and came forward. Hardly could she articulate my name in the introduction By an instantaneous and almost invisible act, their hearts so long one, sealed the unison. I had anticipated something, but I was excited and enchanted. Margaret has fair, womanly proportions; Mr. Evelyn is tall, and of so noble a carriage;—to see them in that pure embrace, and with such an inter-penetration of soul and spirit, quite overpowered me. Deacon Ramsdill came limping along with one of his queerest of all smiles—"Sheer nater; just so when I was a youngster," said he, and so diverted us from a fit of crying into which I am sure I should have fallen. Mr. Evelyn was then introduced to Pa, Ma, and Hash. He made inquiries after Chilion, which we could only answer with our tears.

We have sometimes wondered that he never wrote Margaret, but he says his letters were lost on the way. She showed him some autumnal leaves and flowers she gathered and has kept in remembrance of him. These were her letters to him, dumb signals, that she preserved in the

garret! She *has* loved him, I do insist; but that lively *pain* of love we girls are so wont to indulge perhaps she has not felt. This may be partly owing—such is my solution—to the strange, rapid, distressing scenes she has been through since she first saw him.

Mr. Evelyn has taken the spare room at Aunt Wright's. There is a cause of sorrow in that family, which, I fear, will not soon be removed. Aunt has long had her heart set on Margaret for cousin Obed. This interest did not abate on Margaret's accession to fortune. Though I believe Obed had, if not his hopes damped, at least his ideas of things very much chastened by his trip abroad. The world is so large, and there are so many men in it, I think he had relinquished whatever thoughts he may have entertained of Margaret. In addition, her connection with Chilion has of late inspired him with a secret dread of her. But none of these things availed with his mother, who has rendered herself positively annoying by urging the fulfilment of certain promises she says Margaret made in years gone by. However, the matter is settled now, and Aunt, who always taught that a bird in hand was better than two in the bush, freely consented to admit to her house the rival of its prospects, when she found he would pay handsomely for his board.

EXTRACT FROM ROSE TO WINIFRED JONES.

The marriage came off last night. The service was done by Parson Welles, who really seemed to be as happy as the rest of us. How delighted we were to have Edward and Anna here! There were also present a few other of the select friends of the family. We assembled in the kitchen. It was my office to light up the great fireplace;

Edward was master of ceremonies. Mrs. Weeks sent the cake; there was wine for our friends; we ourselves have eschewed spirituous drinks. I need not say how *some* of us were reminded of another night and other scenes. It was to my own eye a scene within a scene, beauty, love and life, haunted by profanity, revelry and death. Deacon Ramsdill was almost beside himself with joy, and Master Elliman with joy and wine. Mr. Girardeau seems to be very much pleased with the disposition Margaret has made of herself, and Mrs. Wiswall and Bertha think there is nobody like Mr. Evelyn; so do I, excepting, of course, Edward.

What can I say of your dear brother, and now my own love? He is all I wished—wished? all I needed. I shall begin to believe, with Margaret, that love is more powerful than all evil. He risks much in taking me; not that I am much, but that I am mean. He promises to sustain all my feebleness, and repair my defects. He bears me in his own arms to the Infinite arms. Through him streams upon my soul the long hidden light of God. The Christ whom he preaches I begin to love and adore. He does understand my heart, and composing with, uplifts my whole nature into serenity and peace.

Margaret and Mr. Evelyn are going on a journey; in the mean time, we clear out the workshop, and fit it up for their return.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

Our excursion was rich and blest indeed. In New York, we saw the room where I was born, and the bed, even, whereon my father and mother died. Nimrod was with us and showed us every thing. The clergyman who married my dear parents is dead, but in Baltimore we found his

daughter, who bore me to her father's, and nourished me like a mother. My grandfather's abode, the shop where my mother tended, the room where she slept, were all entered, In one of the cemeteries their graves were shown to us. near that of my grandmother; the monument bore the names, GOTTFRIED BRÜCKMANN, and JANE GIRARDEAU. My grandfather, when he knew not where I was, became sorrowful on his daughter's account, and had her remains removed where they now lie. My dear, dear mother! The inscription says she was twenty years old; so near her poor orphan daughter's age! New fountains of grief are opened in my soul. I am persuaded the pale beautiful lady of my childhood dreams was none other than my mother. She has watched over her child, she has blessed the earth-wanderer!—We went up the Hudson, whither Nimrod and Ben Bolter carried me; we stopped at the same landing-place; we found the Irish woman who nursed me, and I was glad to be able to repay her kindness. We went to Windenboro,' Rose's native town, but found little to relieve the impressions that may have occupied us. To our inquiries about their old minister, we received but few warm-hearted replies. The successor of Mr. Elphiston, while he preaches a milder form of dogma, exhibits less benignity of feeling. I hesitated about speaking of these things to Rose; but she said she could bear any thing, that that part of herself once devoted to these painful reminiscences, through successive processes of anguish, remorse and penitence, had become *hollow*.

We have a manuscript life of my father, done in English, with my mother's correction; also, in various forms, my mother's handwriting. We possess likewise several letters from Margaret Bruneau to Gottfried Brückmann, and some of his to her, which Mr. Evelyn found in Rubil-

land. The clothes of my father and mother, his flute, violin, and several other little things are here. Mr. Evelyn visited the grave of Margaret Bruneau, which he found covered with flowers. Her letters are full of sweet simplicity and holy love. All whom he saw extolled her virtues. In Pyrmont, he found a brother of my father's, whom we hope to be able to persuade to come to America. Withal, in our travels we heard of a German soldier in the interior of Pennsylvania who served in the same corps with my father. Him also we visited.

I have been travelling in search of my childhood! An unknown history opens to me. I have been living here how unconsciously with Ma, who is the cousin of my mother. Yet she has treated me as her own child. I was confided especially to the care of Chilion, whom Nimrod told my mother about. How well he executed his charge! The change in my grandfather's name, and that of Nimrod, prevented all recognizances for many years. I know not that Ma ever understood the relation subsisting between us. This past, how precious to me! Hidden events scattered over many years, and many countries, become a part of my biography. It has taken a whole century to give me birth! Time, like Mother Carey's chickens, bides the blast, rocks on the gulfy wave, *bearing her eggs under her wings*, which she deposits at length on the broody shore. In me shall these transactions be cherished into life! Do I deprecate the evil that has befallen me and mine; that shed itself on these by-gone years? Dust sometimes falls with the purest snow, discoloring the face of Winter, but it enriches the growth and enhances the beauty of Spring. Shall I become better as a new season of existence opens to me?

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Our house is begun, but it must necessarily move on slowly. We hope to be able to go into it, or some part of it, in the course of twelve or fourteen months. It stands on the Delectable Way, near the Eastern margin of the Pond. It will command a more extensive Western view than we now enjoy, taking in the whole length of the Pond, the Brandon Hills, and Umkiddin Through avenues that we shall cut in the Maples will be seen the Village, the River, the Meadows, the champagne country, and mountains beyond. At the South will be opened the valley of Mill Brook and the neighboring highlands. The space between the house and Butternut is to be converted into a garden. It is to be constructed of granite, of which an abundance, and that of the finest quality, is found in the neighborhood. We have an architect from New York; Mr. Palmer from the Ledge is master workman. Of the style I shall say but little, nor repeat the discussions we have had on the subject, nor tell what a world of ideas has burst like a revelation on a rustic girl's mind in the shape of buttresses, wings, bow-windows, verandas, views here, effects there, good old Queen Bess, and what not. Mr. Evelyn knew more of the world, and it was right I should yield to him. His travels abroad have tinged, and perhaps moulded, his taste. It will have, I fancy, a slightly castellated appearance; so at least it looks on paper. It is to be ample in all its appointments. Mr. Evelyn talks of effect, the high grounds, woods, and all that; *entire* simplicity he objects to. Without ever giving any reflection to the matter, I found Master Elliman had in fact indoctrinated me with a love of the plain Grecian. But not as a dwelling-house, and here, Mr. Evelyn says, only as a Temple or Church. We are to have a room for Music and Art, one for Natural History and Philosophy, a

Library, Conservatory, Aviary, and all that, and a plenty of rooms for our friends. There are also extensive barns and outhouses.

We have gained a title to the whole of Mons Christi, by purchasing the complete environs of the Pond, and a square mile of territory on the North and West. We are clearing away woods, and bringing many acres of excellent soil under cultivation. There are nearly one hundred men employed in all departments, and, if you will believe it, I do not think they consume more than three gallons of spirit a day. We are widening and grading the Delectable Way into a carriage road. Pa and Hash have both left off drinking, and are busy and happy as need be. Hash and Sibyl Radney will be married as soon as we shall have finished their house. Hash superintends the farm; Nimrod and Rhody are anxious to remove here; it is his ambitition to take care of the barn and horses. He has become our jockey, and went out lately and made us a purchase of some beautiful Narragansetts, with draught and carriage horses. Master Elliman comes up, stares about, applies his red handkerchief to his nostrils, and the other day frankly confessed there were realities in the universe. People from the Village, Avernus, and all parts, visit us and gaze wonderingly upon our works. Joyce Dooly, the Fortune-teller, was here the other day, with her black cats. Mounting a rock she harangued the people, or, rather, clackered her own merit. She said *she* had brought about this change, had foretold it all, and seen it in her cats. Rufus Palmer, who is really a genius, is engaged on statuary, from plates Mr. Evelyn brought from Europe.

Side by side, in the midst of the noise of hammers and the shouting of teamsters, on the beach, in funeral silence lie my canoe and Chilion's fish-boat. His viol hangs in our

room; unlike St. Dunstan's, it makes no music! In Nova Zembla, it is reported, men's words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard. In a cold grave, and colder world, are all Chilion's sweet melodies frozen. Will they ever be heard again?

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They are building a Church in the village. We furnished the balance of the subscription for that purpose, and they have adopted a model suggested by Mr. Evelyn. The Church will suit me; it is pure, that is to say, elegant, Grecian. It is now decided to form a new society, and one with which Mr. Evelyn has connected himself. It is called Christ Church. The house stands on the east side of the Green, under two stately elms, and forms a prominent object from our dwelling. The Free Masons, in full company and costume, laid the corner stone. Deacon Hadlock, the main pillar of the old Church, is inconsolable and inapproachable. Mr. Evelyn went to see him, but he would not be persuaded. We offered them a sum of money towards rebuilding the old Meeting-house, but it was rejected. I need not tell you all the gossip that is afloat between the two societies, or write how *our* people say the *others* are endeavoring things to their prejudice. There is probably some wrong feeling on both sides. The Master was here to-day, and said they had several meetings of the old Church, reported grievances, appointed committees, and ordered an examination of the derelicts; and finally excommunicated Deacon Ramsdill and Esq. Weeks, and suspended Judge Morgridge and Esq. Beach. He laughed himself into a perfect dry convulsion fit when he told me. "That android sanctissimus," said he, referring to the Rev. Dr. Brimmerly of Kidderminster, "is moving. That gentleman," he said, "had held several

private conferences with Parson Wells." Reports unfavorable to the reputation of Mrs. Wiswall, who has taken a house in town, of Bertha, and of Rose, too, have reached here, and we are called a harboring place of unprincipled persons, a community of ——

Deacon Ramsdill was here this afternoon; he has not been deprived of his good cheer. "They have picked us out," said he, "and thrown us to the hogs. But arter all," he added, "rotten apples are the sweetest."

MARGARET TO ANNA.

What shall you think of Edward being our Minister, and Rose our Minister's wife! On the election, there could have been but one sentiment, as you know there was but one voice. His views and feelings, and the character of his discourses, precluded much disputation. We had some difficulty in the Ordination. A council of Clerical and Lay Delegates, from the County, assembled, examined the candidate and rejected him. Parson Welles, I believe, was at first disposed to have Edward for a colleague, and retain a pastoral connection with Christ Church; but he was diverted by causes which I do not understand. The Church was reduced to the necessity of adopting other measures. The Rev. Mr. Freeman, of your city, was sent for, and the Rev. Mr. Lovers, of Brandon, who had expressed a willingness to aid us. Mr Lovers preached the sermon, and the ordaining prayer, with the imposition of hands, was made by Mr. Freeman. Thus, Mr. Evelyn says, though Dr. Freeman, who was himself Episcopally ordained, and derives his authority from a succession said to remount to the first ages of the Church, we have an

Apostolic Bishop ordained over this Diocese of Livingston! The new spacious house was filled, and many came in from abroad. At the close, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the congregation. *I joined in the participation.* With what sensations I cannot now relate. Springs of new water welled within me, the soul of Jesus oppressed and charmed my soul. Poor Rose sat by me trembling like a leaf.—We have ordered an Organ from London, and I suppose it will fall to me and Rose to play it, for the present at least. Tony, the Barber, plays the violin for us. He has not touched his instrument before since Chilion's death. How we miss Chilion at every step!

Edward and Rose are boarding at Esquire Bowker's; a Parsonage I suppose will be built for them next year, on Grove Street. Rose says the only feeling she has, or of which she is at present capable, is humility; and that whether she estimates her duties to the world at large, or reflects on the favors received in her own soul. She relies on Edward, who will nourish, renovate and guide her. If she can at all embody the graces, or disseminate the love of Christ, in whom her faith is confirmed, she says she shall be satisfied. She says she is like those trees which fall over on the banks of rivers, and grow root upwards; but if she only grows, she does not care how. She is fair almost to fragility; she has at times a most mysteriously spiritual look, like the moon shining through white window curtains. There are those in the Church who truly love her, and will tenderly treat her. In Mrs. Bowker and Isabel Weeks she finds a most according friendship. To Edward she is all in all. How good and great in him to love her so! Her unnaturalness has gradually subsided, and the sweetness and freshness of her youth begin rapidly to un-

fold. Christ, that makes us all children, Edward says, has reproduced the morning of her childhood, and she advances to beautiful perfection.—She had often been to the Communion before, she says, but never with such feelings. She never before realized what our new Bishop said it was, an inter-communing with the soul of Jesus. She is succulent as the Widow's house leek, and would thrive I believe if she were only attached to the shingles of Christ Church. Like the dodder, her rooting in the old world is destroyed, and she now winds about goodness and mercy, which she is destined, I think, ever to adorn. Dear Rose, she has been to me a child, a sister, a lover. She will always be near me—can we be too happy? For all, how much are we indebted to Edward and Mr. Evelyn! The friendship so long subsisting between our husbands, how delightfully it is consummated!

MARGARET TO ANNA.

Our house is finished, and what has been a long story to us, I shall make a short one to you; which can be done the more readily, since I hope you will soon come and see all things for yourself. The expense within and without, Mr. Evelyn says, has not been less than one hundred thousand dollars. We have imported some things, not that Mr. Evelyn would not have preferred domestic articles, but many we could not find. Besides, what matters it? I am made up of all nations, German, French, English, American; and it is only dealing with my countrymen, trade with whomsoever I may. You should not have introduced me to *your* house unless you supposed I was more or less than human. Our plate certainly does not equal yours; our

linen is home made; our curtains and hangings are very beautiful, thanks to your good taste. Mr. Evelyn brought from Europe a valuable library, fine maps and engravings, and a few choice pieces of sculpture. We have since ordered more of these articles. In addition, Rufus Palmer has been engaged on statuary for us these two years. He is now in Europe, and when he returns, we have promised him, in exchange for his productions, our Isabel; that is, if they will consent to take up their residence at Mons Christi. We have busts of the old philosophers, a copy of the Venus de Medici, Apollo Belvidere, Antinöus, Belisarius, a Psyche and Butterfly, a Prometheus and others, and some excellent paintings; we have a parlor organ, and guitar; also an excellent set of chemical, philosophical and astronomical instruments.

At the head of the Delectable Way stand statues of Peace and Truth; under the trees in front of the house are Faith, Hope, Love and Beauty. Near the Tree-bridge, in the Via Dolorosa, we design to put Penitence and Fortitude. On the Via Salutaris is Humanity. A Ceres has been set up in our cornfield. In Diana's Walk is her own Ladyship with the Golden Bow. My Pantheon, that Mr. Evelyn used to banter me about, still remains, and my bubbles have taken marble forms. Between the Butternut and the old house is a broad opening conducting to the foot of Mons Christi, which we call The Avenue of the Beautiful. In this is Temperance, pouring water from a goblet into a marble trough. It is supplied from the same spring-head that has so long furnished the water of our cistern, and is designed both for man and beast. On it hangs Pa's silver tankard, which he himself put there, the only relic of his former prosperity, and which he is glad to have diverted from its customary use. This water, always a copious

stream coming down from the highlands above, serves for a fountain in the garden, where its jet and spray may be perpetually seen, and flows thence to our house and barn in quantity sufficient for all needs.

When we formerly made our escape from Mons Christi to the Ledge, Rufus showed me a figure on which he had been hammering at his leisure, designed to represent me as I was when I found the water; this he has since completed. It is a perfect Molly Hart, in short gown, pinafore and gypsy hat. Ma wanted it put in the old house, but there seemed to be no room for it. We have it in our drawing-room; and near it are the cherry plate, bowl and spoon I used to eat bread and cider and bean porridge with, and also the wolf's bone knife and fork Chilion made me.

The old Chestnuts, which were already in decay, have been cut down, and the bounds of the Mowing enlarged. North of the Mowing is an extensive young orchard of various kinds of choice apples, pears, quinces and peaches. Our Aviary, which is large and well furnished with shrubbery, we intend to stock with native birds. In the Conservatory we have some foreign plants, and shall experiment more with the domestic. We have a room called the Prophet's Chamber, which our Bishop frequently occupies, and where he writes some of his sermons. In the garden is a large Bee-range. The old house remains as it was, saving repairs. There Pa and Ma live. The loom and wheels have been restored to the workshop, and there sits Ma, in her short gown and naked arms, smoking and weaving us blankets. She cannot be induced to forego any of her old habits. Pa, who never suffered from what the Master would call a cacoethes laboris loves and enjoys his ease. He has made us stout walking shoes, which is the most he has done for a year. On the chimney are my

marble kitten and flower-pot. About the house still grow my beans, hops, virgin's bower, eye-brights, blood-roots, and other flowers Chilion helped me rear. Chilion's clothes, fishing tackle, gun, powder-horn, shot-bag, occupy their old places on the walls of the kitchen. The suit in which he died, his violin, a partly-finished basket with some partly, finished spools of his, hang in the work shop; Ma will not allow them to be touched. Some of his hair she has wrought into a finger-ring. Margaret, my peach tree, is dead, but a young Margaret is growing in the same spot. Dick, my squirrel, and my birds are dead, their empty cages hang in the old place. Bull, whose heart, as well as his leg, was broke, when Chilion died, totters backwards and forwards from house to house. So have perished some of the dear fellow-fixtures and comrades of my life! Beyond Pa's, stands Nimrod's house, and a little farther up the way, live Hash and Sibyl. Grandfather, who is exceedingly interested, and I believe pleased, in all we do, divides his time between us and Aunt Wiswall. Judah Weeks has promised marriage to Cousin Bertha. Speaking of this, reminds me to tell you, that Obed has married Beulah Ann Orff. Mrs. Evelyn, the good mother of Charles, has also come to Livingston, and lives with us for the present.

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You inquire what our household arrangements are to be. Our regular family is composed of Mr. Evelyn, myself, Sylvina Pottle and Dorothy Tapley. Then we have more or less of our friends with us a good deal of the time. Mr. Pottle has a large number of children, and at Mr. Tapley's they are very poor, and those people were anxious their daughters should live with us and earn something. Our food is simple; I never had any other, and what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh, as Deacon Rams-

dill says; and Mr. Evelyn is not particular. I still enjoy a dish of bean porridge with Molly. I always got up early, and could not easily be taught new tricks. Then I have been out in the air so much I must still be out. We have prayers every morning, and Mr. Evelyn explains the Scriptures to us. We have breakfasted this Summer at six and a half o'clock, dined at twelve, and take tea at five. So we are doing at present. Our hired men board with Nimrod and Hash. Ma has woven a working suit for Mr. Evelyn. We have both had our hands full getting the house in order. I look for leisure this winter to read more, and practise music more.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

I must tell you of a delightful change that has come over No. 4. You remember how the place looked the first time you were through it. The people were notorious for their indolence and dissipation; and their estates were mortgaged to Mr. Smith, who held the inhabitants in fealty and sometimes harassed them. Mr. Evelyn had their houses repaired and painted, sent men to help clear out their intervals, planted a row of trees along the street, and had a beautiful statue of Diligence set up at the corner. He then assumed their debts, and said he would give them no trouble for three years, provided they would pay the interest punctually. He also contributed to a School-house that was erected half way between No. 4 and Breakneck. In six months the Gubtails, with what work they did for us, and hay they brought us, cleared themselves. Mrs. Tapley and Mrs. Hatch wove for us, and Mr. Hatch and Isaiah made our iron work. Old Mr. Tapley, a very sot, has labored unremittingly on his farm. When they had new

door-yards, the girls began to ornament them with flowers and shrubs. We let Dorothy go into the woods two days for this purpose; and that hamlet has now a truly picturesque appearance. The people, I think, do not drink any ardent spirits. The Still, that Mr. Smith undertook to rebuild, Mr. Evelyn purchased for a barn, which those people found they needed. Mr. Smith himself, I am told, has amended his habits; he has at least renovated the exterior of his house. Avernus should rather be called Elysium; God made it a beautiful spot, and man has restored its fallen image. Nor is this effect confined to No. 4; it has reached the village, and is more or less distributed into every part of the town. Our Bishop says Temperance is a Christian grace, and has preached strongly against the Sin of Intemperance. In this he is also joined by Parson Welles, who still preaches in the Town-house. Many have abandoned drinking, and four distilleries have stopped. Mr. Readfield, our new merchant, keeps no ardent spirits, and Deacon Penrose must have found his sales materially lessened. Esquires Beach and Bowker both say their duties, as Justices of the Peace, have greatly abated. Mr. Stillwater has converted his new bar-room into a reading-room, and says his profits are nearly equal to what they were before. On Sunday you will see the No. 4's flocking down to Meeting with a constancy only equalled by their former negligence, in which they were quite of a sort with ourselves.

At the time they were upon rebuilding the Jail, Mr. Evelyn proposed to the Commissioners if they would consent to an establishment on an enlarged scale, with rooms more commodious, windows more numerous, and better conveniences for warmth in winter, he would bear the additional cost. Judge Morgridge, Esq. Bowker and

others, thought it would be an excellent plan; and it was consented to. The building stands a little back from the old site. Each room Mr. Evelyn furnished with a good bed, books, lights, looking-glass, washstand and flower vase. The windows have green blinds, which by a simple contrivance the prisoners can open and shut at their pleasure. The horrors and discomforts of the old Jail I have myself too sensibly realized. A new keeper has been appointed in place of Mr. Shocks. At the last Town Meeting the Selectmen were instructed to look after the *moral condition* of the prisoners. What with the site of the old Meeting-house smoothed and grassed, the burnt woods improved by Mrs. Wiswall's house and grounds, a new School-house, new Court-house, Tavern and Jail, the Green has reassumed some of its former beauty.

Christ Church have made choice of three Deacons, Esquire Bowker, Joseph Whiston and Comfort Pottle. Deacon Ramsdill was getting old, and Judge Morgridge and Esquire Beach, who have served in that office, thought they had better choose some young men.

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You would sometimes have tempted me to live in your City. But, dear Anna, do you not come under the jurisdiction of Master Elliman's Puppetdom? Are you not, measurably, simulacra hominum feminarumque? Are you foot-free, tongue-free, soul-free? The *personation* of the Theatre seemed to me to be carried through the City; all were acting, not themselves, but their parts. Perhaps I judge wrongfully. *You*, I know, are natural and real. But what will you say of Mr. Squarely, Mrs. Modim, the Misses Euphony, and others whom I saw at your house? I would not do them injustice, and I know I am incompetent to give an opinion, but how could I live among such

people? I remember once looking at the sea near the wharves, in January. The water and the cold were in deadly combat. The waves winced, bellowed and agonized. But the cold kept steadily at work, as a spider, and with threads of ice, the Borean monster glued and entangled the whole surface, and soon it lay a sullen, ghastly, adamantine heap. Such seemed to me to be the strife between fashion and nature; and such, alas! it is, Mr. Evelyn says, the world over. Give me leave to yawn when I am tired, wonder at what is admirable, knock off chestnuts with a pole, and wear a shoe that fits my foot. I fear the Cacoethes Feminarum is a deeper disease than Obed's elder blows will cure, aud that you will have to take a good many boxes of his nostrum before you are well quit of plague in the vitals. "The whole world belike," says the Father from whom I learn all my wisdom, "should be new-moulded, and turned inside out, as we do hay-cocks, top to bottom, bottom to top." For the present I am contented to *keep away*, not from you, Anna, but from what is about you; and if you push upon me, I shall run as far as there is land-room on the Continent; and if worse comes to worst, I shall make my expiration in the words of one of old:—

"Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris."

Have we not here what his grace the Duke of Devonshire might envy? pleasure-grounds, rich meadows, the embellishment of a full-grown plantation, beautiful lawns, many a paddock. We are in the midst of a royal hunting-ground, packs of hounds are in the neighborhood; we have plenty of game, and an unlimited right of common, in which, in their season, are excellent wild turkey and gray squirrel shooting; admirable fox-chases; a full command of the view, up and down; a capital kitchen garden; our

estate is well watered; gravel walks intersect our grounds, and lead in all directions. We see live Hippiades every day; we have a perpetual advowson to the living of Mons Christi, and are subject to no ground rent. For rustic ruins, I can show you an abundance of reverend stumps, garnished with grape vines, and studded with fungus. In Italy are palaces ventilated by windmills; we resort to no contrivances of that sort. Guianerius, out of my author, recommends the air to be moistened with sweet herb water, and the floor sprinkled with rose-vinegar. We take the air as it comes, wet or dry, hot or cold, and find that blowing across Mons Christi to be always exhilarating and salubrious. In Summer it is charged with the freshness of the earth, the aroma of woods, the music of birds. In Winter it glitters with health and life.—Then we all work, not take exercise, but *work*. "The Turks," so says Democritus, Junior, "enjoin all men, of whatsoever degree, to be of some trade or other; the Grand Seignior himself is not excused. Mahomet, he that conquered Greece, at that very time when he heard ambassadors of other princes, did carve spoons." There is some difference, peradventure, between Turks and Christians! "Through idleness," continues my authority, "it is come to pass, that in city and country, so many grievances of body and mind, and this ferall disease of melancholy so frequently rageth, and now domineers almost all over Europe, amongst our great ones." The ancient Germans plunged idlers into the thickest marshes, leaving them to perish by a death that resembled their own dispositions. Without executioners to expedite the matter, all of that class do so perish now-a-days, nilly willy. Friction is recommended. Think of our farmers, stimulating their skins with flesh-brushes to keep up a circulation! Nay, verily, we must work. Fowls

do not appear ready spitted, Deacon Ramsdill says, and we must work for them too. The Lacedemonians had such an idea of liberty, they could not reconcile it with any manual labor. One of them, returning from Athens, said, "I come from a City where nothing is dishonorable." Work shall be no disgrace at Mons Christi.

We have our sports too, hawking, fowling, fishing, riding, berrying. "To walk amongst orchards, gardens, mounts, thickets, lawns and such like pleasant places, like that Antiochan Daphne, brooks, pools, ponds, betwixt wood and water, by a fair river side, ubi variæ avium cantationes, florum colores, pratorum frutices, to disport in some pleasant plain, run up a steep hill sometimes, sit in a shady seat," must needs be, as my benevolent author observes, "a delectable recreation." This is ours. Then there are our in door diversions, music, dancing, chess and various games. In winter, we sleigh-ride, coast, skate, snowball. No, Anna, let me stay here while I may.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

The end of my being is accomplished! The prophecy of my life is fulfilled! My dreams have gone out in realities! THE CROSS IS ERECTED ON MONS CHRISTI! Yesterday, the Anniversary of our National Independence, was the event consummated. The sacred emblem was made by Mr. Palmer, from a superb block, of the purest marble, out of his quarry, and is twenty feet high. We met near the Brook Kedron, on the Via Salutaris. There were all the members of Christ Church, the Masonic Corps, and a multitude of others. I was to lead the procession, supported by Mr. Evelyn; they had me seated on a milk-white

horse, dressed in white, with a wreath of twin flower vines on my head. Then followed the Cross, borne on the shoulders of twenty-four young men ; next came the Bishop and wife, the Deacons and their wives, Christ Church members, two-and-two, man and woman ; these were succeeded by the Masons, and the line was closed by the people at large. On the Head was a band of Christ Church musicians, playing the Triumphs of Jesus, which we got from Germany. We came over the Brook Kedron, traversed what we have made the broad and ornamental Via Salutaris, and entered the Avenue of the Beautiful. At the foot of the hill I dismounted. By a winding gravel-walk I went up—with a trembling, joyous step I went—followed by the Cross-bearers. Reaching the summit, I wound the arms and head of the Cross about with evergreens; the young men raised it in its place, a solid granite plinth. Returning, we assembled under the Butternut, in the Avenue of the Beautiful, where Edward made a discourse to the people; some idea of which I would like to convey to you.

He had for his text, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Cross, he said, stood to us in two aspects ; first, the end of Christ's life, and second, the burden of his life. Of the first, he said it was the termination of his career, the finale of a distinguished course of mercy and love ; hence, as the finishing stroke of his life, he said it represented his whole life. As the stars and stripes stand for our country, our government, our liberties, our national all, so he said the Cross stood for Christ's all. He said a Christian would glory in the Cross of Christ, as a citizen glories in the flag of his country. But more than this, he said the Cross of Christ had a deeper significance than was implied in merely his decease on Calvary. He said it referred to what transpired

before his death, to events of his personal history and experience, in a word, to the burden of his life. He said that Christ bearing his own Cross, his telling his disciples to take up their cross and follow him, Paul's expression, "I am crucified with Christ," the declaration that "he died unto sin once," all denoted that he underwent a crucifixion in his lifetime, a crucifixion to the world, to sin and all evil; that his resistance to the diabolical temptation, his strong crying and tears, his being touched with the feeling of our infirmities, his agony and bloody sweat, were such a crucifixion; that his watchings, his labors, his deprivations, his rebuffs, the intrigues of his enemies, the desertion of his friends, were a cross; that meeting evil with good, repulse with kindness, insults with forbearance, his blessing those who hated him, his grandeur in the midst of what was low, his effulgence in the midst of what was dark, his singleness and sincerity in a period of calculating expediency, his advancement, that, overleaping his own, synchronized with all ages, and squared with an unlimited future, his incarnation of God among sin-possessed men, his attempts at the transfusion of himself into the race, and such things were all a cross.

He said we bore the cross when we reversed the practices of a fallen world and adopted those of the highest humanity, when we shone as lights in the world, when we were blameless and harmless in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, when we forbore one another in love, were ready to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, obeyed God rather than man, put off the old man with his deeds and put on the new man; and returned blessing for cursing and good for evil; and so whatever obstacle we overcame or impediment encountered in our progress towards perfection, or in the extension of the kingdom of God in the earth, he

said was a cross. He said glorying in the cross of Christ would be the selectest ambition of every Christian. We have adopted the Cross, observed he, for our emblem, because it is so good an exponent of Christ, and of our character, purposes and principles as Christians. In allusion to the green flowering aspect of the Cross, he declared it betokened the Final Triumph, the Conquest over Sin, the destruction of the Evil by the Good; and also the bloom and lustre of Virtue. While he was speaking, a milk-white Dove from our cot flew and alighted on the top of the Cross. Hardly could we contain ourselves; a most delicious tremor ran through me. The Dove, said he, is the symbol of the sweet love and pure effluence of God!—I cannot tell you all he said; I repeat his principal topics. That certain unction of his, that holy medium in which his mind moves; that rosy sunlight of love that tinges the peaks of his thoughts, that creative effect of pure goodness wherein lies his forte—all this you will understand better than it can be told.

After the address, we went into the woods to Diana's Walk and had a collation, when the Lord's Supper was administered to the solemn multitude. Returning, Mr. Evelyn embraced me with tears—he does not often weep. Christ has also embraced me with tears, and I too must weep. The heart of the Beautiful One is touched, and what can I do? I dreamed of him the other night, lying prostrate under the Butternut. His Cross, too, had fallen, and the flowers were withered. "I am a weary," said he, "I have no place to lay my head. I am a stranger in the world, and no one takes me in; I am sick, and no one visits me. My heart aches, Margaret. My locks are wet with the dews of the night. I was bruised for their iniquities, but they are iniquitous still. From Calvary I have wandered over the earth. From age to age I have been an outcast. My agony

in the garden was too true, too real; I was overshadowed by my destiny. I could not bear the insupportable load.—I do not see the travail of my soul. I have come hither to die, Margaret." He leaned upon my arm; he looked as he does in Moralez's Ecce Homo, stricken with a divine grief and wasting under an inexpressible disappointment. I brought him water from the spring Temperance, and his spirit came again; his look changed into the Transfiguration of Raphael. I sprinkled water on the cross-leaves, and they revived. Our marble group, Faith, Hope, Love and Beauty, appeared from under the trees, living, and ministered unto him. He came into our house, I dreamed, with the Sisters, gave a pleased glance at the rooms; said, "I dwell with them that dwell with me," and vanished.

Explain to me, Anna, what do these things mean? Have Christians treated Christ so badly? You recollect the story circulated when I was in Boston, that the French had torn Raphael's Tapestries from the Vatican, and sold them; and some one purchasing that which bore an image of Christ, burnt it to ashes, for the *gold and silver* he hoped to get from it! Does Christ haunt the world like Fionnulla, the daughter of Lir, sighing for the first sound of the mass-bell that was to be the signal for her release? Was his light hidden under ground at the time of his death, and does it there burn eternally, like the lamp in the Tomb of Pallas? Tell me, what is the significance of this distress? Whither has fled the Redemption of Man?—How far are we called upon to submit to an irretrievable order of events? Was Christ done, eighteen hundred years now last past? Were Calvary and Tyburn Hill alike as two peas? Are the Star Chamber and Faneuil Hall the same? Is it all one whether I pick strawberries on Mons Christi, or dance a rigadoon in a raree show? Whether I am a geode or a Milliner's

baby? Eidepol! God is one, but man is many, and the soul is none.

The green-wreathed Cross towers afar. It can be seen from the Green, and beyond the River; at No. 4, Breakneck, Snakehill, Five-mile-lot; and I presume in half a dozen towns. From my window I see it piercing the clouds, which are its perpetual aureola. The stars shall crown it; the sun shall stoop to do it reverence. I mean to train over it a Boursalt rose, and in winter drape it with running club-moss.

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This Cross has travailed in my soul, Anna; I could not rest till it had gone forth in substance. We have trimmed the path up the Head with rose-bushes, amaranths, angelicas, thyme, bitter-sweet nightshade, and here and there a thorn. Can you realize how much Christ has been to me? How much of beauty, goodness, love, peace, hope, light, strength, I owe him! I do find his yoke easy and his burden light. Even when I knew him not, he blessed me. I could not be more happy if I had my birth in his soul. The Eder Duck of Heaven, he lines the nest of his offspring with down plucked from his own breast. He offered himself for our sins; he suffered for us. The voluntary Prometheus, he bound himself to the Caucasian rock of humanity, his heart was preyed upon by all the evils of the race. He sympathizes with us. Why is the world so insensible to him? Venus, bewailing the death of Adonis, changed his blood into the wind-flower. Christ, bewailing the death of man, would have changed his blood into beautiful soul-flowers. But—Venus running to the aid of her boy, pricked her foot with a thorn, and that blood changed the white rose into the red. Christ pricked his feet with thorns, the roses of the woods are red, humanity still welters in its blood.

To Mr. Evelyn and Edward how much I owe! They have removed the dross, the dogmatic obscurity and wanton frivolity, that attached to the New Testament; and made it a luminous, divine book to me. When Mr. Evelyn was in England, this was told him. Lord Northwick had just brought from Italy a picture of St. Gregory, by Annibal Caracci. For some cause connected with the troubles of the times, in order to get possession of the picture, a poor dauber had been hired to paint over it in body-color an imitation of some inferior artist. When it was opened, his Lordship's friends, who had been looking for something admirable, stared in mortified astonishment. "It has got soiled, I see," said his Lordship, "give me a sponge." Whereupon he began to wash the piece, nor had he long done so, when out peeped the head of St. Gregory; soon the attendant Angels were seen, and in a short time the whole of that magnificent picture became visible. So the Bible has been daubed over to my eyes. I have seen in it not the work of God, but the production of some poor artist. I have turned from it as a miserable travesty. The sponge has been applied; the false colors removed, and the original is inexpressibly beautiful. The Gospels are the Word of Christ, as he was the Word of God. Before the Gospels, Christ was. He shines through them. They stand in him, like the Apocalyptic Angel in the Sun. Mr. Evelyn reads them to us from the Greek, whereby, he says, he has a better sense of them himself and can impart a better sense.

Come, Anna, come to Mons Christi. Come and see our happiness, come and feel it. I am running over. I wish there was a silver pipe reaching from here to you, such as I once saw let down from the blue sky, that you might draw off and be surcharged like me. I wish from the great

spring-head of Jesus an aqueduct could be laid that should fill your beautiful Common with fountains! And, O, I wish all hearts might become gardens of fountains, like what Mr. Evelyn saw in the Tuileries at Paris. I never feared death. I was never troubled about the hereafter. I have an immortality each moment of my life. I am inundated with ages of bliss. I could die to-morrow, and feel that I had lived forever. I could live forever, and never be sensible of an addition to what I now have. Rose is here, playing one of Beethoven's Waltzes; it is a jet of music spriting into my ecstasy. My life is hid with Christ in God. The One circumflows and in-heavens us. The Infinite Father bears us in his bosom, shepherd and flock. I *feel* that all good, beautiful souls live forever. Rose says she begins to feel so too. She brought me a bunch of flowers from the Via Dolorosa! The birds are jubilating in the woods. I see Pa and Mr. Evelyn at work in the garden. Come and spend the summer with us. I am but a child. I feel only a child's feelings. I lie on the grass and frisk, a mere baby in God's Universe. Come, and you shall instruct me. Let me be Jesus's child; I ask no more.

For the nonce, I sign myself,

MARGARET CHRISTI.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

We have a new Cemetery. It lies back of Grove Street, south of Deacon Hadlock's Pasture; is intersected by the Brook Kedron, and covers part of the wooded slope on the descent of Mons Christi. It possesses a variety of surface and of trees, and the ornaments of walks and shrubbery On either side of the Brook is a willow-shaded gravel path.

When Mr. Evelyn was in Europe he visited the Cemeteries of Naples, Pisa, and Pére la Chaise at Paris, and here he would reproduce the effect. We cannot imitate all architectural and princely forms, but we can do that which pleases ourselves. Several of the citizens have already put up tasteful monuments. Rufus Palmer helps us in this, as in other things, and he has two young men studying and practising with him; one of whom, Socrates Hadlock, gives excellent artistical promise. Mr. Girardeau has a lot, and to it have been brought the remains of his wife, my own father and mother, his sister Marie, and Raxman. Rose also intends to remove here her father and mother, and sister. The kind Arab wish, "May you die among your kindred," we shall in some sense realize. We have been concerned about Chilion, his dying request we supposed it impossible ever to execute, and had kept it graven on our own memories. At last, however, we ventured to speak of the matter to the people, and at a full town meeting it was asked if they would consent to the carrying out of Chilion's wishes. All who spoke answered affirmatively, and if there were any dissenters they kept silence. The plain marble shaft Mr. Palmer first made now stands over his new grave; on it is his name, CHILION, and underneath are these words, "Here lies one who tried to love his fellow-men,"—words I know that were near his heart, and are now gone forth to the world. Mr. Smith, when the transfer of graves was made, allowed that Solomon's monument, on which has so long stood the dreadful word "murdered," should be changed for another. The old burial-ground remains; the ancient headstones, those which are identified, as the spot itself is, with the early history of Livingston, keep their primitive places. The Cemetery seems to us mournful and attractive; an iron fence

surrounds it, but its gates are always unlocked. With dove-like, Pleiadian melody, the Brook Kedron flows through it. Mr Evelyn has striven to diffuse a taste that prevails in Europe, and already are many of the mounds and lots blooming with flowers. People walk there a great deal, and on the Sabbath it is thronged. It shears death of its terrors, spiritualizes life, and hallows affection.

There *is* a Fountain reaching from Mons Chisti to *our* Common! It is fed by the Brook Kedron, and rises in the centre of the Green. It springs by graceful impulses, and breaks into beautiful attenuations. The Green is encircled by great elms, and here is a liquid elm in the midst of them. Mr. Stillwater has changed his Tavern to the Cross and Crown.

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Col. Welch, who left here during the War, has returned. He addressed a letter to Judge Morgridge, the brother of Mrs. Welch, intimating a wish to come back and end his days among his old town's people. At a meeting of the citizens, the subject was considered, and they declared unanimously for his request, and voted moreover to reimburse his expenses hither, repair his house and renovate his grounds. Col. Welch's, the Poorhouse, the Pockhouse, or whatever it be, is ineffaceably associated with my first knowledge of Mr. Evelyn, and with a morbific career of no uncertain character. Mr. Evelyn has said he did not know as he should have ever married me, if he had not first given me the Small Pox. (?) Col. Welch's is a commanding situation, and one of the finest on the Green. His family of sons and daughters, becomes a great acquisition to our circle of friends.

You are acquisitive of news, Anna, and I must tell you, Cæsar Morgridge and Phillis Welch, Tony Washington and

Mom Dill, are married; and Master Elliman is betrothed to Miss Amy! How this last was brought about I can hardly say; only it was natural that a matter of thirty years' standing should come to a head at last. He told me, laughing, that he was now heir apparent to the tottering throne of Puppetdom, in Livingston. He has long occupied the sacerdotal office of Parish-clerk, he says, and now aspires to higher degrees in Anagogics. But, soberly, I think my good, fast, tender-hearted, queer old friend has changed somewhat—not in his dress, for he wears the same nankeen breeches, shovel hat, fringed vest, tye-wig, as of yore—but in his feelings, and interior self. He consents to reality and nature more; he exhibits a cordial interest in life, men and manners. I am under irredeemable obligations to him. He instructed me largely in the *form*, but kept me away from the *heart* of things, the common heart I mean; and left me wholly to find a heart for myself, or make such a one as I could. This, Mr. Evelyn says, was a great service.

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Training-days have provoked a good deal of talk. Their innumerable evils we all felt. Pa, himself, was brought home drunk from a recent muster-field! The question took a serious form among the people. Parson Welles, sensible of the growing scepticism, preached to his, now so small, congregation, in behalf of the practice. This had the effect to deepen inquiry in the general mind. Christ Church members went one day in solemn, mournful procession, men, women and children, to their Oracle, the Gospels—for such they emphatically are;—they went with as much perturbation of curiosity and weight of concern as ever Athenians did to the Delphian Tripod. "Christ forbids us to kill our enemies," responded the Bishop, at whose house they met.

The next training-day, Capt. Tuck, with a speech quite in his vein, threw up his commission. The subaltern officers followed the example of their captain, the soldiers went into no balloting, and the Livingston Company was not. Capt. Hoag said also that his mind had changed. Deacons Penrose and Hadlock, with some others, sought to re-organize a band; but they were too old for such a purpose themselves, and they could not find young men enough even to form an Irish company. General Kingsland, of Dunwich, ordered our people to attach themselves to the Dunwich Company. One or two muster-days passed, and nothing was done. At last the General sent in an armed body, of fifty or a hundred men, to take our people to Dunwich, without fail. In workshops, mills, farms, offices, the citizens continued their ordinary pursuits. These soldiers dispersed themselves in all parts of the town. I was riding in the Meadows, when they came there. Several of our people were at work, and among them Judah Weeks, who was mowing. "Don't you intend to go with us?" said the soldiers. "I am very busy," replied Judah, "I could not possibly go to-day, neither do I care to at any time." "I am empowered to force you," said one of the troop. "Very well," replied Judah, and continued his work. The soldier seized him by the collar, but Judah, who is very strong, still kept his scythe swinging, until he had drawn the other one or two rods into the grass. "I will shoot you if you don't obey." "That is it, hey?" answered Judah. "If I am to die, I wish to do so with my wife and child. Call Bertha, some of you," he said to the people who began to flock around. His wife and child were brought. "Now I am ready," said he. The soldier raised his musket, and lowered it. I know not that he had any intentions of shooting. The soldiers went off, and Judah resumed his

labors. We next encountered them carrying a young fellow who proved to be my old pupil, Consider Gisborne. Four of them had him by his arms and feet. He kicked lustily, and got away.

An affair occurred at the Mill, of which there have been several accounts. I will give you the version we received from Captain Tuck himself. General Kingsland, in person, a Captain and Lieutenant, all in field costume, went to the Mill, and sent in a message that they had express business with Capt. Tuck. The Captain, going to the door, told them he was much hurried, that all his stones were running, and several people were waiting for their grists; and politely asked them in. However loath, they dismounted, entered the building, and followed the Captain, who was actively employed, from hopper to hopper. The place was swarming with meal-dust, which presently found lodgment on their plumes, blue coats and sashes. The General became uneasy and urgent, the Captain replied that he was very busy, and at the same time demonstrated the nature of his engagement by emptying a meal-bag, from which fumed up any quantity of the fine white effluvium. Whereupon, in the words of Captain Tuck, "the General and his forces made a precipitate retreat." Sprinkled with flower from crest to spur, they mounted their horses, and by most private ways withdrew from Livingston, The Captain vaunts himself much on what he calls his *ruse de guerre*; and declares that meal-powder is more effective than gunpowder.

We are menaced with fines, but our people say they had better pay them than train. Indeed, a levy was made, some property put up at auction, but no bidders appeared. However, the whole matter is to be carried before the

State Legislature, and we are looking forward to their action with no small solicitude.

The world rattles about us, like woodpeckers in the forest. If any thing rotten or defective can be discovered, well for us, we will have it cut down. I have certified myself of the meaning of that very anagogical word, "world;" it signifies any thing that is not Livingston, or out of Christ Church, or below Mons Christi. We, means us, and they, them. How very pleasant to be brought plump up against the fence of the not-you! By being ourselves, we have developed another being, quite as long and as broad, and inclined to pugilism withal. I used not to be, and nobody else was. Mr. Evelyn first scared me with this idea of "the world." But our world grows larger every day, and I lack not for company, though there grows *pari passu*. How will either come out in the end?

Some of our people walk carefully as birds on ice. Soon, I trust, they will find the earth, or wings wherewithal to leave it. How good a thing it is, in all our doubt and uncertainty, that we have an oracle to which we can appeal, I mean the Gospels. In the wreck of so much that is excellent, why have they not perished also? When the Persians destroyed the Temples of Greece, they did not dare touch that of the Isle of Delos, it was so sacred. Has the extreme value of these books saved them from pillage? Therein, through the vices of men let me discern their virtues.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

Our Sabbaths are delightful days; they always were to me, because I did not go to Meeting; now, because I do go. They were ever liberty, rest, and recreation to me,

now they bring a higher spiritual enjoyment. We go to Church, forenoon and afternoon, and sometimes dine in the Village at the Bishop's, or elsewhere. In summer we walk, in winter ride. We all go, Pa, Ma, Hash and Nimrod, with their families, and whoever is living with us. There is a *mellowness* about the sky and air, that day, which is all the difference I perceive. People tell me what a drearily solemn day the Sabbath used to be. "It was a despit pinched up sort of a time," said Mrs. Whiston to me a while since, "as if God was asleep and we had to go tiptoe all day, and couldn't speak above our breath for fear of waking him." We all carry flowers to Church, not quite so extravagant a bunch as I once got a rebuke for.

The death of Deacon Hadlock, and the infirmities of Parson Welles, have quite thinned off the old society, and Christ Church includes almost the whole town. Indeed, the old parson himself, with such of his flock as chose to accompany him, was at our Church a few Sabbaths since. Zenus Joy is our chorister, and Dorothy Tapley, who has fine musical powers, plays the organ. One half of the hymns are sung by the whole congregation; this, Deacon Ramsdill says, is as it used to be, and so the old folks are pleased, and the young ones too. The Feast of the Lord's Supper occurs every month.

Our Communion days are so Christ-giving, so abounding in what some are wont to call soul-food, so contributory to the Divine Atonement, they seem almost the best days. We all eat that bread and drink that wine whereby we mean to show the Lord's death until he come; that is, as the Bishop instructs us, until Christ perfectly comes in our souls, and over the earth. Many of the children are communionists; the excellent teaching of the Sunday school prepares them for this higher Church order. At noon, the

people go into the Cemetery and eat their dinner on the seats near the Brook Kedron. At night, scores, and some times hundreds, come to Mons Christi, visit the Cross, walk about the grounds; sometimes they come into our drawing-room, where we have religious conversation, and sing hymns. How much there is in the religion of Christ to talk about, and I have become as sanctiloquent as any of them. That word Love, of which St. John says he who has it dwells in God and God in him, how much there is in it! It has already given us a new Heaven and a new Earth, and goes on creating stars, nebulæ and milky ways, without number. It would astonish you, Anna, to hear some whom you would consider most jejune and sterile, talk. The graces of the Spirit, joy, love, peace, goodness, have thrown up tropical islands in these wastes of brine.

I shall have many things to tell you, more than I can write.—Last Sunday, Obed brought his child to be baptized. It received the name of Bartholomew Elliman! The Master and the Widow, I understand, have made peace, or suspended hostilities. The Master promised an annuity to the child if it should be called after him. Frankly, Anna, I must confess, the Widow is the most purely selfish woman I have ever heard of. Some would get drunk, some were bigots, they were fanatical or intolerant, but all had a spice of honesty at the bottom. But she is a hypocrite at the core. She has given me some trouble, and done me some good, perhaps; for which all thanks. An ambitious avarice has been her ruling passion. Will you believe it, the day of the erection of the Cross, when we were having the sacrament in the woods, she was there, so they say, her pockets filled with the Nommernisstortum-bug, and endeavoring to truck with people. Nimrod never could endure her; he always said she followed church-going

the same as blackbirds do the plough, to pick up the worms. The Bishop has had a sober talk with her, as every good Christian should do. And this admonishes me, that I, perhaps, am somewhat at fault in what I say. I have dealt too roundly with her. Words do so cover the whole field of our vision while the object shall go half naked. He says she has some in corrupt nature, that she is not *wholly* dead in the old Adam, sin; and declares that Christ may yet make her live. He says Christ and the Gospels are sufficient to destroy any amount, and any inveteracy of evil in the heart. If the Leech can be touched, we must all believe so too.

The Bishop says the Gospel must find something in our natures *similar to itself* before it can take effect; the roots feel their way into the earth in search of nutriment, homogeneous and corresponding, each root for itself, that of wheat for one substance, and that of sorrel for another; so he says the Gospel feels its way into the heart. As music addresses and develops the musical sentiment, so evangelical love and truth address and develop the sentiments of love and truth. In this way he acts; he gains access to the heart, makes sure that the floor will hold him; then commences an onslaught on the unclean spirits, drives them out, with old Adam at their head; brushes away the dust and cobwebs of meanness; opens the shutters, and lets in the light of God and the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness. Such are many of the wonders God hath wrought by him in Livingston! Can he succeed with the Widow? In all countries moss grows, the ice-bolstered rocks of the Arctic are green and soft with it. There the merganser spends its summer, the snowbird rears its young, and our own robin sings. Shall we despair, then, of these temperate regions? When our troops went to the

attack of Louisburg, Whitfield gave them this motto: "Nil desperandum, Christo Duce;" an admirable one for our own flag.

I am forgetting, like many other sinners, the Sabbath. It is the Lords day to us; in the most exalted sense, it is Christ's own day. All days are holy, this seems to be the cream of the week. On the spiritual river where we would ever sail, the Sabbath opens into clearer water, and broader bay; and we can rest on our oars to get a distincter view of the blue heavenly hills whither we tend. Is it not a good thing, this hebdomadal renovation of the skin and clothes? You know the old saw: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Our Bishop preaches on cleanliness, carnal and spiritual; and if it be a true sign, I think you would count us a very godly people. Houses, rooms, yards, fences, streets, as well as persons, in all parts of the town, look wonderfully clean, neat, tidy; No. 4 would grace Hyde Park. You would also see, on the Sabbath conspicuously, greater simplicity in dress; there is taste and some ornament; but "gaudy apparel" has almost entirely disappeared, "as unbecoming those who profess Godliness." That transition in fashion with which a foreign connection so afflicts your city, is here neither frequent nor abrupt. In an intermixture of styles from one season to another, the variety is not sufficiently marked to prevent our wearing out the old without disquiet, or adopting the new at convenience.

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The other night, at a party at our house, Deacon Bowker danced with Miss Amy, I should say, Mrs. Elliman; a thing she never consented to before in her life. Col. Welch said he was falling into his second childhood, by renewing his youth, sooner than he anticipated. A dance on cold water he pronounced strange, but excellent. Deacon

Ramsdill declared that he should live an hundred years. "It's sheer nater," said he, "it is just like soap, the longer you keep it, the better it grows." If Chilion could only play for us! William Beach proves a first-rate violinist, so does Abiah Tapley.

We make much of music, and it does well by us. I wish to see unfolded and imbodied the entire musical capability of the wn. We have an instrumental company, called The ' ilion Band. They play on the Green, Summer evenings, and in the Cemetery; they have gone to Breakneck, Shakehill, and all parts of the town. They frequently come to Mons Christi, play in our groves, and on the Head. The effect of this last is indescribable. It reaches the village, and the inspiring melodies, like morning light, irradiate over wood, valley and mountain. Mr. Evelyn has written some Christian Hymns, very beautiful, and combining some lyric fire. These hymns you will hear in many a house, in the fields, and the children sing them at school.

Our schools are doing well. There were formerly but two in town, we have now six. Hancock Welles, grandson of the Parson, after he left College, was engaged for a permanent teacher in the Grammar School, for which a new and commodious house was erected on the Green, in place of the one that was burnt.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

We have digested and adopted a system of Christ Church Festivals. Mr. Evelyn observed the extent and influence of these things in the Old World, and, after due sortings and shiftings, we thought something of the kind might be produced in the New. The idea, he insists, is a

good one, but the manner in which the thing has been managed is open to reprehension. Festivals, he says, have been instituted by Kings and Popes, for Machiavellian purposes, or any other than Christian or human; that they have never been the offspring of a free and enlightened mind, but either the enforcements of arbitrary power, or the expedients of priestly art. Christ-Church Festivals have at least this merit; the people were cognizant of their incipiency, assisted in each step of their progress, and gave their suffrages to the entire plan. Ecclesiastical Holidays, Mr. Evelyn says, are also open to exception in their subjects. Why should we observe the Purification of the Virgin Mary, St. Michael's day, or Ash Wednesday? Or why, neglecting more affecting and spiritual events, should we make use of the Circumcision of Christ? We cannot, of course, with the English Church, keep the Gunpowder Plot, and King Charles's Martyrdom. Our Festivals are twelve in number, one for each month of the year. Three of them are such as have already become national, or at least New England, the Spring Fast, Independence and the Autumnal Thanksgsving; three more are founded on the Beatitudes, and are named as follows: the Festival of the Poor in Spirit, of the Peacemakers, and of the Pure in Heart. There is the Festival of Charity, or Christian Love, from 1 Cor. xiii. Then from the life of Christ are Christmas, drawn from his birth, etc; Childmas, which refers to his holy Boyhood and Youth; the Festival of the Crucifixion, which comprises his strong crying and tears in the flesh, his temptation, his bearing his Cross, his agony in the garden, and his death; that of the Resurrection, which includes his transfiguration, his spiritual anastasis, his being the Life of the soul, and his rising from the dead. Then we have the Festival of Universal

Brotherhood, taken from Christ's interview with the Samaritan woman, and the Declaration of Paul, that in Christ all are one. We have also twelve other Festivals, in the monthly recurrence of the holy Communion. Our Bishop has also prepared a system of Sabbaths, which he pursues with tolerable regularity. He has given us, Baptismal Sunday, founded on Christ's Baptism; Children's Sunday,—his blessing the little children; Unity Sunday; Atonement Sunday—"that they may be one in us;" Regeneration Sunday—"except a man be born again;" Repentance Sunday, etc., etc.

Christmas, if you please, leads the signs in our Evangelical Circle, is the beginning of the Christian year; this falls in September; the Pure in Heart, in October; Thanksgiving, in November; the Festival of the Universal Brotherhood, which also includes All Saints, is given to December. In January is the Peacemakers, when we decorate the Church with evergreens, have the Lion and Lamb symbolized, and make our endeavors for private and universal Peace. We seek forgiveness and proffer restitution. To February, the Poor in Spirit is assigned; the Crucifixion to March; and in April is Fast. May gives us Childmas, which is peculiarly for the children; June, the Festival of Love; July, Independence social, political mental, religious; this is also the Anniversary of the Erection of the Cross. The year closes in August, with the Resurrection.

The time of Christmas was changed for the following reasons;—that the month and season of our Saviour's birth are not known; that the 25th of December, the Calendar day, is of Gentile origin, not an insuperable objection, provided it were recommended by any intrinsic propriety. But this is not the case. The Festival to which that day refers,

obtaining among Northern nations, is only adapted to a Northern latitude. The sun's annual return, which they were wont to celebrate, gave them a cause of gratulation at the expense of their trans-equatorial brethren, who at the same moment were mourning its withdrawal. Such an arrangement would not be cosmopolitan and universal enough for Christ-Church. Therefore we selected an equinoctial point, when it shines with the same strength on all portions of the globe. So far as Livingston is concerned, there were few or no preexisting Ecclesiastical prejudices to be affected, and the people were at full liberty to select what time they chose. This Festival with us is not taken up solely with the Birth of Christ, it contemplates in addition his Second Coming, i. e. his spiritual revelation in the hearts and lives of his disciples. So looking both backward and forward, it may well occupy some central point. On most of our Festivals, there is a short religious exercise in the Church. The Poor in Spirit is a season of sober introspection, humility and prayer. The Crucifixion has for its objects to effect within us a crucifixion to the world and of the world to us. We become truly partakers of the sufferings of Christ, his temptation, his reproach, his cross-bearing, his dying. Childmas, in May, gives several holidays to the children. They have a May-pole, May-dances, and a Queen of May. They go into the woods for evergreens and flowers. In the evening the Band play for them, and they dance with their parents on the Green. You will see them going down in the morning, from Breakneck and Snakehill, blithe as the birds; the girls dressed in white, and the boys in blue-checked linen. This Festival is also devoted by the people at large to ornamenting the streets, replenishing the flowers of the Cemetery, and planting shrubbery about their houses. Inde-

pendence day, the 4th of July, we have an Oration, a rural dinner and a dance in the evening at the Masonic Hall. This is a superb room, over the Town House, which the Masons have freely relinquished to our use whenever we want it. They always unite with us in keeping this Festival. The Resurrection, in August, seeks to realize for us that spiritual resurrection from sin which St. Paul strove to attain, and which Christ so perfectly enjoyed. It also looks to the final elimination of the spirit from the body. The Festival of Love in June would advance us in that love which thinketh no evil, beareth all things, is the bond of perfection, the seal of our being born of God, and fulfils the law. The Pure in Heart, among other things, is devoted to a general School visitation. The School-houses are filled with parents and friends ; the scholars examined, and addresses made. The election of the May Queen is made to turn somewhat on these examinations. She who received the crown this year was Delinda, daughter of Zenas Joy. Peacemaker's day, coming the first of January, is supplied with whatever of interest attaches to that epoch. Thanksgiving is observed agreeably to immemorial New England usages, bating the Turkey-shoot at No. 4, and Horse-racing ; the Ball at Mr. Smith's has been supplanted by a general dance at the Masonic Hall. Our Festivals are not put by for Sunday, but when they fall on that day, which not infrequently happens, the Bishop prepares discourses accordingly. Thus is the whole year interwoven and girded about by these beautiful occasions; some of them exceedingly joyous and gay, others more sedate and reflective. What Herbert says of them I dare not ;—

> " Who loves not you, doth in vain profess
> That he loves God, or Heaven, or Happiness."

Yet we do love them, and that, *because* we love God and Happiness.

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The sectaries have sought to introduce themselves among us. Our Bishop freely offered them his pulpit, but they refused to occupy it; he proposed exchanges that were declined. They would not join in our Communion, although the emblems are tendered to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. They kept aloof from our festivals. We have all been baptized, and nearly two hundred the Bishop has immersed. What could they want! They came one night, nearly forty of them, preachers and all, from Dunwich to Snakekill. The superintendent of the Schools in that District had orders to open the School-house to them. The Bishop, Mr. Evelyn, Deacon Bowker and several went up; the room was full. The Bishop remarked we should be glad to hear any thing they had to say, and hoped they would express themselves freely. One began to speak but he appeared embarrassed and stopped. Then one of their leaders fell upon his knees saying, "Let us pray," and pray he did, nearly half an hour, and with stentorian voice. Such a prayer may it never be my lot to hear again! He argued with us, philippized us, denounced us, and as Nimrod said, "whipped us over the Almighty's back!" Has the Prince of Puppetdom in reserve a more horrid piece of drollery? Deacon Whiston could not contain himself; like Elijah of old he mocked them, and said, "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is deaf, or is talking, or is on a journey." "There is no voice, nor any that answereth," added the Bishop. The effect was irresistible. The meeting was broken up, and those most misguided people mounting their horses made all haste to depart.

They would convert us from what? Christ himself! To what, in the name of all that is good? To John Wesley, or John Calvin! They would save our souls.

These are already saved, or at least Christ is doing that work for us hour by hour. They have been in various parts of the town endeavoring to ply the ridiculous enginery of God's wrath and eternal damnation. They are eighteen hundred years behind the age, our Christian age at least. As Nimrod says, they "are barking up the wrong tree." I have no grudge against these people. Some of them have excellent private qualities. Whatever there is of the Christian in them I like, and there we and they agree, and that ought to be a common foundation broad enough for us all to stand upon. But the Ism is the difficulty. This governs their action, this they would thrust upon us. Their Ismaticalness conceals and extrudes the Christian. We meet them as Christians, they meet us as Ismatics. It is Christ *versus* Isms. Which shall prevail?

Lycurgus forbade the entrance of strangers into Laconia, and the departure of his subjects. He was afraid of contamination. The gates of Livingston are ever open, come in, go out, who will. "The Lord encampeth round about them that fear him," was our Bishop's text last Sunday. We have thus far been delivered from serious evil. We are not afraid of the world, only the world must expect to get most condignly meal-powdered, if it undertakes mischief against us. We have in Livingston, nine hundred members of Christ-Church, bold hearts, true hearts, completely clad in the armor of God, ready for any battles of the Lord; and equally ready to die at the stake, if needs be. "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering at our hands, and showed us all these things," our Bishop says. "Cursed cows have short horns," Deacon Ramsdill says. And plantain thrives best when it is most trod upon, that I know. Pray for us that we may be able to go safely through all fiery trials.

It is related that the Cyclops for their savageness and cruelty were condemned to Tartarus; but that Tellus, the Goddess of the Earth, persuaded Jupiter it would be for his interest to employ them in forging thunder-bolts, and other instruments of terror with a frightful and continued din of the anvil. When I call to mind certain kinds of preaching I remember to have heard, and which I am told every where abound, I reflect that Christ banished all such things from his kingdom; but the gods of this lower world have persuaded themselves it would be for the interest of the Supreme to have these Cyclops recalled, and our pulpits are full of their din! Where, alas! where is the sweet, gentle, loving voice of Jesus, a voice that would not lift itself up, nor cry, but did sometimes weep?

The Preacher, he whom I first heard in the words some years ago, acts singularly. He hovered about Livingston, peeping in upon us, and then running away. He said he believed the Latter Days were come; then he hid himself in the woods, and nobody heard from him for a long time. At last he came to the village, is now an attentive waiter on our Bishop's ministrations, and says he is resolved to become a Missionary, and disseminate the principles of Christ Church in the world.

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We have had various sorts of people among us within two or three years, and with an equal variety of motives; Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics, Armenians, Russians, Greeks, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos. The latter were foreigners, gentlemen travelling the world in pursuit of knowledge. We had most of them at our house. What should happen one Sunday, but that a venerable Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, a Jew, and a Mohammedan, sat in the same pew in Christ-Church, and

as it was Communion day, they all partook of the Sacrament together, and after service, came to Mons Christi in company! The Doctor remarked he had always preached faith in Christ, and the regeneration of our natures, "but I declare," said he, "I never understood these things before, or saw them so happily exemplified." The Jew said, laughing, if it were not for our pig-pen, he believed he should be a Christian. The Mohammedan published an account of his travels, and from Teheran, in Persia, I received a copy done in Arabic. We taxed our wits, and at the same time gratified our vanities, in translating it. The chapter on Livington would amuse you. The author has even given a description of me! This is a precious tidbit, and I shall not endanger it by committing it to the post-rider. You shall see it, when *you* visit us. One of the Hindoos—there were two of them in company, and Brahmins, I believe—said he would leave with us words from their sacred books; as follows. "Truth, contentment, patience, mercy, belong to great minds." "A man of excellent qualities is like a flower, which whether found among weeds, or worn on the head, still preserves its fragrance." An Episcopal Bishop was here, and he said that sooner than deny the Apostolic authority of our Bishop, he would forego his own. He said this to us, but whether he wished it to go abroad to the world, is more than I know. Such are some of the pleasant records of visits we have had. That other things of a very different nature have been said and done, I cannot deny. But I should tire you by reporting all the evil there is in the world, or the want of love which many betray who come here. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" What a prayer was that! Let us aspire to it.

Here is another affair for you. One day there came to

our house a gentleman with a letter from his Holiness Pope Pius VII. addressed to us as his dear children, and recommending to our care the bearer and his objects. The bearer was a Roman Cardinal, and his objects thus appeared. He said the Pope had learned that we had erected the Cross, and that he hoped to find us obedient children of the Holy Catholic Church. We told him we belonged to that Church. He said he hoped to effect our affiliation with the *Roman* Catholic Church. We told him that we fellowshipped all churches in which was the spirit of Christ, and that so far as the Roman Church possessed that, we were happy to belong to it. He then said something about allegiance. "What," said Mr. Evelyn, "to Pope Pius?" "Not exactly that," replied the gentleman. "To the Council of Trent?" persisted Mr. Evelyn. "I perceive I have made a mistake," said the gentleman, and making a very polite apology started to leave. "Give our sincere respects to the Pope," said Mr. Evelyn, "tell him we pay him the allegiance due to him, that contained in the Apostolic direction to honor all men. If he should come this way we hope he will give us a call." The Cardinal had not reached the door when an Armenian Prelate was announced from Syria. He said he understood we were Monophysites, and wished to ascertain if we were not a lost branch of their Church established in this country centuries ago. While he was yet speaking a Patriarch of the Greek Church came in. He said he had been told we denied the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, and hoped to find us identified with his order. Presently we had them all three seated and pleasantly talking together. We sent for our Bishop, and they all dined with us. The Greek made the sign of the cross with three fingers, the Armenian with two, and the Catholic with his hand indiscriminately.

We took them in our carriage to the village and about the town. They passed the night at our house. Having other friends with us, we could not give them each a room; and the Roman Cardinal and Greek Patriarch slept in the same bed; an event, Mr. Evelyn said, that had probably not happened since the year 1054, when Pope Leo X. and the Patriarch Cerularius excommunicated each other. At devotions in the morning, the Greek read the hymn, the Armenian read the Scripture, and the Catholic made the prayer. They left us, and we have heard nothing from them since. I hope when these gentlemen reach home they will not suffer, as did that Timagorus; who, sent on an embassy to Persia and conforming to some of the usages of that Court, at his return was put to death by the Athenians, who thought the dignity of their city compromised by his conduct.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

We have had a more considerable alarm, the causes and course of which I will speak of. Livingston you know has been the subject of public remark, and perhaps some scandal. The conduct of our people in military matters has gone abroad to their prejudice; in addition, Judge Morgridge has been accused of remissness in duty; it was said that he had not sent so many convicts to the State Prison as formerly, and that he shortened the term of such as were committed to the Jail. It was intimated that we had rendered ourselves obnoxious to Legislative severity, and some punitive action on the part of the government was apprehended. A memorial to the General Court was got up, and signed by nearly a thousand of our people, men, women and children, setting forth our condition and most

earnest wishes. Deacon Bowker was our representative at the time; he read the memorial, but added nothing, only took his seat, and as he said, prayed God to aid the issue. The Legislature, in a manner that does credit equally to their prudence and humanity, ordered an investigation of the case; and a Committee was raised to visit Livingston and report at the next session. Two gentlemen with plenipotentiary powers of inspection came amongst us. They were here frequently, and in fact spent several weeks of the year on their object. We sought neither to meal-powder nor gold-blind them, but showed them the civilities due to all, and maintained the uniformity due to ourselves. They tell the story of a young painter, who being very poor was reduced to the necessity of converting one of his pictures into lining for his jacket; and thus exposed his genius by wearing it on his back. Livingston wears its virtues on its back—and in its heart too—where they can be seen at a glance:—but to my story.

The Committee made up their report which, having been printed, swells into a large pamphlet. I will give you a syllabus of it. They say our roads are in fine order, in fact none are better in the State; that the whole town has a striking aspect of neatness and thrift; that during all the time of their visit they saw not one drunken man, while in most towns such characters appeared without looking for them; that the consumption of intoxicating drinks has diminished from six or eight thousand gallons annually to a few scores; that the amount paid for schools has risen from three or four hundred dollars to two thousand; that all taxes laid by the State and County have been promptly paid; that our poor have lessened three-quarters; they say also that the value of real estate in Livingston has advanced twenty per cent., and that wholly exclusive of the

improvements on Mons Christi; and that the mania for removing to the West, which prevails all over New England, has here subsided.

On the charges preferred against Judge Morgridge, so far as his connection with this town and vicinity are concerned, they report in the first place that fewer criminal actions have been brought before him than formerly, and those of a less malefic nature; and that the number of prisoners in the Jail has fallen from forty or fifty to eight or ten, and only one of these belonged to Livingston. They next inquire if these facts are to be attributed to the official negligence of the Judge, or to an actual decrease of crime. On this point, which is elaborated with considerable care, thanks to those gentlemen, I will give you the results of their observation. They say that during the last four years since the enlargement of the Jail, the addition to the comfort of the inmates, and the practice here adopted of visiting them frequently, and attending to their moral condition, the *recommitments* have almost entirely ceased; whereas in former times these constituted nearly one half of the subjects of prosecution; and they consent that our mode tends really to reform the prisoner, and restore him a useful citizen to the State; and they say they see not cause for censuring the Judge who sends convicts rather to the Jail, where their morals and manners are amended, than to the State Prison where the reverse is wont to befall. The Committee came evidently possessed with the suspicion, which some have taken the pains to create in the public mind, that we shielded our criminals and tried to snatch them from justice. They say they have canvassed the whole town, explored by-places, gone into private dwellings, watched about taverns, traversed the streets by night, and *cannot find any criminals;* that the people ap-

pear to be industrious, time-saving, minders-of-their-own-business, and free from the ordinary tokens of guilt. They speak also of the absence of petty offences, which exist almost everywhere; and we could tell them once flourished here, such as unhinging gates, hanging cart-wheels on trees, plundering hen-roosts, shearing horses, etc., etc. They add, pleasantly enough, that, while they have been in a hundred houses, at all hours of the day, they have not heard a woman speak scandal, or scold her children. They remark that a petition for divorce from Hopestill Cutts and his wife, formerly pending before the Legislature, has been withdrawn; and here, as all along, apprehensive of some collusion, they declare they made such an investigation as perfectly satisfied them these people were living in harmony and love.

Regarding the nature and extent of the penalty, they say Judge Morgridge has generally adopted the minimum point of the law, which he thinks has proved itself to be adequate both for the protection of the community and the punishment of the offender. They report a visit to the Jail, where they say they found what appeared to be a radical change going on in the minds and hearts of the convicts. The fact that few are recommitted indicates, they say, that the accommodations of the Prison do not offer a premium on crime. Another circumstance which demonstrates to their minds the actual cessation of offences, is the abolition of the use of intoxicating drinks. The able-bodied poor, who used to waste their time and aggravate their indolence by liquors, they found soberly working and wisely economizing. Our merchants also told them the people traded as liberally and paid more punctually than ever, and that they had less occasion for prosecutions. Thus, in various ways, the Committee profess themselves satisfied that there

is a diminution both in the causes and the sum of criminality; and they report a resolve which entirely exonerates the Judge from the charge of infidelity to the laws, and carelessness of the good of the State.

As regards military drills, our people made a solemn exhibit to the Committee of what formerly existed here, the intoxication, profanity, gambling, horse-racing, brawling, dissipation of time, wreck of morals, etc., the offsprings of those occasions; and furthermore, they protested, that as members of Christ-Church, as Christians, as believers in the Gospel, they could not conscientiously engage in taking, or preparing to take, the lives of their fellow-beings, in premeditated battle. "I lost my all in one war," said Captain Tuck, "and am prepared to do the same in another. Take our property, consign us to dungeons, load us with chains, but do not compel us to violate our consciences. I am under orders from the Lord Almighty, Jesus Christ is my Commander-in-Chief, in their service I deem it my highest honor to live, or to die." Our people affirmed, in addition, that the military expenses of the town, taking the matter in all ways, had not been less than one thousand dollars a year; some said two thousand; and that they needed the money for other purposes. They added that they were willing to pay such taxes as the government imposed, and only sought the ability to pay. These facts the Committee reported without comment. They were present at several of our Festivals, at Christ-Church on the Sabbath, at our Town Meetings, and dances, and expressed a general satisfaction in what they saw.

And now what is the good news I have to tell you?—this, that in the ultimate decision of the Legislature, it was voted nearly unanimously by both houses, that Judge Morgridge should not be disturbed in his office, and that the

Town of Livingston should be exempt from all Military duty! It was the Summer Session, when the resolve was finally passed, and Deacon Bowker arrived with the glad intelligence Independence day; our fears took flight in raptures, and our ordinary good cheer creamed like a tankard of beer. Master Elliman's toast was quite characteristic; "Our Legislature, a convert from Thomas Aquinas to Duns Scotus."

There has been a multiplication of travel hither, and the influx of strangers is incessant and great. One advantage the people say they begin to realize from their mode of life; that is money. Mr. Stillwater says his tavern profits exceed by far those of other years. The people generally speak of increased sales, on this score. Many orchards, formerly miserable rum-lots, have been converted into productive fruiteries. We have imported grafts, and new seed, and now they raise choice apples, pears and peaches, that find a ready market any where. Some of the people, who cannot confine themselves wholly to cold water, make cider, by an improved process, which Mr. Evelyn says, is equal to the purest wines of France.

Dr. Johnson tells a story of Steele, to this effect. The essayist having one day invited to his house several persons of quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries that surrounded the table. One of the guests inquired of Steele, how such a train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune, for he was known to be poor. He frankly confessed they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid; but declared they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had found it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they did stay. How much of the equipage, the appoint-

ments, the furniture, the dress, of the world, is a sort of liveried bailiff, who, as soon as the feast is over, will take every thing from you! Whatever decorations Livingstonians exhibit, are their own, their debts are paid.

Mr. Evelyn has accomplished a good deal with the somewhat rugged soil of Mons Christi. Last year he sold, in New York, four hundred bushels of apples, at an average of seventy-five cents per bushel. He raised also six hundred bushels of rye, corn and oats, potatoes, and other things as many as we want. We have six cows, and such cream, butter, cheese—did you ever taste better? Our sheep, hogs, turkeys, ducks, hens, are innumerable. In the Saw-mill, at the Outlet, we have put a run of stone, and grind our own grain. The Notch through the hill from the Via Salutaris to the Outlet is now a fine road, and a fine drive; and that wild and superb scenery back of the highlands is accessible to all. Balboa, he that discovered the Pacific Ocean, when he came in sight of it, fell on his knees and thanked God; then plunging into the water up to his waist, with his sword and buckler, took possession in the name of his sovereign. We have just reached the edge of this illimitable, whale-bearing, sky-cleaving Nature; with hoe and axe, microscope and alembic, love and health, we take possession of it, in the name of God and Christ, amen. The Chinese carry their gardens and rice-fields to the tops of their mountains. What may yet become of New England? The Indians indeed are gone; what do we in their stead? This suggests to me that the remains of Pakanawket and his grandchild, after reposing so long in the depths of the Pond, at last rose to the surface. We had them buried in the woods which he pointed out as the home of his grandfather; and over them we put an antique monument of red sand-stone, on which are sculptured their effigies

in the style of the Middle Ages. In the darkest woods they lie, but their shrine has as many visitors as that of Thomas a Becket. What more, what better could we do?

MR. EVELYN TO ANNA.

From the tone of your letters, I gather that Margaret in what she writes you, treats of her own agency in these matters Livingstonian in a manner somewhat obscure. I shall take the liberty to elucidate this point briefly. I do not intend to overtax her modesty or involve her singleness of heart, beyond what is meet; but in truth I must declare, the first person in her letters would be more fitting and exact than any second; it is she herself, and not we, who is, under God and in Christ, the soul of all that which we now behold. This may be as frankly avowed as it is sincerely felt. Nor do I fear inducing a dispute with my dear wife by saying as much. She knows that I know it, and if she has not confidence enough in herself to confess the fact, she has in me to yield to it. If she has not a consciousness of her own strength, it is because it is so absolutely and plenarily great she lacks the contentions and annoyances of weakness which reveal to most of us the little strength we do possess. Wherein she is conscious of her strength, she so expends it in action as to leave no carking and petted residuum to be troubled with. Her self-consciousness is not, what we sometimes behold, a crying infant, but a grown-up sister; it resides quite as much with her industry as in her heart, and she is not obliged to quit her work and rock the cradle of herself. She thus escapes a morbid tendency on the one hand, and a heedless one on the other; she can be self-forgetful and self-moved; she can love and

she can labor. She will not charge me with any adroit humility that seeks to hide itself under her laurels.

You have known, Anna, that I had some *vis* in my composition, but of that kind which the books call *mortua*, more than the description *viva;* in other words, that I was sluggish and lazy. I saw, and thought, and speculated enough. I attained many correct conclusions; but never *did* anything. When I left College, I soon convinced myself, that like many other rare geniuses, I was doomed to be the victim of circumstances. I was not poverty-stricken, but man-stricken. The forms and the spirit of error and evil had distorted the face of the globe; but why should I attempt to remove mountains, or change the beds of rivers? Let me travel over the one, and sail on the other. I would not perish where so many of my kith and kin had come to their end, that is to say, in contention. I essayed poetry, but soon learned, that I had not only to make verses, but remodel the standards of taste; that if I would succeed, I must first put all the critics to death, as the Emperor Hadrian did Apollodorus, for blaming the proportions of a Temple he had erected. Of the Professions, Theology I could not, Law and Medicine I would not; and then, as a last resort, I concluded to fall in love with a very pretty and very poor girl, here in Livingston. I knew I could *live* with her, whereas I must die in all the world besides. Well for me that I had sense enough to understand her, or heart enough to love her. I could always philosophize, but lacked the energy of execution. In place of hastening the better day, I was disposed to yield most implicit obedience to that direction of the Apostle, "Wait until the Lord come." Margaret's energy has inspired all my capabilities, and given motion to my will. But more than this, for example, I could sit with Phidias in his studio, and out of

ideal gold and ivory make a Jupiter, with all suitable enrichments. She takes the veritable materials, and the statue is done. Thus is our whole history; I have been able to impart a certain fanciful existence to Ideality; she perpetually reduces the same to the Actual. Nor does she seem to study her plan, with most artists, and then go to work; she goes to work, and the plan and the result are both before you. She seems to be only embodying herself in what is about her, her profuse and impulsive being creates life in all things, her own going forth is the signal for the appearance of Beauty and Virtue; she translates Nature to Man; and Man to himself. I talk like a doting husband, but this is what I am, and what she has made me.

She was reared on bread and cider, and bean porridge; she slept in a cold chamber, she hardened her constitution among snow-banks; her mind, never overloaded, was always occupied; her nature would neither endure, nor did it ever receive, the fetters of fashion, conventionality, dogma, or world-fear. Without education, in the common sense of the term, her faculties were matured; without instruction she was wise; and having never heard of Mr. Nash, she became graceful and polite.

Christianity she was unembarrassed to receive, and in that alone has she found a master. For this indeed she was somewhat prepared by her night-visions; but when it came, it overpowered and aggrandized her. I never could have imagined so perfect an incarnation of Christ as she is; and that without parting with any of her proper individuality. She drinks in Christ as the oaks do the dews, to replenish herself in greater proportion and beauty thereby. The bread from Heaven, designed for the aliment, development, and ripening of all souls, she feeds daily upon.

I know not that she is a Philosopher, save that she acts philosophically. Our Philosophers, for the most part, by an industrious collation of many facts, like travellers with heavy packs on their shoulders, fare slowly up the hill of their conclusions. On a few facts her conclusions rest; one fact stands with her for many facts, and this from a certain comprehensive and nice power of analogy she possesses. That law by which all facts in the physical, moral and religious world gravitate towards a common centre, and coalesce in one, she has an intuitive perception of. Or rather the soul of all things, the Truth and Love, of which facts are but the signs, she understands by the correspondence of her own soul therewith. Hence is her logic rapid and correct, and her action perfect and sure. She has perhaps, more Philosophy than a Philosopher; and if, as has been observed, History be Philosophy teaching by example, Nature is Margaret teaching by practice.— She also possesses much of the Universal Heart; a variety of hearts enter into the ingredients of hers. Hence, occupying the stand-point of the many, her sight is extensive, her projects are feasible, and her success certain.

When I first saw her, she was more purely in a state of nature than any civilized person I ever encountered. To this, partly, I attribute the power of the Gospel on her.— Neither internal sin nor external evil had deformed or diseased her, and she was prepared, like a new-born babe, to breathe the atmosphere of Christ the moment she came in contact with it, and to drink the sincere milk of the word. I once wholly despaired of seeing a Christian; she is one! I might say, I more than despaired of fulfilling my ideal in myself; she has aided me to do it! Christ pervades every corner and cranny of her being; she is filled with the fullness of God.

And yet she loves me with a most devout and child-like love. "And yet?" Why should she not? In pursuing her objects in town, she is no dry, hoarse-voiced, arrow-speeding, denunciatory, crochetty, monomaniac; she gushes up like a fountain, and having supplied her home, has enough wherewithal to overflow and run down the hill. She is meek and lowly of heart in an uncommon degree. Whatever manly qualities she exhibits, it is without masculineness, and she is a woman without effeminacy. She has no bitterness of spirit; the only person in the world whom she was disposed to view as thoroughly and hopelessly depraved, was the Widow Wright; but I believe she has got the better of that judgment. She has no blur in her own eyes when she would remove that of her brother.

But of her connection with the Livingstonian re-Christianization—I say, she may report to you what *she* does, more than what we do. This is a palpable truth. For instance, our Festivals; I had witnessed their workings in the Old World, I was convinced of their utility; I could relate their history, distinguish their errors and defects; *while I was speaking on the subject*, she had elaborated the system we now enjoy. Is it my doings or hers? At the same time, standing as she does in the common heart, corresponding with so many minds, it seemed to emanate as much from the people as from herself. The hierophancy that exists in all souls needed only to be awakened to make every one a practical interpreter of Nature. This, you will recollect, was after the extraneous habits and factitious modes of the people had somewhat worn away, and they were prepared to act on an original native sense of things. *How* this superincrustation, hardened by many years' duration, and even converted into the commonest uses of life, became removed, would puzzle a greater philoso-

pher than she thinks I am, to tell. Its disappearance was gradual, and yet perceptible. The Spirit of God entered into men's souls, and these dead forms were uplifted, the oppressive bands were broken asunder. Truth and Love, here as everywhere, like that Nebuchadnezzarean tree, had their branches cut off, and its leaves shaken off, but *the stump of the roots was in the earth*, and needed but to be wet with the dew of Heaven, to shoot forth in primeval, paradisean vigor and bloom. Humanity, like a buried giant, heaved off its superincumbence, and rose to life; Religion cast aside her Harlequin robes.

Margaret ever courted alliance with an imperishable Nature. The sentiments of Deacon Ramsdill, sound as they are homely, must have assisted her. From breast to breast an electric fire spread itself. She subsidized all my strength, she drew your brother into the field; she had also most serviceable coadjutors in many other wise and valiant men and women. Her knowledge of human nature would strike you as very great. *She* says Jesus Christ taught her this knowledge; that since she has been a Christian, and a student of the gospels, this intuition, or experience, has been singularly developed in her. Our taking up our abode at Mons Christi was, on the whole, her own suggestion; what we did for the No. 4's, and particularly the setting up of the Statue, was, for the most part, a plan of hers. A pink she saw once in one of their houses seemed to suggest the Statue; and a beautiful image of Diligence she felt would carry a varied impression to the hearts of those gross people, that should work their complete reformation. And the result did not disappoint her. Many, many things about our house, grounds, ways, and in the town, are purely her own inventions. All our superb statues are chiefly hers. I would not applaud her

at the expense of any others. I shall not write myself altogether a "puppet;" your brother has done a great work for us. He came with purposes, possibly not fully ripe, but with talents of the first order, and a heart glowing with Christ-like ambition. There is a host besides, of whom, if not the world, Livingston is worthy.

Of Margaret I was speaking. I have translated to her the whole of the New Testament; and she, I must concede, understands it better than I do. She has a most accurate perception of the general sense, she detects hidden springs of beauty, she harmonizes varying passages and contradictory language, she gathers what may be termed the *manner* of Christ, his accents and emphases, his moods and feelings; she is not constrained by those unnatural prominences which to those of us who have been long accustomed to hear particular topics discussed, and particular texts dwelt upon, occur every where in the Bible. A parable, a trope, an hyperbole, never embarrasses her. There may be a reason for this, in the fact that she understands Christ so well; she is, if I may so say, so much in his vein. She goes deeper than the partial, varying human letter, even into the spirit of Jesus, and comes up full of his meaning. Then she brings to the Gospel so fresh and pure a nature. Do the best I can, I still find myself stumbling upon certain passages that have been detached from their proper place in the sacred text, inwrought into some human system, and invested with a sense wholly remote from the original. She has been troubled by no systems, and these passages, to her, all melt down, and flow on in harmony with the great stream of Gospel truth.

My dearest wife! I see her now on the Pond. She comes from the Islands; and our little Gottfried is with her. Her head is wreathed with evergreens, and the boy

has a cincture of the same. With featest stroke she drives forward her canoe, firmly the child clutches the seat. Happy husband and father of so good a wife, so good a child am I! Fresh and warm is she in heart and complexion, as when I with her first looked on these beautiful waters. Yearly does my love for her increase, with every holy deed our souls are knitted more closely together. She leaps upon the beach, she runs along the grass, the little Gottfried chases his mother. I must go and meet them, for I am made young and agile too. She will bide what I have written; she never blushes at truth, but only when I love her.

MARGARET TO ANNA.

From the same fountain flow tears and smiles! How curiously we are made. My cheeks tingle, my heart goes pit-a-pat. Mr. Evelyn would not send off his letter without showing it to me. All the world may speak well or ill of me; I take it, as Nimrod says a horse does the bit, very coolly. *His* censure or approbation quite undoes me. What is he not to me? When other things are so much, how much is he! God, Christ, and Mr. Evelyn; the Infinite and the Finite, in triune, golden chain encircle me, in one sweet heaven embosom me. Man is that wind-harp, through which the breath of God sounds so softly, as in the thick pines. Mr. Evelyn revealed Christ to me, Christ revealed God to him. Dear, dear, thrice dear Mr. Evelyn. Does he not know how much my strength is nourished from him, as well as from bean porridge? He has not told you how I watched him when he was asleep; nor how I vibrate to his voice when he calls me in the garden; nor how I wait

upon his words, his opinions, his judgments. When he was gone so long, and so far away, I cherished him, as a hidden birth in my soul, which his coming alone brought into life. Did I not tell you, Anna, how much I loved him? Yet you understood something of me, and more of him, and you could not be surprised that I *did* love him. But when he left for Europe, I knew not that I should ever see him again, and he did not write me. What under these circumstances could a girl like me do? Why, love in silence, the same as fishes swim. You are a woman, and you know what that is; and we *are* women, Rose says, and we are *but* women, I allow. It never occurred to me that I was poor, or that I was bred in "the orful wicked ways of the Pond," as the Leech said. Yet how did I love Mr. Evelyn? His letter, if it does not recall me to myself, does certainly recall all my life to me. And if I have not always answered all your questions, dear Anna, it was because I was more apt to fill out my sheet with what was then on my hands, than with what had slid off into my memory.

But I must first settle certain preliminaries as to what a woman is. You would sometimes seem to admonish me lest I become a partaker of a vague somewhat unwomanly. Yet in theory I always agreed with you, and our differences, if there were any, only contemplated the details of practice. And here what I have to say is formed, not from any considerable stress of logic, but out of what lies all around me. To say "We are women," means no more at Mons Christi, than to say, "We are men," and just as much. There is the same difference, I think, between a man and a woman, as between a black birch and a white one. The character of woman has risen a hundred fold in Livingston, yet are we all women still. The girls are not boys, neither

are the ladies lords. We have no Amazons or hybirds, unless I except the Goddess of Health. Man and woman, we are both united and elevated by the common tie of respect and esteem, mutual deference and good will, love and honor. We are boys and girls, wives and husbands, men and women still. Man is less exclusive and despotic, woman is less slavish and tame. Our Festivals, our dances, the general diffusion of Christianity in town, have had the effect to abrade many prejudices, correct many diversities, raise the women in their proper scale, and restore the just order and equitable arrangements of society. It seems after all to be a question of beards and breeches, and since nature has not furnished us the first, why should we be anxious to supply ourselves with the last? "Don't be afraid of Livingston!" Captain Tuck says, and in this matter, so say I.

Now, being a woman, how should, or how did I love Mr. Evelyn? They tell of two yew trees that fell in love, but being separated by a large forest, could not speak to each other. Cherishing their love in concealment, they at length grew so tall, they could overlook the intervening trees; they saw each other, their love was consummated. We did love, we were separated, we at last met, and our love was consummated. But *the growing tall*, how was that? Were we prepared for a perfect love at the first? Did we *need* each other? Were we of proportionate moral stature? Were there no distances even in ourselves requiring that we should first grow tall before we could overlook them? Does not one need a certain amount of self-subsistence, before he or she can subsist another? We are capable of loving, long before we are capable of being loved; I mean capable of supporting the love of another. "A solemn thing is love," said Isabel, when

Rufus offered her his heart. Mr. Evelyn, as I recollect, when I first saw him, imparted to me something of a tremor. But what if he had then proposed to marry me? That would have made me tremble worse and more hopelessly. His love for me must first become a subjective part of my own existence, it must grow up in me, it must mould me somewhat into his image; and so too must mine for him act upon him; then when we meet, our diversities will have vanished, we shall be like each other, we shall be ready to live together always. Perhaps you will say this is rather the record of my own experience, than the establishment of any principle; and what is worse, it may indicate a very dull and unsavory process. I do believe in falling in love, spontaneously, ardently, as much as Rose does, but I do not believe in falling into a quagmire. I cannot approve of those marrying who have no points in common. I confess indeed to the power of love in diminishing differences, and uprooting antipathetic tendencies. But should not their general tastes, sentiments, views, feelings, be accordant? Let love set the mill a-going, but how can we expect any good results from cogs that never fit, or from a wheel-band running on the barrel of a watch?—Yet, are we not Pythagorean half-souls? Men or women, do we not all need our mates? Do we not float through the world, like loose planets, till we are caught in the attraction of some other orb? I must have Mr. Evelyn, Rose must have Frank, Rhody must have Nimrod, Sybil Hash, Isabel Rufus, you Mr. Watson; and so, vice versa. This at least is Rose's doctrine, and I leave it with her to carry on the discussion.

Marriage is proposed as the cure of love; "Get them husbands betimes," says my oracle. We find marriage the sustentation and enrichment of love. When did I love Mr.

Evelyn more than to-day? That we have diversities is certain; but what shall we do with them? Wink them out of sight; agree to disagree: bear with one another in silent, consuming pain? No. Let them be thrown into the common crucible of our affection, and fused together into some *teritum quid*, some new homogeneous form. We have been married seven years. Twice,—for they say I have an excellent memory, and I cannot very well forget the time,—twice he has distressed me, agonized my heart beyond description; I could have died. I thought—I cannot tell what—it is past now. Only I fancied he did not do me justice—it was a little thing—it was not that I was a woman and he a man, for he has never failed not only to love but even to honor me. It was two souls becoming dark to each other, veiling their faces. We were hidden only a short time; the dew of sadness that was upon our windows became beautiful, and then vanished. Yet when he chided me, he loved me. You look from a well-lighted room through a window when it is pitch dark abroad, and you see your own image out in the darkness. He was dark, but in his soul was my image; he tenderly cherished me, and I had to ask to be forgiven. The Apostle prays that we be perfect in love. In love we go on to perfection, in perfection we go on to love. "Are we not illimitable and immortal only in love?" asks my father of my own dear mother. "God dwelleth in him that dwelleth in love." He dwells in Mr. Evelyn and me. His Shekinah is our house and our hearts. Our trees and our flowers grow larger and more beautiful every year; so does our love. God is the same forever, he never grows old, he is never common place; nor is our love ever dull, having its roots in the Infinite. To the eyes of love all things are new.

I too am a mother, so is Rose, so are you. Gottfried Brückmann is four years old, Jane Girardeau, two. Rose has the prettiest little blossom you ever beheld; she daily waxes more happy, more strong. How pleasant to multiply the avenues into which the Divinity may pour itself! You used, sometimes, to raise questions about miracles. Let us cease wondering, and become wonder-workers. The ways of nature are the true anagogics. Gottfried is brown as a nut, and I see Jeannie rolling on the grass. They are hale and hearty, and do not grow under a board; they eat lustily three times a day, and sleep well o'nights. The root called pie-plant, just before it shoots from the earth in the Spring, is the most beautifully tinted thing you ever beheld. Remove the soil, and there you have disclosed a most exquisite rose flesh color, deepening into the purest carmine, and alternating with vermilion and gold. Children that germinate with plenty of mother earth about them, come out in the fairest hues. Cloth, as Ma used to say, is sometimes killed in coloring; but those are artificial dyes. The tints of nature betoken vigor and heart.

Rhody has a son whom they call Chilion; Isabel a daughter, Margaret hight. Rufus has built an elegant marble Italian Villa on the north eastern brow of Mons Christi. Thus we form an extensive community. I am not afraid of our children becoming contaminated *here*. Hash and Nimrod are really new men in Christ Jesus. You would hardly believe they have daily prayers with their households; which is nevertheless the fact. The Bishop has urged the duty of family religion, and great is the change in this respect, in all parts of the town. I can hardly describe my astonishment, when, the other morning, going into Pa's, to find that once blasphemous, atheistic old man, soberly reading the Scriptures with Ma, and devoutly

praying! But what shall become of our children, in after-times, and elsewhere? Livingston seems to us like Arranmore to the Irish, where in clear weather they fancy they can see Paradise. The world is dark and sinful, and how can we adventure our children in it?

Pa takes a great liking to the little ones, and they often run over there. The old man is still mercurial; but his pot-valiantry is gone; cold water is his only fog-breaker; for Anacreontics he sings Christian hymns. He only wishes he had two ears. Ma says Jeannie looks like me. And I was a child once. The other day I rowed across the Pond, and leaped off into the water where I used to bathe and chase the sand-pipers. The rocks, the shadows, the vines were there, and I was there, in my little canoe. I forgot the Universe, and my life, and my children, to be a child once more. Presently Mr. Evelyn came, with Gottfried and Jane, and we frolicked in the water together, and were all children as one. How should a child punish a child? I mean how should I punish my children? Are parents never in the wrong? Are children never in the right? "Nurses should not have pins about them," said Deacon Ramsdill. Do not parents, by their own pride and ignorance often prick their children, and then whip them for crying?

"The bones of an infant," says Dr. Buchan, "are so soft and cartilaginous, that they readily yield to the slightest pressure, and easily assume a bad shape. Hence it is that so many people appear with high shoulders, crooked spines and flat breasts, having had the misfortune to be squeezed out of shape by the application of stays and bandages from their birth." The world abounds in what Comenius calls Deformed and Monstrous people, in both a physical and moral aspect; all squeezed out of shape in their infancy.

Can you fail to understand how men become depraved? "Laissez faire," says Mr. Evelyn. We would encompass our children by the influences of the Good and the Beautiful, which is all they can, primordially, understand of God. Let their characters have an imperceptible development, like rose buds.

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Mr. Evelyn would make you believe that I have been personally interested in this rejuvenescence of the town; so mote it be. After all, it is God's work; we are only his subalterns. You are surprised at the result; I am not. There are 2,304,000 pores in the human body; so many avenues, I might say, has God to the heart; and if we will but be *co-workers with him*, we can find access also. God follows, or I should say, makes nature his mode of entrance and influence; we have but to go in by the same way, and work after the same pattern. Not but that there have been difficulties; but the greatest one, after all, was to find God's stand-point of Nature. What the people of Livingston needed, I could but see; what they would receive, may at times have admitted of some questioning. Their vices were not indeed peculiar, they shared in the common backsliding from God; their cisterns, drained of water, held only sediment, for which they were ready, at any moment, to do battle. I remembered the feeling that prevailed here when I was lost in the woods; how good every body was, self-sacrificing, and self-forgetful; I remembered my dreams. There were the many things Deacon Ramsdill told me; there was my experience with the children when I kept the School, where I learned more of the infinite susceptibilities, wants, tendencies of our nature, than could in any other way have been presented to me out of myself; there was what Chilion told me about

Music; there was the geode and its crystals. Ever too was myself, I could but be sensible of my own wants, and what would do me good. There was the revelation of Christ to me, by Mr. Evelyn. There was the well at No. 4, of which he speaks, clear water, a subterranean Heaven in that greasy, odious place, and along with it Dorothy's pink, that seemed to me like another little Heaven in the deep degradation of humanity. There was also a strong conviction that the sin which I saw in the world was unnatural and self-destructive, that much of the folly of men was preposterous and remediable. So in many ways I was taught the will of God. I know not that I was ever conscious of any mission to this people; but after our house was done, I could not be satisfied till something else was doing. Our, or my, if you please, first experiment was at No. 4, as he has told you. The effect was almost instantaneous and quite magnificent; that the Scripture might be fulfilled where it is written, "Though they have lain among pots, they shall become as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

I have a fortune indeed; and some would fain make themselves believe that we have opened a battery of systematic bribery, that we have got into the human heart, as Philip did into the Athenian walled-towns, by our gold. You would be surprised to know how little we have bestowed in a mere eleemosynary manner. We gave nothing to the No. 4's, except what took an ornamental form. Their solid comfort and prosperity is wholly to be attributed to themselves. It was not largesses they needed, but industry, economy, temperance and love. We bought them a barn, when their hay and corn began to increase; but they have since repurchased it. I gave Abiah Tapley a clarionet and Isaiah Batch a bugle, that they might join

our Band; Dorothy we have educated. In the town at large we have done little for charity; our money indeed has gone freely, but more in ways æsthetic and religious than otherwise. It has aided in the erection of a Church Cemetery, Fountain, School-house, remodelling the Jail, planting trees, setting up Statues, etc., etc. To Judah Weeks we made a loan, on an importation of sheep, cows, fruits and seeds, he was making from England; but he has repaid it. And, I believe, at this moment, I could receive back principal and interest, all I have laid out. The pecuniary ability of the people has kept pace with their moral excellence. Land has advanced in price, strangers are anxious to settle amongst us. The people have expended a good deal, and they have made money. Abstinence from ardent spirits, military duty, needless fashions, lawsuits, have saved the town ten thousand dollars a year; so Judge Morgridge said at our house the other night. Add to this the recovery from idle habits, negligent dispositions and an unproductive uniformity, and you will see our people are able to expend much in other ways.

Waste lands have been redeemed; sundry improvements in agricultural and mechanical arts adopted, whereby at once is a saving, and a profit. Education, Literature, Religion, Recreation, Beauty, Music, Art, Morality and General Happiness, are things the people enjoy, and for which they are able to pay. They have laid the foundation for a building to serve a composite purpose, of Library, Museum, Lecture Room, Reading Room. The Natural History of the place some are beginning to develop and illustrate; its insects, birds, fishes, rocks, and flowers. Arthur Morgridge and Aurelius Orff spent the whole of last year in examinations of this sort, and their book under the superintendence of Master Elliman will be published,

and two hundred copies will be sold in Livingston. Hancock Welles, the Principal of the Grammar School, spends one whole day in the week with his scholars, studying the world about them; I mean the Livingstonian world, of wood, earth and water. Of our extraneous public taxes some of the people complain a little. Mons Christi paid a general tax last year of two thousand dollars. Mr. Evelyn says the State has helped Livingston somewhat, and if Livingston can help the State out of its difficulties, it will be better for all in the end.

Do people speak of wealth?—Mr. Evelyn says our country expends for military and warlike purposes, in all ways, at the rate of 80,000,000 dollars a year, for intoxicating drinks 50,000,000 more, and for vain and hurtful customs enough to carry the tale to 200,000,000! What if this sum could every where be devoted to Christ, Beauty and Happiness; you would cease to wonder at what is done in Livingston.

What time, what labor, what money is laid out in the great world on what is known as *Fashion!* Vice is ugly, and yet you embrace her; if she were beautiful, that might be an excuse for your conduct. Can any thing exhibit a more "hideous mien" than Fashion? The French Milliners are a more dangerous foe to the race than French arms. Madame Laponte threatens a worse evil than Napoleon. She has actually invaded America, and thousands of females have fallen victims to her arts. Your grandmother said I should certainly lose my symmetry if I ~~that~~ did not wear a whalebone corset like one she showed me, and would weigh, I should think, three pounds. Your friend, Mrs. Modim, declared I should lose caste if I did not carry my waist up over my shoulders; long waists, she said, were fast going out of fashion, or worn by the vulgar. Is

it not, after all, only a circular race between Tippee and Twaddle? Tippee is now ahead, Twaddle soon overtakes her, Tippee falls behind; so round and round they go; which leads, or which is beaten, who can tell? Can that be Beauty which lowers your corsage to-day, and raises it to-morrow; which flaunts a furbelow one year and denounces it the next? Your ladies seem to me more jiggered than dressed; they are tasty, but not neat; they struggle for good keeping, but attain no harmony; they are bespangled without ornament, and fashionable without beauty. Mr. Evelyn has a volume with plates illustrative of our ancestral costumes; and I am persuaded that if the Indians had appeared in an attire which has been the glory of Christian belles, it would have been set down as the proper accompaniment of Barbarism, and the Greeks in such dresses would never have advanced beyond the woods of Attica. One department of our Museum, devoted to Antiquities, I recommend to have supplied with garments showing the fashions of our own and other times; a suitable relic to be transmitted to posterity. The Spartans forbade all colors but purple. If we do not restrict ourselves to that extent, we will at least become more moderate. A robe, *a la Grecque*, has been introduced into town, is greatly admired, and somewhat worn.—Alas for the persons of quality who have wens on their necks! You contrive to hide this deformity by your cardinal hoods. But what will you do with the next person of quality, who has monstrous ankles? The wen must then go bare! Our people have got the good graces of the Quakers! four of whom have come to reside here, with hands full of industry, and purses full of money; and they are interested members of Christ-Church.

We have had the stanchest concurrence, a munificent

sympathy, and most effective aid. Names, which if it could be, I should like to have publshed to the world, are blazoned here on Livingston hills, and storied in Livingston hearts; the Morgridges, Weekses, Palmers, Pottles, Dorothy, and a host that are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

How has it been done? I will tell you. Dorothy Tapley, you know, lived with us. She used frequently to be in the room when I was playing the piano. She was not long in disclosing a deep musical aptitude. I gave her what little instruction I could, and sent her to your city to be perfected. She is now, as we judge, a singer and player of the first order, and has many pupils in town. Again, one Sunday there came to our house, in company with many others, a poor, ragged boy from the North Part of the Town. Some of our paintings were shown to him. Again he came, and sat a long while looking at them. In a few days, he brought us some rude chalk imitations of a Sir Joshua Reynolds. Of course we should assist him. His name is Elam Dater; Julia Beach found him wandering in the streets, took him to Church, and had him come to Mons Christi. He has taken some portraits, but his forte is Landscape and Design. He has furnished us several fine views of Livingston, one of Mons Christi, as seen from the Green, which I mean to send to you. He is now engaged on an original work, the Beatitudes, to be executed on one piece of canvas, having Christ with the green tree-cross in the centre, and the several groups arranged about him. It is to be purchased by Christ-Church members, and put in the Church. So genius, as well as real estate, and all good things, rise under the influence of an indomitable, universal Christian Love. "When we love God and love our fellow-men," says our Bishop, "then and only then is

our insight clear, our judgment sound, our strength available, and our resolve steadfast. Hereby alone are we filled with Virtue, inspired by Beauty, and moved to Greatness. The Spirit of Christ in a man does more enlarge the mind, develop the capabilities, animate the will, than all other things. In the new Heavens and the new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness, Art, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, taking new forms from the divine life of the soul, shall offer to the world unexampled creations, and transcendent grandeur." This is the secret of what you behold in Livingston, Anna; all contained in a nutshell.

Music I cherish for its own sake, for my dear brother Chilion's sake, my dear dead father's sake, and for Christ's sake. Some of the Ancients did not encourage music, lest it should weaken the temper of the people. The object of most nations, Mr. Evelyn says, has been to make the citizen subservient to the State. Nor has it been sufficient to enslave his strength and drain his products, they must also prevent his proper moral growth. Ability to prosecute war has been the test of a healthy national condition. Individuality of character has been construed into rebellion, and simple happiness stigmatized as effeminacy. To live for the State became the chief end of man. We discern a higher end, the glory of God. He made man musical; Music is a Divine gift, and God works in it.—The more I reflect upon Chilion, the more am I impressed with his greatness. His conceptions, as I see them now, were magnificent, and his execution powerful. But he was chaotic and undeveloped. Only at the hour of his death did I understand the feelings of his life. He came out, like the sun, at the close of a cloudy day, glittered, and expired. His music always thrilled me, as I have seen it blow many about, like leaves in the wind. His violin was truly oracular, Orphean,

superhuman. Through it, I am sure, he would have communicated much of the hidden mystery of the soul. Reserved in manner, hesitating in speech, his instrument became his confidence, his utterance, his communicable self. An Inexplicability took him from us! Soul of Chilion, descend into my soul! If tears were song, I would sing thee over the world; when I have ceased to weep, I only pray there may remain strength enough to sing. Yet like an inapproachable star, his light descends to me from afar. All Livingston has caught something of his spirit. There were many, in whose hearts he silently sank, and upon whom he scattered his wild but divine musical seeds. Without speaking, he originated sensations in many a breast; without putting forth a hand, his designs have been moulded into the beautiful forms of Art. Many pieces which he played extemporaneously and aboriginally, I remember; Abiah Tapley is able to recall others; so that our Band is in possession, not only of his name and ideal, but many of his creations. He very early taught me the use of the violin, and in this way I have been able to retain and distribute more of him than I otherwise should. I did not know how good Chilion's music was, until I discovered how much poor music there is in the world! His frozen words have thawed, and may be heard all over our Town. Robert Bruce, since in his lifetime he could not go to the Holy Land, at his death ordered his heart to be embalmed and carried thither. Chilion could not come to this our Holy Land, but we have his embalmed melodies.

Have you not reflected that Christ was a singer? At the Last Supper, "they sang a hymn." Mr. Evelyn says he thinks it could not have been, what some suppose, the Hillel of the Jews. David, he says, could not compose a song for Christ. I think it was an extemporaneous swan-

song of Jesus. His voice itself, as I have heard it, is pure music. Are not the Beatitudes the highest kind of Poetry? Or I should say, I do not think the highest kind of Inspiration to be Poetry, I mean at least it is not rhyme. In many of Christ's words are harmony and softness, mellifluence and music. The Gospels seem to me truth melodized. The best parts of the New Testament have never been thrown into a lyric form; even by those whose profession was scripture versification. Master Elliman has a copy of Sternhold and Hopkins, and I had as lief use it as Watts; notwithstanding the great distance between them. Your Mr. Belknap is better, but he falls sadly below the true Gospel Idea. The Gospel, if it were understood, if with warm hearts they descended into the depths of its spirit, our Poets, I am certain, could turn into rhyme and beauty. Mr. Evelyn's volume, prepared for Christ-Church, we like very much.—Nature is musical, and God in Nature; the stars, the brooks; so must all things become, Religion, Life, Society, Intercourse, Labor, Politics, Controversy, Reform; so speaks my sprite. "My Peace I leave with you," said Jesus. The Peace of Jesus would be the music of the world.

Beauty also has its own end and office. Beauty is musical, music is beautiful. God made the trees of the garden of Eden good to look upon, that is, beautiful. Beauty is Truth's usher, whereby it is introduced to the heart. No truth is received till it puts on a beautiful aspect. The mind even seems to have the power of exorcising Falsehood, expelling from it the spirit of Ugliness, and transfusing it with that of Beauty. People tell me they never used to make up their minds to believe Theological errors until they were first presented in a beautiful form. The widow Luce says she was first made to see some beauty

in the doctrine of Reprobation, before she assented to it! The old Prophets had ideas of beauty that we have lost sight of. "The Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," says David. Then in the New Testament, Christ is called the Beautiful Shepherd; of the woman who anointed him he says, "She hath wrought a Beautiful work on me." St. Paul says, "Provide things Beautiful in the sight of all men." This secret sentiment of high moral Beauty, a Beautiful Goodness, runs through the Gospels. God is Beautiful, and Christ has ever seemed to me the Beautiful One, beyond all created description or compare. His Beautiful Goodness won my unconscious child's heart, and when I knew it not, made me its own; and as it were when I was asleep, impressed its image upon me, which reappeared when I awoke, and still rises with my higher existence of thought, and shall live with me forever.

The power of Beauty over what is known as the common mind, our house and grounds, our statuary and paintings furnish instances of, every day. "This is a beautiful spot," people say, when they come to Mons Christi. I remember overhearing old Mr. Shooks, the former Jail keeper, the flintiest, dryest, crossest man I ever saw, make that exclamation; and he really looked pleased when he said it. His heart was touched. Innocent gladness is one of the most beautiful things under the sun; it is the roses and pansies of humanity. Pa's gay humor, wicked though he was, always impressed me as something beautiful.

How shall we account for this effect of Beauty? I know of no better way than that given by my Author. "It gets in at our eyes, pores, nostrils; engenders the same qualities and affections in us as were in the party whence it came. The rays sent from the object carry certain spiritual vapors with them, and so infect the observer. Our spirits are in-

wardly moved by the subtle influence." In this connection, Anna, read that what I shall call stupendous passage of St. Paul, where speaking of Christ, he says, "Whom beholding, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory." If we only beheld Christ as we should, we should be transformed into his Divinest Beauty; there would be engendered in us the same qualities and affections as are in him.

Mr. Evelyn says, Christ is not preached as any complete whole, soul and body; not as a full-orb, deeply capacious personal being; but only as one who, in a certain moment, *did something*, as one who, at the end of his life, died to execute a certain intention of God. Hence nobody is changed into the real image of Christ, but all are casting about to satisfy themselves as to the application of that single executive stroke of his. So many paintings of a merely dead Christ I do not fancy. That by Giotto, from which it is said most of the famous paintings in Europe are obtained, originated thus; the artist hired a man to hang an hour on the cross, and at the expiration of the time, instead of relieving him, stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing! Are we not more saved by a living, than a dead Christ? Is there nothing in a living Christ for a painter to draw from, and a Christian too?

Beauty, God's creation, is sinless and pure; and it helps to make us good. In 1529, when the soldiery took Florence, and entered a monastery for purposes of pillage, where was a picture of the Last Supper by Andrea, they were so struck with it, they retired without committing any violence. Such is the power of a living Christ, such is the power of simple Beauty!

The matter of Philosophy I shall leave wholly with Mr. Evelyn. I think when we *are* Philosophers we shall *have*

Philosophy. Or if as he says, I am Philosophy, it is because I am myself. Not being what we should be, our speculations are buffoonery. Could we understand the Philosophy of a single moment or atom, we should understand the Philosophy of Infinity. "Who by searching can find out God?" Could I understand God in the structure of a head of fox-tail grass, I should know more than all theosophists. Let me fall back and work the work of Nature, so shall I work the work of God, and be above all schools. Mr. Evelyn says the Germans will presently surprise the age with the novelty of their views and grandeur of their speculations. What avails speculation in this slouched, vagabondish world? Eternity is made up of moments, let me live the present moment well, and I shall live forever well. Immensity is composed of square rods, let me tread well where I now stand, and I shall always have a good foothold. Christ was a true Philosopher, let me be a Christian. Mr. Evelyn says I act philosophically; I am only conscious of acting according to my nature. I confess I am much less uneasy than I used to be; I am quite a convert to the Master, and as he once told me, like a cow I have learned to eat my grass quietly and thankfully, asking no questions. "God," says Job, "giveth not account of any of his matters." Be He monotheistic or pantheistic, as some dispute, my duty is one, to live well. God is and I am, God lives and I live, God works and I work, in God I shall be; with this I am satisfied. A Universe of beauty, love, joy and truth are before me, let me press on. So at least I feel to-day, and the morrow shall take care for the things of itself.

Another distinct and stringent law of God and Nature is recreation. Of the many kinds afloat, we have been obliged to use care in our choice. What would Christ approve?

what is best? we ask. In what can all ages and conditions unite? What relaxes without weakening, is cheerful without frivolity, and offers attractions without danger? Not to the exclusion of other things, our election has fallen on the Dance, a species of recreation enjoined in the Old Testament, and recognized in the New; one practised in every age and country, and recommended by the sanction of the best and greatest of men. All these things our people were soberly pondering, while I had got my lesson years ago. It has Music and Beauty for its garniture and strength. Its intrinsic value has won for it the approval of almost every body. It is enjoyed in all families; parents and children, husbands and wives dance together. It has supplanted many ridiculous games, and extirpated cruel sports. It has broken up drunken carousals and neutralized the temptation to ardent spirits. Having once entered upon it, we become straightway sensible of its advantages. Whatever grace is needed in person, or courtesy in manners, it operates to perfect. And surely, as my authority observes, "it is pleasant to see those pretty knots and swimming figures." It brings the people together, interests strangers, and diffuses a serene, whole-souled harmony over the town. It has no boisterousness, and much life. It embodies the recreative element in the healthiest and holiest forms. Where all unite, there is no excess. We praise God in the dances; it is a hymn written with our feet. I would dance as I would pray, for its own sake, and because it is well-pleasing to God. Fenelon, when one of his curates complained to him that his parishioners would dance after their religious services, replied, "Let us leave those poor people to dance; their hours of happiness are not too numerous." This was kind of the good Fenelon, but it indicates a bad state of society

when the greater part of life is a drudgery. We are happy when we are at work, when we pray, as well as when we dance.

We are great politicians, so at least President Jefferson said. You will be amused. We were visited successively by both the Presidents, Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Adams's forte, Mr. Evelyn says, is the science of government, on which topic he has written a book. Of course he and Mr. Evelyn fell to talking politics. Said he, "I have perused the history of every monarchy and republic, the records of which have descended to our times. Salonina, the most virtuous and distinguished empress that ever adorned a Roman throne, promised the Philosopher Plotinus, that she would rebuild a decayed city of Campania and appoint him over it, that he might experimentally know, while presiding over a colony of philosophers, the validity and use of the ideal laws of the republic of Plato. The history of that republic I have never seen, until through the hospitality which has invited me to your house and the attention that has taken me over your town, I seem *to be all at once transported into the bosom of it!*" President Jefferson has the reputation of being less of a theorist, and more acquainted with men as they are. Said he, "You are the very best politicians in the land; I wish the country was full of such. You have freedom, competency, virtue. I had rather be Mrs. Evelyn than William Pitt. Don't you blench, though all danger menaces you. The Government shall not molest you; the nation is honored by having within its borders the town of Livingston!"

"Courage!" said Diogenes to a young man whom he saw blushing. "That is the color of virtue." One needed courage to face this battery of applause. Epaminondas, the day after his victory at Leuctra, came abroad in

squalid attire, and with an abject look, giving as a reason that he was overmuch joyed the day before. I do not understand that we need to put on sackcloth and ashes because men are pleased with God's doings, nor behave like a certain artist, somewhat whimsical he was, who, when one praised a statue he was making, smote it with his hammer and dashed it in pieces.

I recollect, when I was keeping school, overhearing at Esq. Beach's one evening a sort of grave snip-snap about Napoleon's return from Egypt, Russia seceding from the Coalition, Tom Jefferson becoming President, and what not. There were Esq. Beach on one side, Esq. Weeks on the other, and Esq. Bowker, a sort of third party man. Indeed you would have thought a new geological cataclysm was at hand, and we were about to be submerged in some diplomatic ocean, or swallowed by some Megalosaurian man. These men are all on one side now, that of Christ and Love. Our people have lost all fear of England or France, and Mr. Jefferson has *at heart*, I think, some of the noblest purposes that ever filled a human breast. If the great Suwarrow comes amongst us and behaves discreetly, he shall be welcome; but if he goes to playing his pranks, we shall have to open our meal-bags upon him.

These Megalosaurian Men, O Anna! But in the New Earth now in process of creation, we shall dig for their remains, as we do for other fossils, and wonder, not how they got in there, but how they could have subsisted. We do not lean on an arm of flesh whereby we are cursed, but on that of God; and what saith the Prophet? "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord; he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green." "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be

followers of that which is good?" is the question of Christianity. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," are the words of Christ. What Atheistic, Anti-Christian fear pervades Church and State! How much men pay, and do, to demonstrate their infidelity.

I am writing a long, long letter. Like Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, I could have answered and said, "I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid and durst not show you mine opinion. But great men are not always wise. Therefore I said, Hearken to me. I am full of matter. I am ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak, that I may be refreshed." I am sensible, Anna, that I have not told you every thing that your interest relates to, and Mr. Evelyn urges me on to give you *my* views and notions.

There are *individual* histories in town, each in itself sufficient to make a book. We read accounts of conversions; I could recite you some here equal to any you ever heard of. When the Lives of our Saints and the Exploits of our Champions shall be published, it will make a volume superior to any that has issued from the press for a year or two. I wish you could hear what is rehearsed at our house every week, of battles won on the field of Evil, of temptations endured from the world; the poor becoming rich in grace; the bespotted finding their way up to virtue; the fearful overcoming their dread; the persecuted blessing their enemies; the proud humbling themselves, and such things. There is a long story of Elam Dater; there is Miss Arunah Shooks encountering inward foes, such as might have intimidated St. George himself; there are the trials of Hiram Ravel, in the North Part of the Town, that would embellish a Book of Martyrs; there is the convic-

tion and conversion of John Weeks, reminding you of George Fox; there are Isabel, Dorothy, Triandaphelda Ada Hadlock, Sylvina Pottle, and others, whose biographies ought to be written. But I leave them for the present.

We are a united but not an identical population, Mr. Evelyn wishes me to tell you. Striped grass planted with other species, becomes of one color, an uniform green.—For one, I wish to see no such loss of individuality and absorption in the aggregate. Let each spear retain its own lines, each man his own qualities, and why, as Deacon Ramsdill says, can they not all live happily and perfectly together in the same field, the same town? I do not wish the people all to do as we do, only I do wish to see them Beautiful, True, Happy, Christian. The town is eight miles long by six broad; it contains two hundred farms, three stores, two taverns, one Church, six school-houses, three or four joiners' shops, a tannery, fulling-mill, grist-mill, blacksmith shops, et cetera. A right spirit prevails with the major part of the inhabitants; that is our identity. Each one eats his own meals, maintains his own family, follows his own calling, thinks his own thoughts, dies his own death; in this we are separated. Unity in variety is a good motto. There are many common interests, our Church, our Festivals, Roads, Cemetery, Dances, Library, Schools, Music, Art, Love, Christ, Nature, God. The inhabitants of ancient Cuma, were reputed stupid by their neighbors; but it was found they owed this character to their virtues. We are indifferent to some things that engage and distract the world. But there is life, spirit and enterprise among the people. Sour rivalries, envious association, jostling activities, are not. To perfect ourselves, our institutions, our Town, is a life-work. If there arises a dispute

there are trusty people to whom we are glad to refer the matter. Nor can any one take advantage of our confidence. The spirit of Christ is lynx-eyed; or as our Bishop says, it penetrates the secret things of darkness, unmasks the hypocrite, and reads the heart of the designing. "If we should all become good," you said, "there would nothing remain whereby to keep philanthropy and benevolence alive." Love, like jealousy, grows with that it feeds on; thrives on itself. Like plants, the fruits of the Spirit mature best in a soil where the elements are analogous. Virtue grows on God, as the misletoe on oaks. Does God ever decay?

Need I say any thing more of myself, or of my connection with these things? Can a bee tell how it builds its comb? Other people might give you a more satisfactory account, but to me it seems to have grown up as corn grows. Judge Morgridge is about publishing a little history of our affairs, which I recommend to your friends. The leaves of the five-finger draw together to shelter the flower when it rains, and open when the sun comes out. So have I done to my plans; can I tell how? The Widow Wright taught me Utility; "Not looks, it's use, child," was her maxim. The hang bird taught me Caution. Mother Goose's Melodies taught me not to cry when I could not help a thing. But more than this, if we could but see it, there is a waiting for Goodness and Truth in all souls. "In every bone there is a marrow, and beneath every jacket lives a man," says the Arab proverb. Then through the world wanders the spirit of love, though she be no more than the chipping bird that builds a nest in the rose-bush, or a butterfly that shimmers over a dirty pool.

Did I have dreams which others enjoyed not? Were they mature and finished even beyond my experience?

In this also is not the Scripture fulfilled? "In a dream he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Did Christ himself come very near to me and speak with me? As the disciples after Christ's death understood many sayings of their Master that were hidden before, so have I in latter years come to understand the deep meanings of Christ to me. I must live his childhood's life; I must grow up in his image; "his life must be made manifest in my mortal body," as St. Paul has it. When I came to compare the inward Christ of my soul with the historical Christ, whom Mr. Evelyn made known to me, they flowed together and mingled in one.

I had dreams too of Beauty and Art, a Classical Magician waved over me his wand. Could I see the chain that binds together Christianity, Æsthetics, Heroism! But in me they are one, in the world they are at odds. I could not rest till these things went forth in forms and life. In purity and love have we genius; the Gospel gives beauty to the eye, and holiness to the soul. Our Cross, not like Constantine's which he bore at the head of his armies, blossoms as the rose, and heals up the ravages of war. Our Oriflamb of silver whiteness is such as the Apostle John might have unfurled when he started on his mission of love. I am dealing with great subjects and such as are quite beyond my depth. I admire old Atlas, but I have neither his thews nor his good nature, I cannot bear up the world. I remember when Hash was driving a cart up a hill, I used to trig the wheels for him. If any Demiurgic Teamster is disposed to drive the Cart of Peace and Good Will over the Earth, I stand ready to trig the wheels in all the steep places; beyond this I cannot do. My hand aches with writing, as your eyes must with reading. Wait till I

return—Rose is at the door on horseback; we are going to take a ride.

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We went full four miles to the North Part, and carried supplies to a poor sick family there. How beautiful is our town! No European village that I have heard of, no American village that I have seen, is so beautiful. Here are views that would, I will engage, match you with Greenwich Tower, or St. Mark's Steeple in Venice;—the Green with its majestic rim of elms, thanks to our forefathers, and its central star, the Fountain; the Cemetery with its white monuments under the green trees; the River beyond the Village, the fine houses on Grove Street; Aunt Wiswall's, whose house and ornamental grounds cover the burnt forest; Col. Welch's, Mons Christi, our house, Rufus's tasteful seat, and above all, the Cross. That Cross, seen at sunset among the gorgeous clouds, *is* superb. Rose, who used to be afraid of thunder-storms, says she looks to that and grows quiet. In all the streets, and many of the by-ways are ornamental trees, elms, maples, and others; the houses of the town are painted in various pretty colors. You meet such happy, loving faces, and such merry groups of children; the old people seem so warm-hearted and benevolent; the young men and women are easy and polite. Esqs. Beach and Bowker we met; they had been arbitrating on a case. This is now their principal business, and they get ample pay for it. Even people come in from other towns and great distances to employ them. They say they can trust Livingston lawyers! Mr. Adolphus Hadlock also we saw. He has twice sold out and moved from town, and twice returned. No poor man was ever so frightened. But the conversion of his Triandaphelda Ada and the marriage of his son Socrates to Dorothy, seem to

have reconciled him; and he walks the streets now more like a man than that "Aunt Dolphy." The Jail, in which are only two persons, is tenanted by a man with his family, who was originally confined for murder; he was converted through the instrumentality of the Bishop, pardoned by the Governor, and now keeps an agricultural seed and implement store. Old Alexis Robinson, who became wholly insane, and was confined in the old Jail, has recovered his senses, and is supported handsomely by the town, and has a room in the new prison, dwelling-house, or whatever it be. Master Elliman has dubbed Livingston L.L.D., Laudabilis Locus Domini.

Holy and delightsome is the Earth! God saw that every thing he had made was very good. I bless God for the dandelions that bestar the green grass; I bless him for the song-sparrow that sings out against my window; I bless him for the little Jane Girardeau that is here playing with the kitten. What an ecstasy were the golden fires kindled as the Sun went down last night, and the polished silver dawn I saw at four o'clock this morning, set with the Mohmamedan's sign of worship, the crescent Moon. The Spring, the Summer, the Autumn, the Winter, do feast and ravish me. Not the anagogical Hebrew Oil, compounded of stacte, onycha, galbanum, had so sweet a perfume as that with which I am daily anointed, and which maketh my face to shine in innumerable flowers that fill the woods and ways all the season through. The best prayer I can offer is to use all things well; my highest gratitude, enjoyment. Sin, I cannot. All things are incense to me,—the brooks, the fogs, the clouds, the sky; I will be incense to God; like my dear Redeemer, a sweet smelling savor. Into me the Universe flows, from me it turns back to its Maker. If I cannot tell the cause of the flux and reflux, like Aris-

totle on the banks of the Euripus, I will not get angry and die.

How singularly are we situated! On one side you approach Mons Christi, by the Delectable Way, on another, by the Via Salutaris; the Eastern Avenue is the Via Dolorosa; across the place runs the Brook Kedron! Names taken up in stark caprice have become animated with the deepest significance. Our Bishop had told the people there was a street in Jerusalem called the Via Dolorosa, through which Christ is said to have borne his Cross to Calvary. One Sunday Miss Arunah Shooks, deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, as she said, in having so often offended Christ and broken the laws of the Gospel, came up that way, alone; she said she wanted to bear her cross to Mons Christi. And what do you think that cross was? This, she said, that she treated me so rudely when I went to see Chilion in the Jail, and she wanted to come and ask my forgiveness. She said she had long struggled with her convictions, but after the confession, she felt a load drop off. Livingston itself—a name derived from a respectable American family—the Living Stone, disallowed, it may be, of men, but chosen of God and precious; the Stone cut out of a mountain without hands—may it at least become a Mountain great enough to fill its own place in the Earth!

I did not tell you that my old friend Ben Bolter is here. One of his legs was shot off by the Tripolitans; he has made a full-rigged miniature schooner for Gottfried, and they sail together on the Pond. My boy may become a sailor, after all. Ben Bolter exhibits gratifying tokens of a renewed mind.

In the North part of the town, on the very spot where the Gallows stood, and Chilion was hung, has been

erected a monumental piece, representing *Moses kneeling to Christ* and surrendering the Book of the Hebrew Code; Christ appears as it were closing the Book with his foot—the action being partially veiled by drapery. It is exquisitly done; Art is satisfied, Justice acquiesces, Humanity triumphs.

We have a Library indeed, but how few good books! Is it a dream; or has some one said it, or will some one say it, or is it my sprite that says—"America has not fulfilled the reasonable expectations of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were stripped asunder, that Nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, would reimburse herself in a brood of Titans, who should laugh and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the West with the errand of genius and love." A very facetious sprite is that, whoever he be. He reminds me of a certain Talmudic God, that spent his time whittling sharp sticks, wherewith he was wont at his leisure to prick the sides of mortals and enjoy their grimaces. "We have a thousand authors of all sorts," says Father Burton, two hundred years ago. But in truth I have found little to entertain me more than "The Loves of Osmund and Duraxa," I saw in Boston some years since. So I must conclude myself a mere block that is affected by none of them, according to the writer aforesaid. As soon as Napoleon finds his quietus, I hope the world will take breath again, and somebody be moved to write a good book here in America.

We have had our crosses frequent and severe, individual and corporate, personal and social. The last the Town was called to endure fell out in this wise. The following appeared in the Kidderminster Chronicle:—

"*Livingston.*—We have long kept silence about the

movements in this place; but the matter has become too public to excuse any further negligence. Over the Red Dragon of Infidelity they have drawn the skin of the Papal Beast, and tricked the Monster with the trappings of Harlotry! On the ruins of one of our Churches they have erected a Temple to Human Pride and Carnal Reasoning. The contamination is spreading far and wide; and unless something be attempted, the Kingdom of God in our midst must soon be surrendered to the arts of Satan. It is understood that the Rev. Mr. L—, of B—, has openly and repeatedly exchanged pulpits with the man who, having denied his Lord and Master, they have had the hardihood to invest with the robes of the Christian Office. Brethren, shall we sleep, while the enemy is sowing tares in our midst? CLERICUS."

A convention of Clergy was soon called at Kidderminster, before which the Rev. Mr. Lovers, of Brandon, the gentleman alluded to, was summoned. He had made three or four exchanges with the Bishop. His prosecutor was the Rev. Mr. Orstead, of Windenboro', who wrote the notice for the paper. The trial went on two or three days. The council was divided on the question of withdrawing fellowship from Mr. Lovers, suspending or deposing him. But their meeting was brought to a conclusion in an unforeseen way. While they were debating what to do, an accuser appeared against Mr. Orstead, in the person of an unmarried female, who charged upon him a child she had recently borne. His guilt was so far proved, that he confessed it. Mr. Lovers was saved, and Mr. Orstead degraded. The unhappy man, despised at home, Edward went to see, and invited him to Livingston, where he has spent some months; and I hope has become a better man.

During the excitement this affair gave our people, Dr.

Freeman came to see us and renew those condolences and sympathies he has so often expressed for us. While at our house, he told me this story. When the Dutch in Albany, some years since, would renew and enlarge their Church, they suffered the old one to remain, and erected the new one about it, completely enclosing it. Their worship continued in the old place till the new house was nearly done. They then tore the old Church to pieces, and *carried the fragments out of the door of the new one, into the finishing of which they entered.* "Great reforms," continued the Doctor, "must be gradual. It is easier to tear down than to build up; easier to remove an error than supply a truth. Rome was not built in a day. There are more Alarics than Romuluses in the world." This is a good story, and you have it for what it is worth. "But I see," said the Doctor, "you have built up far more than you ever pulled down." I replied that we had not sought to pull down any thing, but rather to put life into what was dead, and reinstate Christ in his own Church. He agreed that it was so.

As regards those who oppose us, could we, as did Nicholas Sture, that Swede who, when he was stabbed by his Sovereign, drew out the sword, kissed it, and returned it; could we so meet all attacks, happy were we. "Tell me how I may be revenged on my enemy?" said some one to Diogenes. "By becoming more virtuous," replied the philosopher. We are charged with Infidelity! Will unkindness, traducement, insinuation, bleardness, never cease? Anaxagoras, the most religious of Philosophers, was persecuted for profanity; Socrates was condemned for a heretic; Christ himself was executed as a blasphemer, impostor and insurgent! When Pyrrho, who professed indifference to all evils, was reproached for driving off a

dog that flew at him, "Ah," replied he, "it is difficult to bear every thing!" So indeed it is; but as he added, "We must try." The Athenians constructed a statue from the marble which the Persians brought to raise as a monument to their victories. We will make no ovation out of this signal defeat of our enemies; I feel disposed the rather to weep over human follies.

What will become of us? If we trust in God, we have his promise, that the waters shall not overflow us, or the fire burn us. We abide under the shadow of his wing. That a great work has been done here none can deny. It is said that certain fish, when brought to the surface of the water, sometimes burst from the rarefaction of the air. Livingston has been raised from lowest depths. Yet it seems to me so compact in all its proportions, that it cannot fall asunder. The world may wholly leave us; but the thrush sings sweetest in the loneliest woods, and we will keep up our song in solitude. The Spartans were forbidden to pursue a flying foe; we shall not follow our retreating enemies with any intent to kill; nor shall we turn our backs upon them if they rally again.

Orpheus has seemed to me a natural prophecy of Christ; a part of the groaning of the creation after the Redemption. By the sweetness of his music he drew the wild beasts after him; he caused trees and rocks to move; his strains subdued the rulers of Hell; through the charms of his melody the wheel of Ixion stopped, and even the furies relented. His music was at last drowned by a hoarse, discordant horn. He was himself, too, torn in pieces, and the river Helicon, sacred to him, hid itself under ground. Our Pond I used to call the Lake of Orpheus, at the Master's suggestion that here those waters had risen. I have since called it the Lake of Christ. Such Orphean music was he!

He drew after him a whole age. He stilled the fury of man and the malice of devils. Some hoarse, discordant horn was raised in the Church; his music was quenched; he was torn in pieces; his waters hid under the earth, as I would fain fancy, have appeared on Mons Christi! Whither now shall the Christian Helicon flow?

THE END.

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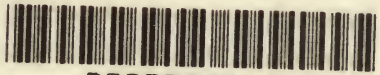

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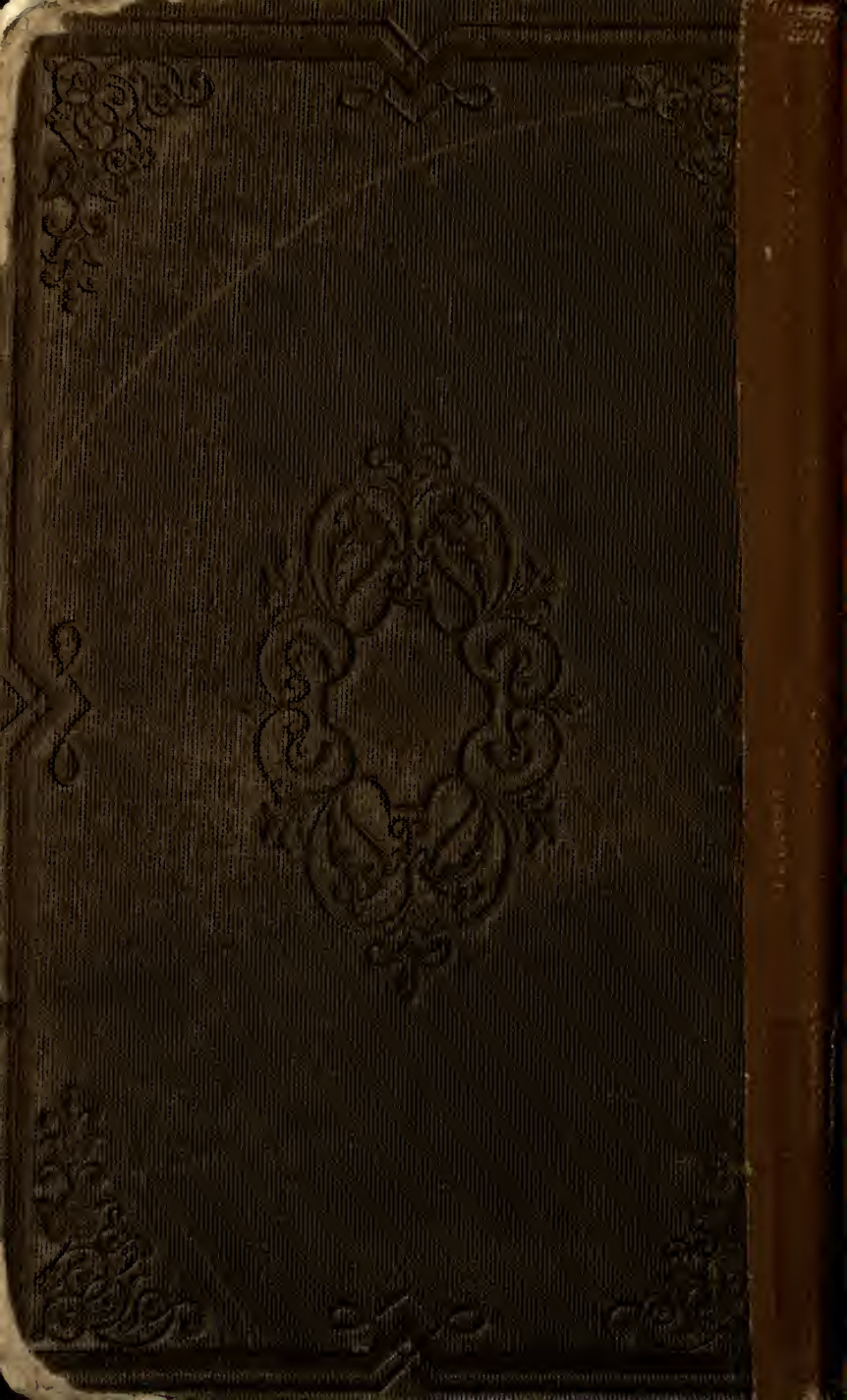
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